OCT 30 '51

Satu[illegible] Review

SR 9/27/52R 626-8-24
TUSCULUM COLLEGE 10[illegible]
GREENEVILLE
TENN

TUSCULUM COLLEGE LIBRARY

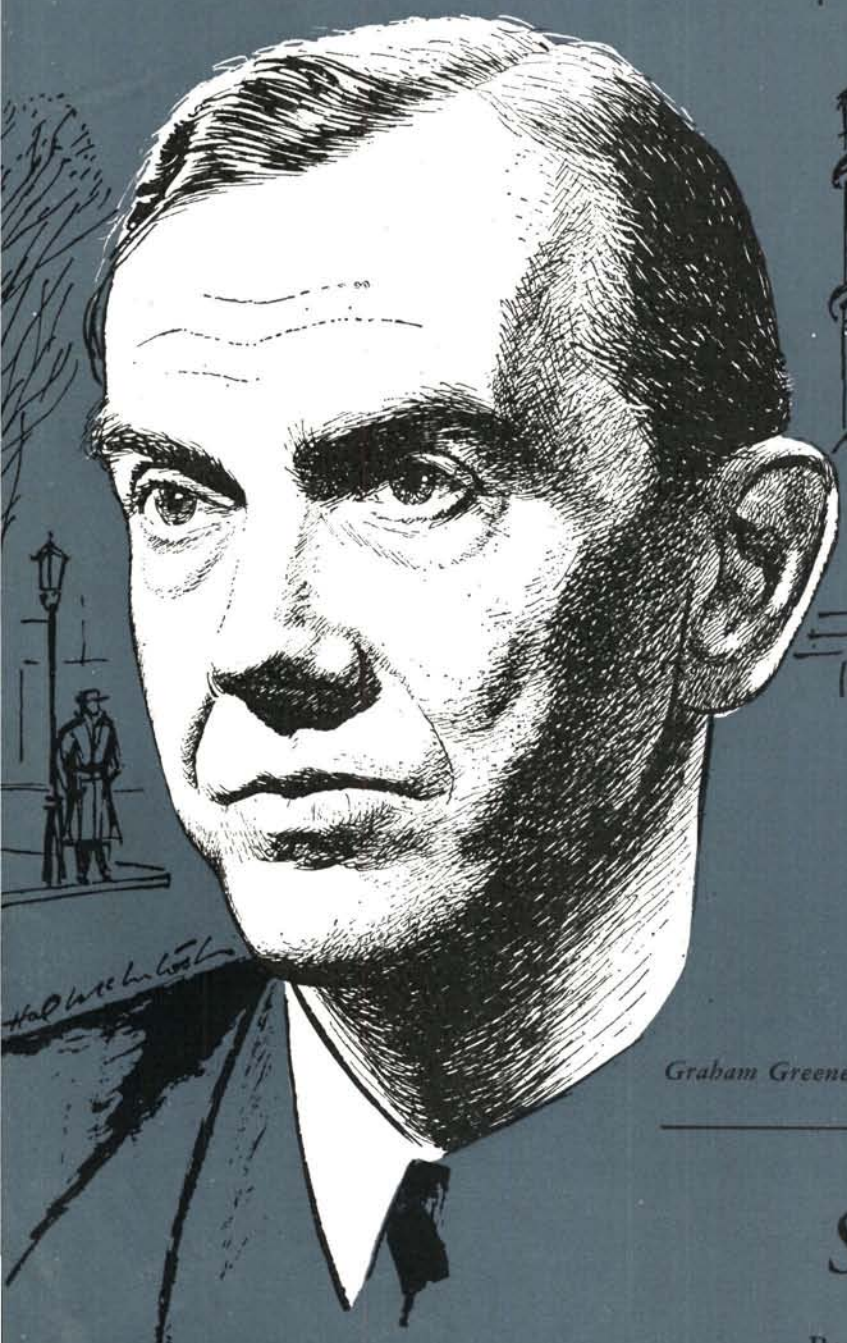
OF LITERATURE

TWENTY CENTS OCTOBER 27, 1951

[illegible]ING SOUND

[illegible]y C. G. BURKE

(See Recordings, page 45)



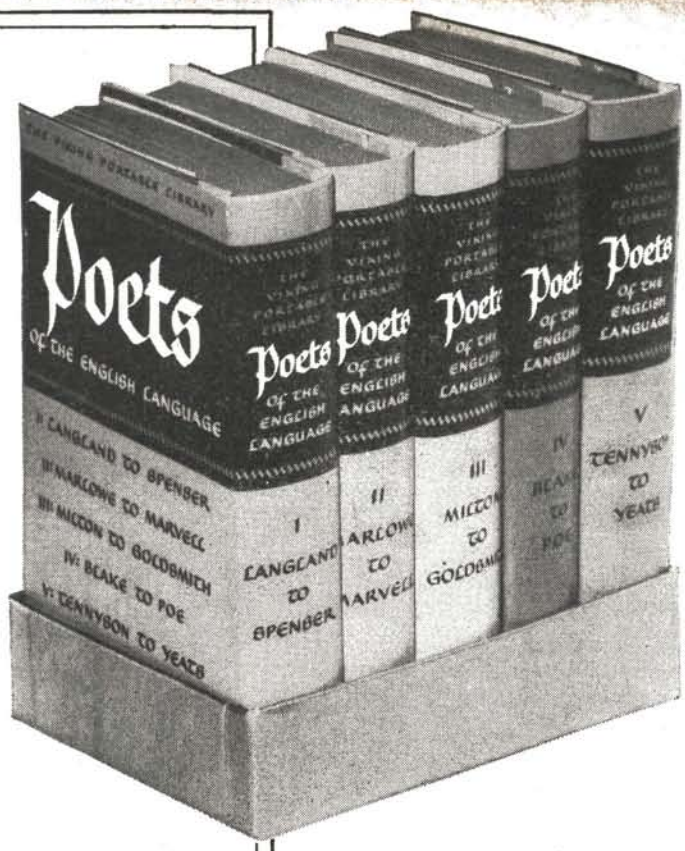
Graham Greene, author of "The End of the Affair." (See page 11)

Staying Alive

By R. R. SPENCER, M. D.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN ENGLAND THEY ARE CALLING IT...



"The most important general anthology in the language. It is a work full of excitement, of enchantment, spiritual force, and grand animal heat. . . . It is impossible to chronicle all the splendours and the humbler delights to be found in these five volumes—all the known and unknown beauties. . . . They are works of an equal profundity and learning, appropriate to one of the most successful ventures of our time. **It gathers together the greatest glories of our language into a book which deserves to bring about a renaissance of poetry."**—*The London Times Literary Supplement*

AND IN AMERICA:

"The best comprehensive collection of its kind in existence."
—HORACE GREGORY

"...magnificent anthology....As a basic selection of poetry from the fourteenth century to the close of the Victorian era, it seems destined to be definitive."—DUDLEY FITTS, *N.Y. Times Book Review*

"Probably the best anthology of the sort ever put together." —*Newsweek*

"...this anthology stands every chance of becoming the one in general use, more or less superseding all others."
—THEODORE MAYNARD, *Commonweal*

"No home where books are read should be without this superb set."
—*Saturday Review Syndicate*

"Richer in content and more attractive in layout than anything else of its kind."
—DAVID DAICHES

THE VIKING PORTABLE

POETS

OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

IN FIVE VOLUMES

EDITED BY W. H. AUDEN AND NORMAN HOLMES PEARSON

Beautifully designed, compact volumes—the basic collection for personal libraries. A magnificent survey of British *and American* poetry from Middle English to modern times—more than 500 selections, mainly separate and complete poems and plays, with *no* condensations. Each poet represented by a sufficiently large selection to show the full range of his work.

The volumes are divided as follows:

I. LANGLAND TO SPENSER
II. MARLOWE TO MARVELL
III. MILTON TO GOLDSMITH
IV. BLAKE TO POE
V. TENNYSON TO YEATS

The set $12.50. Each volume $2.50

You should also know about all the other PORTABLES, the latest of which are

#56: The Portable CERVANTES

including the first one-volume, low-priced edition of *Don Quixote* in the great new Putnam translation. $2.50

and

#57: The Portable HENRY JAMES

brilliantly edited by Morton Dauwen Zabel — a cross-section of ALL his work outside of the long novels. $2.50

Send for a complete catalogue of The Viking Portable Library

THE VIKING PRESS
18 East 48th Street
New York 17, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This Week

October 27, 1951

Cover Drawing by Hal McIntosh
After a Photo by Jean Marie Marcel

Features

Page

STAYING ALIVE
By R. R. Spencer, M. D..... 9

SRL RECORDINGS FOR NOVEMBER.....45

Reviews

THE END OF THE AFFAIR
Reviewed by Anne Fremantle.....11

BARABBAS
Reviewed by Graham Bates.....12

CAGE OF DARKNESS
Reviewed by Ben Ray Redman.....13

BROTHERS DIVIDED
Reviewed by Donald Harrington.....13

SHOULDER THE SKY
Reviewed by Eugenie Bolger.....14

THE GENERAL AND THE PRESIDENT
Reviewed by James M. Minifie.....15

MASTER PLAN U. S. A.
Reviewed by Edgar Ansel Mowrer.....16

CAIRO TO DAMASCUS
Reviewed by Merle Miller.....17

THE FACE OF SPAIN
THE UNITED STATES AND SPAIN
Reviewed by Herschel Brickell.....18

THE THEMATIC PROCESS IN MUSIC
Reviewed by Roger Sessions.....20

FRENCH MUSIC FROM THE DEATH OF BERLIOZ TO THE DEATH OF FAURE
Reviewed by Roland Gelatt.....21

BEETHOVEN, SCHUBERT, MENDELSSOHN
Reviewed by Daniel Gregory Mason.....21

THE NEAR EAST AND THE GREAT POWERS
Reviewed by Paul L. Hanna.....38

Departments

TRADE WINDS
By Bennett Cerf..... 4

LITERARY I. Q.....12

LITERARY CRYPT 14

NEW EDITIONS
By Ben Ray Redman.....19

EDITORIAL 22

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.....23

SEEING THINGS
By John Mason Brown.....27

SRL GOES TO THE MOVIES
By Richard Griffith.....30

TV AND RADIO
By Robert Lewis Shayon.....31

MUSIC TO MY EARS
By Irving Kolodin.....32

THE CRIMINAL RECORD.....39

DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 918.....44

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager. Subscription $6 a year; $7 in Canada. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U. S. Vol. XXXIV, No. 43, October 27, 1951. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

Entire issue copyright 1951 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

Publishers of Fine Books for over Four Centuries

Christopher Fry
has done it again!

"His most mature work."
—*Western Mail*

A SLEEP OF PRISONERS

The man who "rediscovered the English language" has now rediscovered the well-spring of English drama.

During the Festival of Britain, Christopher Fry's new play, A SLEEP OF PRISONERS, was performed in churches throughout England, and it has just been produced in a New York church. We have come a long way from the early miracle and morality plays, but the genius of Christopher Fry has recaptured the spirit and, properly, the setting of those first dramas.

For those who have read Christopher Fry from the beginning, delight in his plays has been mixed with a certain fear that he might fall victim to his own astounding virtuosity . . . that the speed and splendor of his language might become too facile, too dilute. They need fear no longer. In A SLEEP OF PRISONERS, the lyric exuberance of the earlier plays has yielded to a line of greater poetic power . . . a muscular, masculine, excellently strong and supple line, perfectly forged to carry the stronger, darker urgency of his theme. As Shakespeare's language changed and deepened from the flooding spring-song of the early comedies to the vaulting magnificence of his later plays, so has Fry's language deepened and strengthened to serve his subject in this new play.

"The most important work which Christopher Fry has yet given us."—*The Times Literary Supplement*

"To see and to read this religious play is a major experience."—*The British Weekly.* $2.00

All his plays are now available:

THE LADY'S NOT FOR BURNING	$2.50
VENUS OBSERVED	$2.50
A PHOENIX TOO FREQUENT	$1.75
THE FIRSTBORN	$2.00
THOR, WITH ANGELS	$1.75
THE BOY WITH A CART	$1.75

At all bookstores
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
114 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

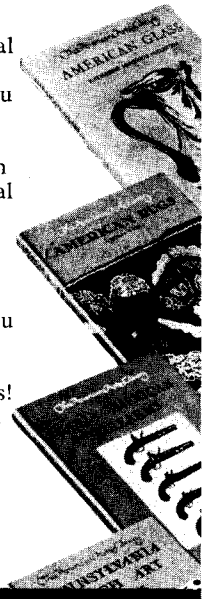
CAN YOU THINK OF

a more beautiful gift for only $1.00?

Imagine a book—beautifully designed, lavishly illustrated in color and authoritatively written—telling the story of an American hand-skill from earliest Colonial times, *for only $1.00!*

Each book has 7 brilliant, full-page plates in four colors—three dimensional paintings that capture the unique character and beauty of the objects portrayed as no photograph ever could—as well as many black-and-white halftones. Many of the fine color illustrations reproduce remarkable watercolors of *The Index of American Design* now in the National Gallery in Washington. Each volume has a sturdy library binding—completely soil- and dust-proof—with illustrated front and back covers in beautiful full color. Uniform physical format—72 pages of text and illustration in each—size 5" x 7⅜".

Whether you're a collector, student, art lover, or just a "general reader," this new and popular series gives you an unprecedented opportunity—a dollar never brought so much enjoyment and cultural information.



Tempted? But when you buy, don't just indulge your favorite hobby—remember your friends! For a dollar each, you can make everyone happy this Christmas (or on birthdays and appropriate anniversaries) by giving a volume from

THE AMERICAN ARTS LIBRARY*

The first six titles:

AMERICAN GLASS
by Katharine Morrison McClinton

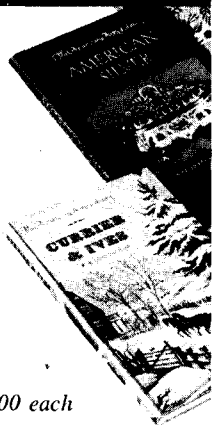
EARLY AMERICAN FIREARMS
by Robert Abels

CURRIER & IVES
by F. A. Conningham

PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH ART
by Ruth Adams

AMERICAN SILVER
by Kathryn C. Buhler

AMERICAN RUGS
by Estelle H. Ries

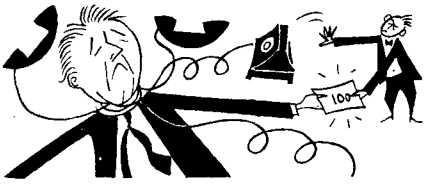


At all bookstores, $1.00 each

THE WORLD PUBLISHING COMPANY
Cleveland and New York

TRADE Winds

ONE OF THE FUNNIEST AND unaccountably overlooked entries of the year is Fred Schwed, Jr.'s warm and whimsical autobiography, "The Pleasure Was All Mine" (Simon and Schuster). The whole book is a barrelful of chuckles, but the chapter that delighted me most deals with his unpredictable father's adventures on the old curb market in Broad Street when "brokers" without ten bucks to their name would execute orders in worthless mining stocks in response to wild signals from henchmen precariously perched on window-sills of surrounding buildings. I knew Pop Schwed myself in those days. I had just graduated from the Columbia School of Journalism and was working in a brokerage office by day and tinkering with a financial column for the *Tribune* in the evening. When Fred opines that his father was the only man in the Street who could "throw a telephone at a heckler and put a curve on it" he is guilty of understatement. Pop Schwed could hurl *two*

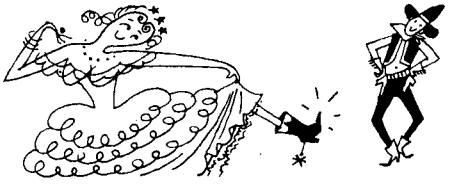


telephones and borrow a hundred bucks from one of the gents he was aiming at all at the same time. What's more, he was so attractive people still loved him when he never paid them back. His favorite device was soothing creditors by pressing sight drafts drawn on himself into their hot little hands. These sight drafts were nothing more than IOU's, usually worthless, but the way Pop Schwed had them printed they looked better than a certificate for a thousand shares of U. S. Steel. The unschooled recipient of one sight draft asked, "Just where should I cash this, Mr. Schwed?" Mr. S. explained airily, "It will be honored at my office any time after tomorrow." "Isn't there any other place I can cash it?" asked the misguided neophyte. Schwed assured him heartily, "If you find one, young fellow, we're both made men."

POP SCHWED WAS FOND OF reeling off apochryphal tales of his days in the wide-open town of Goldfield, Nevada, just after the turn of the century. There was one hellion there, he recalled, who went berserk every time he had six drinks inside of him, which was usually. An itinerant medico persuaded him that if he didn't foreswear all hard liquor at once he'd be dead inside two months. One evening the reformed character was in the toughest dive in Goldfield, disconsolately sipping a beaker of ginger ale, when a prospector sashayed to the bar, pumped his faithless wife and her paramour full of lead, shot out the lights as a parting gesture, and vanished into the night. The paralyzed silence that followed was finally broken by Pop Schwed's reformed friend. "Waiter," he barked hoarsely. "For God's sake! A double order of ham and eggs!". . . .

PARKE CUMMINGS IS BLESSED — or afflicted — with a typical seven-year-old daughter of the Television Age. A pair of six-shooters is standard equipment in her daily attire, and any girl companion who appears in a dainty party dress is dismissed as a hopeless sissy. Cummings made the mistake of reading the story of Cinderella to her recently, and was rewarded with a series of deep yawns for his pains. "Cinderella's a ninny," was her verdict. Not the man to surrender without a struggle, Cummings decided to rewrite Cinderella in a new vernacular and introduced his version, entitled "Cinderella, Ye-oow!" at his daughter's birthday party, with spectacular results. He includes it in his very sprightly "I'm Telling You Kids for the Last Time" (Henry Schuman) and I reprint it in TRADE WINDS with permission:

> Once there was a girl named Cinderella, and she had a nasty old aunt who treated her terrible — always making her wear glamour gowns



> and high-heeled slippers and insisting on her riding around in an eight-cylinder sedan. She had two older sisters who were homely as sin, but they got all the breaks—plenty of Western outfits, shootin' irons, and all the hosses they could ride. Well, one night there comes up a big square dance—Rufe Saunders

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

calling—and Cinderella allows, "I aim to attend this."

"Don't be silly," the haughty sisters tell her. "This here is strictly a blue-jean affair, and all you've got is them crummy Dior and Patou frocks and a heap of jewelry."

So they gallop off to the dance, and Cindy stays home, crying fit to kill. Not for long, though. All of a sudden she looks up, and there is her Fairy Godmother. She asks what the trouble is, and Cinderella tells her. "We'll fix that pronto," says the Fairy Godmother.

She waves her wand and—zingo—Cinderella's gown turns into dungarees and a check shirt. She waves it a few more times, and her Daché hat becomes a sombrero, her string of pearls turns into a cowboy belt, complete with holsters loaded with a pair of six-shooters, and those corny pumps become cowboy boots with spurs on them. Then the Fairy Godmother takes a look at Cindy's car, and she waves the wand again. There is a cheerful neigh, and, lo and behold, Cindy has a pinto cow pony with a Western saddle. "Yippee!" she yells, and she is off to the party, guns blazing.

When she gets there it doesn't take any time at all before Jed Hawkins, Prince of the Cowboy Crooners, falls in love with Cinderella. "Sister," he says, "you're the rootin-tootinest gal in this here territory, and that there getup of yours is Authentic with a capital A!"

So it's sashay and dos-a-dos and birdie-in-the-cage all the rest of the evening to the strains of "The Beautiful Red River Valley," and Cindy gets in every set with the Prince as her partner. Up until midnight, that is. When the clock strikes twelve the charm stops working, and poor Cindy is back in her glamour outfit with everybody pointing their fingers at her, laughing fit to kill, and shouting "Tenderfoot!" Her horse has turned back into an automobile again, and Cindy hightails it home at 55 MPH, going through a couple of red lights and cussing her luck. "I'll never see my buckaroo again," she moans.

But there is a catch. It seems that one of her boots got left behind in the shuffle, and Jed picks it up. Caressing it tenderly, he swears, "I'll find the gal who fits that leather if I have to search every house in the Panhandle!"

Well, it is a long search, and the Prince is pretty discouraged, what with meeting up with a lot of dames that haven't even got a decent bootjack.

But finally he comes to Cindy's house, tries the boot on her foot, and it fits perfectly. "Baby," he says, giving her a big hug, "you and I is podners for life"—and that is how Cindy ropes her man.

So they settle down on a ranch in Texas and live happily ever after, except for a couple of trips annually to New York, Hollywood, and Chicago to fulfill radio, television, and rodeo contracts.

Do you remember a chapter in Aldous Huxley's "Brave New World" in which a platoon of babies, intended for menial labor, was lured across the

What a cast!

Lunt and Fontanne, Hepburn, Bobby Clark, Bernard Shaw, Helen Hayes, and many, many more are all in the new book

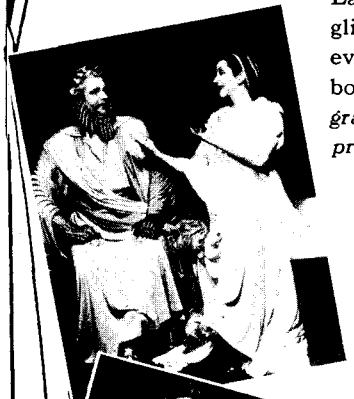
The Magic Curtain

An Autobiography by LAWRENCE LANGNER

HERE ARE the people, plays, and events in the fabulous life of the founder of The Theatre Guild. A successful patent attorney . . . a playwright . . . producer of some of the most famous shows in theatrical history, Lawrence Langner gives you front row seats at the tempests and triumphs of his life.

There was the time *Oklahoma!* almost foundered in Boston . . . The excitement of producing Shaw's *St. Joan* . . . how *Strange Interlude* almost was not produced because of objections to its length and theme . . . The Guild's experiment with youth, in the person of Orson Welles.

Lawrence Langner's life has always been full of glittering actors, brilliant writers, and glamorous events — and he reveals *all* in this star-studded book. *512 pages. Over 100 photographs in gravure. A complete list of every Theatre Guild production.*



(VANDAMM)

A STORY PRESS BOOK
$6.60

E. P. DUTTON & CO., INC.
300 Fourth Ave., New York 10

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"A model biography"—ALLAN NEVINS

The stormy petrel of British politics...

Lloyd George

BY THOMAS JONES

Fiercely hated and fiercely admired, Lloyd George—the stormy petrel of British politics—emerged from obscurity to back Churchill against Chamberlain during World War II. Now that a second victory and a second peace have fallen on evil days, there is a particular interest in this lively biography of England's fiery Prime Minister during World War I—his phenomenal rise, his dramatic eclipse.

Illustrated. $5.00

THE VICTORIAN TEMPER

By Jerome Hamilton Buckley. "In his chartings of the violent fluctuations of the Victorian temperature Buckley remains as serene and humorous as a good doctor should. His diagnosis of the Victorian temper is one of the wisest and sanest available in this field of cultural evaluation."—*Carlos Baker,* N. Y. TIMES BOOK REVIEW. *Illustrated. $4.50*

At all bookstores, or

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS

44 Francis Avenue, Cambridge 38, Massachusetts

nursery floor to a row of electrified books? Each one got such a shock when he touched a book that he knew better than ever to open another one for the rest of his life. John Crosby, whose column on radio and TV is one of the many reasons I like the *Herald Tribune* so much, thinks that television may be doing more in real life today to keep the kiddies away from literature than all the electrified traps imagined by the pessimistic Mr. Huxley. And Parke Cummings obviously agrees with him. . . .

A DOUBLEDAY WAGE SLAVE solemnly points out that Max Shulman's new and delectable collection of campus stories, "The Many Loves of Dobie Gillis," is "the first book by Shulman, and possibly the only book this season, to be dedicated to Ferdinand de Lesseps, who dug the Suez Canal.". . . The name of De Lesseps bobs up also in Hesketh Pearson's "Dizzy," an excellent biography of Disraeli, probably the wisest prime minister in English history and even more popular in his day in London than America's Dizzy Dean is in St. Louis. The coup by which Disraeli purchased control of the Suez Canal from the De Lesseps interests in 1875 consolidated England's hold on her Oriental empire for over sixty years. . . . In Disraeli's salad days, notes Pearson, "his clothes

aroused comment wherever he went. At one dinner he appeared in a black velvet coat lined with satin, purple trousers with a gold band running down the outside seam, scarlet waistcoat, long lace ruffles reaching the tips of his fingers, white gloves with jeweled rings outside them, his well-oiled black ringlets touching his shoulders." Now I know where a certain distinguished book publisher gets his inspiration! —BENNETT CERF.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 917)

L. P. WHEELER:
*JOSIAH WILLARD GIBBS**

His outward life was singularly uneventful, never in the public eye. Yet the life of Josiah Willard Gibbs—one of the last of the giants of the classical age in physical science—was one of high adventure, illuminating and fascinating.

*Elected to the American Hall of Fame among the latest chosen.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Send $1 for 105 of the best DOUBLE-CROSTICS ever published

Week in, week out, for some years now, the publishers of Double-Crostics have been getting phone calls and penny post cards from new D-C fans asking, "Where can we buy the *early* books in the Series?"

Week in, week out, the publishers have answered: "They are out of print. * "

This has been Highly Unsatisfactory to all concerned.

Now, at last, something has been done about this. Mrs. Kingsley has assembled a fine big collection of some of her best literary puzzles. It is called THE DOUBLE-CROSTICS OMNIBUS. It contains 105 brain teasers from the long-unobtainable Series 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12. It's paperbound, easy to handle, and costs only $1.00.

THE DOUBLE-CROSTICS OMNIBUS will keep any fan entertained for quite a while. And if you've never tried a Double-Crostic puzzle, we urge you to send $1 and discover an enchanting pastime designed especially for book-reading-type people.

Pin $1 to this coupon and send it to your bookseller or *The Saturday Review of Literature*, for your copy of THE DOUBLE-CROSTICS OMNIBUS.

* The **old** ones that is. The New Series 26 is at all bookstores. Price $1.50.

To your bookseller or
THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE
25 West 45 Street, New York 19, N. Y.

Enclosed is $ ..... for ..... copies of DOUBLE-CROSTICS OMNIBUS. Price $1 each. (Add 25c for postage and handling.)

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....

The latest book in the regular Double-Crostics Series (50 brand new puzzles never before published) is Series 26, Price $1.50. Check here ☐ if you want it. (Add 25c for postage and handling.)

New York residents add 3% city sales tax.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

America's Leading Critics

discuss "a very important event in publishing history."

DOUGLAS SOUTHALL FREEMAN "Magnificently done in every way."

BERNARD DeVOTO in the N. Y. Herald Tribune "An unbelievably successful attempt to increase understanding of our past by employing the resources of graphic visualization. It is a tremendous feat both of historical creation and of printing . . . It is history — historical exposition, interpretation, and comment — which uses pictures to extend and enhance historical realization . . . For anyone, novice or adept, reading this book will be a continuous revelation, as it will also be an exhilaration and a delight."

ROGER BUTTERFIELD "Everyone at all interested in the American past — pictorial or otherwise — owes a debt to Marshall Davidson and to the publishers for creating and publishing this beautiful and uniquely useful book."

CLIFTON FADIMAN "An admirable job."

JOHN KIERAN "The two volume set is really a work of art in itself."

ALLAN NEVINS in the N. Y. Times "These large volumes, which surely rank among the handsomest ever published in America, have a quality all their own . . . they hew out a new line, showing what a wealth of pictorial sources we have for the illumination of our American past, and how effectively they may be deployed by a man equally expert in art and in letters."

HOWARD MUMFORD JONES "My delight in having the work is enormous . . . The dustjackets are themselves memorable, and the whole get-up of the thing is quite extraordinary."

ROY E. LARSEN "It is a handsome set and one of which you have every reason to be particularly proud."

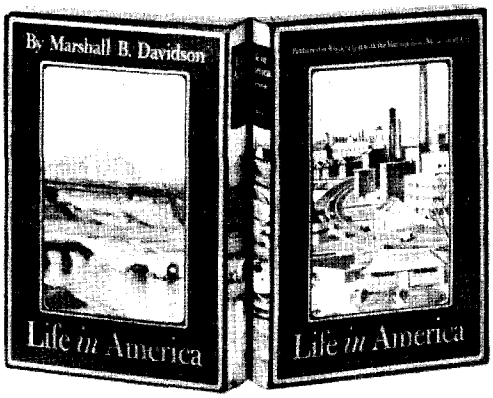
LOUIS BROMFIELD "This set is certainly one of the most handsome books ever published and the material is up to the quality of the presentation. It seems to me a very great event in publishing history."

LIFE *in* AMERICA

by MARSHALL B. DAVIDSON

Published in association with THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

250,000 words
1200 pictures
Two volumes boxed
$20.00 the set
Houghton Mifflin Co.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review of Literature

Staying Alive

R. R. SPENCER, M. D.

FIVE HUNDRED different causes of death may be found recorded on the death certificates in the public health offices of the nation. More than 8,000 human maladies are listed in the "Standard Nomenclature of Diseases." Mankind, it seems, is heir to more ills than any other living species!

Yet if we look at the problem of survival, the primary concern and universal goal of all life, through the seeing eyes of the biologist, we can see that there is no cause for alarm about the future of good old *Homo sapiens*. Modern man, Norman Cousins to the contrary, is *not* obsolete.

The biologist's chief interest in life is the study of life itself; the job of the physician-biologist is to study the maladjustments and frustrations of the human being, certainly one of the most cantankerous creatures on earth. Biologists also learn a great deal about life by investigating some of the simpler microscopic forms, such as bacteria and protozoa. They find that staying alive is no easy matter for any species. In fact, they discover that there is a direct cause-effect relationship between trials and tribulations on the one hand and triumph and achievements on the other. Recorded human history is characterized by periods of blood, sweat, and tears interspersed with periods of great achievement. Because of his adaptability no animal has a greater potential survival value, and because of his high degree of specialization none has a greater danger of extinction than modern man, the word-maker, tool-maker, and atom-splitter. Most human beings — if and when they reach mental maturity — realize that "the something for nothing" way of life yields no inner satisfactions. All good things, including the good life, are hard to come by.

To understand why the biologist and the physician-biologist are bullish about man's future, it is necessary first to look at a few biological ABC's:

1. *There is a universal law, older than life itself — the law of change.* That nothing stays the same is true for inanimate as well as for animate matter. And so it happens that individual organisms of all species are prodigal Nature's most expendable commodities. If paleontologists have read correctly the record in the sedimentary rocks, species, too, come and go relatively rapidly. Far more are extinct than extant. In our own time we have witnessed the passing of the passenger pigeon and the heath hen. Not so very long ago the dodo gave up the struggle, and the whooping crane is said to be on its way out. If surviving forms never changed or adapted to a changing environment; if step-like changes in structure and function never occurred evolution would be a myth. Most competent biologists, however, are convinced that evolutionary changes have occurred and are occurring.

2. *Adaptation, however, does not always mean adaptability.* In fact, sometimes there is an inverse relation. A high degree of adaptation to a specific environment is usually accompanied by less adaptability to another environment. For example, orange trees grow in Florida but cannot live in New York; contrariwise, apple trees thrive in New York but fail to survive in Florida. Stability and perfect adaptation, which are usually accompanied by a high degree of specialization of structure and function, insure survival only if the specific environment does not change. Specialization often becomes a destructive liability when the environment changes. Some species, it is claimed, become extinct because of a fatal over-adaptation and excessive specialization. The overgrowth of the giant nose horns of the ancient titanotheres, the heavy armor of the dinosaurs, and the great antlers of certain varieties of elk are said to have caused these species to disappear. The brain and nervous system of man, when compared with that of other creatures, is excessively large and highly specialized in its functions. No biologist can be sure whether such an overgrowth and development spell destruction or salvation. Brains and intelligence in our Newtons and Einsteins are great assets to mankind but became destructive liabilities in our Hitlers and Mussolinis.

Stability and perfect adaptation are sometimes evolutionary blind alleys. Dr. Loren C. Eiseley, professor of anthropology at the University of Pennsylvania, has observed that "perfect adaptation can become a euphemism for death." To survive, to live

Dr. R. R. Spencer is a member of the staff of the National Cancer Institute of the U. S. Public Health Service.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

imply a continuous process of adaptation to any and all environments in which an organism or a population finds itself. Survival and adaptation are inseparable life processes. They differ in degree only. We find in all populations, whether we deal with bacteria, fruit flies, or human beings, that survival and adaptation are forever synchronized with stability, maladjustments, and death of countless individuals.

3. *Life for every individual is a one-way street; there are no U-turns.* Birth, youth, maturity, senescence, and death are an inevitable biologic sequence, an inviolate law of living nature. Sooner or later every citadel of life of every species yields inevitably to death. But we are slowly learning how to increase the life expectancy of some species, including man. Under some conditions, individuals of single-cell species, such as bacteria or protozoa, are said to be potentially immortal. But continuity of life is not the same as immortality. When a cell divides into two cells it is impossible to tell which is parent and which is child. Cell-division may continue to increase in a geometric ratio, but this cannot be taken as evidence of immortality of the original cell. We do know, however, that in populations of all kinds from bacteria to man an enormous number of individuals are dying continually under the most favorable conditions.

4. *There are at least three—perhaps more—clearly defined levels of organization among living things.* The first level is the cell as the basic unit. Although it is microscopic in size, this subvisible speck of matter embodies a structure and a function of great complexity. Biochemists say the cell is "a highly integrated metabolic mosaic of enzyme systems, no one of which functions completely independent of other systems." Every cell has all of the important attributes of higher forms of life.

The second level is the multicellular individual composed of billions of cells: well-defined cell groups arranged in definite relation to other groups. Although each group has a specific function to perform and is structurally and chemically different, all groups developed from a single fertilized cell. All, with rare exceptions, work harmoniously together for the common good of the larger life-unit, the individual. The cells multiply and change themselves (differentiation) into various organs and tissues which assume the right position, size, and relation to each other. They know just when to stop growing. They know how to make repairs promptly whenever cells and tissues are destroyed in any way. We cannot help but marvel at this mysterious organizing and apparently purposeful wisdom within our bodies that control growth and development. Just how and why it works no one knows, but it is not perfect and it is no wonder that malformations in development occur sometimes and that at other times the cells keep right on growing without rhyme or reason. Then we have the well-known overgrowth known as cancer. Usually it means "curtains" for the individual.

The third level of organization is a population, a society, or a species. Populations are of two kinds: those composed of single-celled organisms such as bacteria (plants) and protozoa (animals); and populations of multicellular organisms such as bees, ants, and human beings. Among human populations no effective self-imposed growth controls have been put into effect. We may in the near future be forced to it. Certainly at present human society is not as wise as the society of cells, the human body. Human populations are not as well organized or stabilized as ants or bees. The world's human population is rapidly increasing. According to the well-known geneticist Robert C. Cook, the daily increase of births over deaths is 68,000, which means we must feed, house, and clothe two million more people each year. Everyone is concerned about the health of individuals; only a very few about the health of the population as a whole. And yet in all other populations over which man exercises control, such as our domesticated plants and animals, the quality of each population is considered to be far more important than the quantity.

The important point the biologist observes about the three life-levels is that their life-spans are never coextensive or coterminal. That is to say, populations have a longer expectancy than any of the component individuals, and individuals live longer than

(*Continued on page* 40)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fiction. *Like every season, this autumn brings its share of novels with a religious theme, works distinguished more for their authors' purpose than performance. Prominent among the few that make real claims for the attention of discriminating readers is Sholem Asch's "Moses"* [SRL, *Sept. 22*]. *This week we review three more. Graham Greene, one of Britain's brightest literary lights, is a Roman Catholic convert who regularly writes his faith into his tales of contemporary life; his latest, "The End of the Affair," maintains the theme and quality of his earlier books. Pär Lagerkvist is a Norwegian already widely acclaimed throughout Europe; his telling in "Barabbas" of the life of a man who witnessed the crucifixion of Christ should win him a large following in this country. In "Brothers Divided" Edmund Fuller writes of the experiences of young Protestant clergymen during the confused Thirties.*

In Pursuit of Peace

THE END OF THE AFFAIR. By Graham Greene. New York: Viking Press. 240 *pp.* $3.

By Anne Fremantle

GRAHAM GREENE is one of the most eschatological of living writers: always his concern is with the four last things—death, resurrection, immortality, and judgment; and he preeminently builds his stories with ends, not means. Even his thrillers hint at it continually: death is not merely a period, a full stop. Always present in all his books, it is sometimes a goal, a consummation devoutly wished, as in this latest novel. And, inevitably, it is an event of more than private or physical significance.

Of his serious novels (by his own classification, the others are "entertainments") "The Power and the Glory" is about a man who dies, is judged, and goes to heaven. "Brighton Rock" is about a man who dies, is judged, and goes to hell. "The Heart of the Matter" is about a man who dies, is judged, and goes to—the Catholic reader will probably settle for purgatory. And "The End of the Affair" is about a woman who dies, is judged, and goes emphatically—perhaps a little too emphatically—straight to heaven.

This is the most brilliantly written of Mr. Greene's books. All the twentieth-century techniques are used: the flashback, the stream-of-consciousness, the interior monologue, the dialogue carrying action forward à la Hemingway, the various devices to get around the first narrator's suspect authority, diaries, letters, detectives emptying wastepaper baskets. Yet all together prove absolutely valid, as fluently successful as the various angles of camera shots in a faultless movie.

Women in Mr. Greene's novels are always either better or worse than men; they are ways of sin or of salvation, never partners or mates. Possibly this is so because women are more acutely aware of the discomforts inherent in living on a frontier, which is, for Mr. Greene, the essence of the human condition. Ever since he wrote of the green baize door between school and home, both in the same building, on both sides of which Andrews precariously grew up in "The Man Within," Mr. Greene has emphasized the strangeness of woman's unique position. Sarah, heroine of "The End of the Affair," is his first full-length portrait of a woman. Through her he suggests, as Goethe did in "Faust," and Ibsen in "Peer Gynt," that woman, continually pursued by man, is the more harried by her creator.

"The End of the Affair" begins pianissimo. On a black, wet January night, on the wrong side of the Common in a London suburb, Maurice Bendrix, Sarah's lover, pursues her husband, Henry Miles. Miles invites Bendrix into his study to talk of their beloved, whom now the lover hates, and the husband, now that it is forever unnecessary, at last distrusts. Symbolism could go no further.

Eighteen months have passed since Sarah and Maurice last met; before that they were lovers for five years, for nearly every minute of which Bendrix had been agonizingly jealous. Until she met Bendrix, Sarah, unsatisfied by her husband, had been a wanton. The last time she and Bendrix make love a rain of V-1 bombs falls on London. Bendrix goes down to the cellar to see if the landlady is there. Soon after Sarah finds her lover apparently dead under a door she cannot lift. She prays: "Let him be alive and I *will* believe. Give him a chance." Her prayer is answered, and Sarah falls into faith as she has fallen into love. Bendrix's only rival has stolen in, like the thief in the night he himself claimed he was.

But it is love, not faith, which is the hero of this novel. "Love," as St. Bernard put it, "seeks neither cause nor fruit beyond itself. Its fruit is its use. I love because I love. I love that I may love." And Bendrix, poor chap, has no idea of how infinitely more jealous his divine rival is than he can ever imaginably be. God gives no quarter to the flesh; He wants all. First Sarah, then Henry, and last Bendrix, come "by the body, with the body, through the body" into the everlasting arms. And, because God cannot love or be loved except in one's neighbor, all the characters are involved, from the protagonists down to the waiter who remembers that Sarah likes a large lager and the nameless girl to whom Bendrix lends his flat.

Never have Greene's two major themes—the hunted man and the peace

Anne Fremantle is the author of "Desert Calling," and "James and Joan."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he is pursuing—been played so loud, so long, and on such a variety of instruments. Here is a whole orchestra of pursuit, with the themes given to each instrument in turn, from the big drum of Father Crompton to the tremolo of Sarah's whining mother.

Sarah's name, in view of the legend of her namesake, cannot be wholly accidental. Indeed, is there in this novel any detail which is not a sign? One of the major difficulties of every writer is to make a thing significant, and no writer since Melville has better succeeded than Mr. Greene. Yet it is ultimately Stendhal whom the form and the writing of "The End of the Affair" recall, rather than Melville or even Dostoevsky, with whom Mr. Greene's admirers so often compare him. For its minute neatness, its exquisitely tidy, fugal counterpoint, and its lyrical, mellow compassion, belie the monotonously awful atmosphere—surely English weather at its worse was never quite so grim, even in 1984? —and the surface sombreness.

In Sarah, the slut who becomes a saint, Graham Greene has created a girl to match Moll Flanders and Madame Bovary and who, it seems to me, will weather literary history with them. He makes his reader, too, see and love her husband and her lover as she does. And they may even begin to understand a little, not yet a grain of mustard seed's worth but perhaps a grain of sand's, of the passion of their triumphant rival.

In the Shadow of the Cross

BARABBAS. By Pär Lagerkvist. Translated by Alan Blair. New York: Random House. 180 *pp.* $3.

By Graham Bates

ANDRE GIDE has said of this novel, based on the life of Barabbas, "beyond all doubt a remarkable book," and there will be few readers to disagree. The work combines the utmost physical realism with an intensity of spiritual conflict not often equaled in the retelling of Biblical tales. Pär Lagerkvist has taken a man barely mentioned in the New Testament and has built him into a character as real, as evil, and as good as he must have been to the men who knew him those centuries ago. This is no outline sketch in black and white but a deeply conceived and richly colored portrait of a man driven beyond the powers of his endurance by a force he could never actually believe in.

Barabbas was a gangster of his own day, and his crimes amply deserved, according to the laws of the period, the crucifixion to which he was sentenced. But something intervened, and Barabbas was released from the cross to follow a life over which the shadow of the Cross would fall and darken until it ended. To the people of the country he became simply "The Acquitted," the man who had gone free when Jesus had died. He might lead any life he pleased, dissipate, plunder, and murder, and yet could not force his personality upon the crowds; all they wanted from him was stories of the momentous day when such strange things happened. Did the sun really darken? Did the earth actually tremble? Barabbas scarcely knew himself and sometimes he lied to increase his importance. Sometimes he came to believe his lies. Here is a man caught in the terrible flow of events that are beyond his understanding. His whole life is to be given over to fighting his fate, to his fierce rebellion against, and at the same time his yearning towards, these baffling new beliefs.

The action of the novel takes Barabbas into other countries and into both good and evil situations. The scenes have a reality that brings vividly before the reader the conditions in which the new religion had been born. So many of the novels dealing with the time of Christ present merely a sensational panorama of the period, but Pär Lagerkvist probes deeper, seeking the whys and wherefores of the orgies and spectacles in the natures of the people inaugurating them. He seeks to understand the fanatical courage of the Christians, those gentle believers in non-violence whose strength in the face of violence directed against them baffled and infuriated their tormentors. How could such strength come from such a weak creed? Love your neighbor as yourself, love your enemies, whoever heard of such mad doctrine? Ridiculous. Such a religion could never last.

Pär Lagerkvist shows how the world into which Christ's teaching came lived truly in the shadow and fear of death. Barabbas is always conscious of the fate that lies ahead, the going down into darkness and nothingness. The mad idea that the Christians hold concerning another life after death fascinates him, but he cannot accept it. It is literally too good to be true. In the end when Barabbas comes again to crucifixion there is no Christ to take his place. He is face to face with death. He speaks out his belief, and the reader knows what he says, but who shall say what he has meant? This is the final suspense in a book full of suspense.

Pär Lagerkvist has not been well known in America although he has received full acclaim and many honors in Europe, but with this book in which ideas and events clash vigorously, in which both the story and the argument run to climactic completion, he should take his place on this side of the Atlantic.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

A LITERARY ZOO

The following quiz concerns ten famous animals that appear in the pages of literature. Fannie Gross, of Asheville, North Carolina, asks you to name the characters and the authors who created them. Allowing five points for each correct answer, a score of fifty is par, sixty is very good, and seventy or better is excellent. Answers on page 18.

1. This performing pig, who could spell thirty-six words, was much more important to her trainer than his bride on their honeymoon.
2. Every year this enormous snake swam across the ocean to visit his sweetheart until he was captured by a circus owner.
3. Many legends were told about the bird which circled overhead during the evacuation of Dunkirk.
4. This dog adopted three children who were christened Groups, Bunks, and Yelpers.
5. A very famous little girl was advised by this hookah-smoking blue creature to keep her temper.
6. On two occasions this pet mongoose saved the little boy who had befriended him from being destroyed by a cobra.
7. An English doctor learned about humane conduct from this gentle horse and his valet, a sorrel nag.
8. This invisible rabbit was the constant companion of his inebriated admirer.
9. Because this fawn persisted in ruining the vegetable garden, his heartbroken young master was forced to shoot him.
10. This talking cat terrified the members of a house-party.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

René Masson and Edmund Fuller—"rebellion of youth."

Les Enfants d'Enfers

CAGE OF DARKNESS. By René Masson. Translated by Constantine FitzGibbon. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 266 pp. $3.

By Ben Ray Redman

RENE MASSON, who, according to his publisher, enjoys the fiction of Dickens, Faulkner, Mauriac, Simenon, and Raymond Chandler, has written a story of crime and brutality set in a narrow frame. Votaries of Mr. Chandler will find that M. Masson, too, knows how to have his characters savagely beaten up, how to color his scenes with blood. But "Cage of Darkness" may be read as something more than a tough, sanguinary crime story: it may be read as a novel of class warfare, in which the cruel drama is reduced to its simplest terms, and is acted out by adolescent performers.

The scene of the conflict is Paris; the time, today. On the one side is fourteen-year-old Fleur and her loyal male gang of petty thieves. On the other side is fourteen-year-old Christian Stein, the son of wealthy Jewish parents, whose father is a big man on the Bourse, whose mother has an Aubusson-covered prie-Dieu in her boudoir, and who goes to his private lessons in a Cadillac that looks as long as an ocean liner to the inhabitants of his teacher's poor street. Fleur, a child of the Paris slums, who has been brought up by her adored brother—now awaiting execution—to follow in his criminal footsteps; Fleur, with her peaked face, hard yellow eyes, and skinny body barely covered by a ragged dress; Fleur, precocious, perverse, embittered, with her band of young sadists at her heels, is a cunning, stubborn, remorseless fighter who gives no quarter, and has learned to show no weakness, in the battle against the world in which she finds herself. Chric Stein, soft, sleek, and spoiled—who hates poverty as something evil and despises everyone who is not of his class—is no fighter at all. At first glance the conflict between these two would seem to be hopelessly uneven. But organized society fights on Chric Stein's side.

M. Masson's theme and ground-plan had great possibilities, but he has only begun to realize them. "Cage of Darkness," like Fleur, is fleshless, undeveloped; too often its author is content with an easy cliché in phrase or incident. One need only place it beside Romain Gary's "The Company of Men"—which came to us from France last year, and which deals with a somewhat similar subject—to realize its comparative poverty. It falls—and fails, I think—somewhere between a simple crime story and a "serious" novel, worthy of serious attention. One remembers the terse irony of the beginning, and one will not forget for a while the irony of the close. One reads the intermediate pages without boredom. But one—at least, this reviewer—cannot help wishing that the whole, as a literary experience, added up to a little more than it does.

Constantine FitzGibbon's translation is, as far as I can judge without seeing the original French, an excellent piece of work.

Generation in Revolt

BROTHERS DIVIDED. By Edmund Fuller. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 365 pp. $3.50.

By Donald Harrington

THIS IS a fascinating novel about the generation which grew to adulthood during the 1930's. Never has there been a generation in which the rebellion of youth against age was marked by such extreme changes in values in sexual practices, religious forms, and political activity. This is the story of two brothers, sons of a Protestant minister, and how, under the rampant influences of the Thirties, they grew apart, first from their parents and then from each other.

Both Daniel and David Fairchild were a bewilderment to their gentle, conservative, respectable parents. David was from the beginning a black sheep, a dangerously lovable rebel, restless, headstrong, flying through life at breakneck speed, leaving Dan to "pick up pieces of people" he left strewn behind him. Dan was a quieter, more mature youth but, like his brother, unable to accept the seemingly shallow formalism and hypocrisy of the "old-time religion." David's growing up took him to Greenwich Village, a Bohemian life, with only an all-consuming, career-wrecking Communist Party and, after a series of affairs, finally a good and fine woman, as anchors. Dan's path turned back towards the church with the development of a strong interest in the social gospel of uplift for the poor and downtrodden. The story of his arrest on a picket line with other theologs, of his continued searchings for religious truth, of his rediscovery of truth in his father's religious forms through his own personal experience of weakness, temptation, and sin, constitutes the heart of this novel.

Ministers who grew through the period themselves will find the descriptions of Dan's struggles for a religion which is both personally helpful and socially relevant, highly interesting, as should laymen as well. The point of view of neo-orthodoxy is not, however, carefully developed, and the rationalist, humanist alternative is made ridiculous.

Altogether the story is sincere, warm, and always absorbing, an unusual portrait of a generation which did not fully understand itself, and whose behavior is still the subject of public investigation and wonderment.

Donald Harrington is minister of The Community Church of New York.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

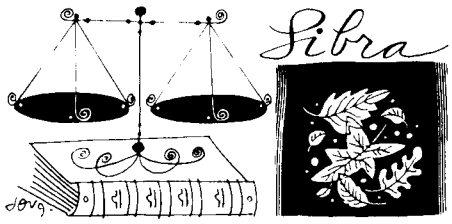
A Winter in Drumberly

SHOULDER THE SKY. By D. E. Stevenson. New York: Rinehart & Co. 275 pp. $2.75.

By EUGENIE BOLGER

THE CHILL wind whistling through the streets of Drumberly, sending the inhabitants scurrying to the warmth of their hearths, is not in any way related to the violent storms of passion which assail the soul in other places and other books. It is merely the winter wind of the Scottish borderland, from which the good Drumberlians have found snug haven.

In "Shoulder the Sky" D. E. Stevenson tells another story of Jock and Mamie Johnstone of Mureth Farm. It concerns itself chiefly with their nephew James and his bride, Rhoda, who have come to settle in Drumberly. James fears that Rhoda, who has lived much of her life in London and has sacrificed a promising career as an artist to marry him, will be lonely and unhappy in the isolation of Boscath Farm. The rigors of a Boscath winter would contrast sharply with a winter of London's crowded social gaiety. Even in summer the daft road leading from Boscath to Drumberly is hard going; winter's ice and



snow make it treacherous, well-nigh impassable. For most of the year the river separating Boscath from Mureth can be easily forded, but with the flood tides of winter storms Boscath becomes an island amid snow-covered hills. Although it is autumn when Rhoda and James come to Boscath, she soon feels the discontent of idleness and isolation. The worst of James's fears appear to be realized. It is not long, however, before Rhoda resumes her painting and becomes happily settled in country life. New friends are not denied her, and their strangely abundant mysteries and sorrows are a challenge to her warm interest in others. Then, too, there is young Duggie, the son of Mamie's cook, in whom she finds a genuine talent, and who becomes virtually a part of her studio's accouterment.

Unfortunately, the problem of Rhoda's adjustment, a very real and difficult one, is merely glossed over, as the author moves on to unravel the romantic tangles of her other principals. The affair of Henry Ogylvie Smith, whose conscience prevents his freeing himself from a marriage which has been unhappy for both his wife and himself, in order that he may marry a girl of his own social and intellectual level, is too flimsy and contrived to engage the reader's sympathies seriously. Although much space is devoted to them, neither Henry nor the girl he loves are sufficiently convincing. It is difficult to accept such simplicity of thought and pure moral motivation. Life is a continual conflict of good and evil, each decision a battle won or lost by conscience. But these pages are as neatly insulated against the soul's torments as are the walls of Mureth House against the winter's cold blasts.

There is nothing lacking, however, in Miss Stevenson's understanding of the Scottish countryside. Drumberly and its environs, Boscath Farm and Mureth House have physical reality. The hilly country with its burns and bogs, the sharp tang of autumn weather, a blizzard's cruel beauty, are all vividly described. The homely businesses of farmers and their wives are warmly portrayed. In "Shoulder the Sky" Miss Stevenson's loyal readers will once more find a world far happier, far more simple, than the one in which we live.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 436

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 436 will be found in the next issue.

BC KFKKMT YP PC

YEYSTPLTBQ CE UMCJQP

MCBVTE QWJB QWJQ KMCRB

KI QWT PFLLTPPUFM

QTJLWTE.

—PYE RYMMYJN CPMTE.

Answer to No. 435

Marriage resembles a pair of shears, so joined that they can not be separated; often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing anyone who comes between them.

—SYDNEY SMITH.

Fiction Notes

I KILLED STALIN. By Sterling Noel. Farrar, Straus & Young. $3. From his compelling title to the final accomplishment of its program, it is clear that Mr. Noel has us all by the nose and may lead where he will. He is making use, of course, of a powerful mass phobia, and it is useless even to suggest that his is an irrational palliative that could not possibly hold any cure. This is romance. Ten years ago Tommy Hambledon was rambling through the novels of Manning Coles disguised as a Nazi general, nudging Goering, shouting Goebbels down, playing hob with Hitler's plans. And here we are now with one Jan Miles, planted within the Russian MVD by a mysterious intelligence bureau, with one grim, timed, inexorable mission to perform. There may or may not be some significance in the difference in temper between the cheery and charming Tommy Hambledon and this hard, humorless, sanguinary Miles, who works with the precision and inflexibility of a hired nemesis. This kind of thing isn't as much fun as it used to be. Maybe Mr. Noel is too close to reality.

So far as detail is concerned, he is inexhaustible. How would a determined man progress from a picket line on the New York waterfront to the inner circle of Beria's secret police? How would he be trained to meet with familiarity and resourcefulness every situation that must appear on the way? How would he keep in contact with home base? Mr. Noel has set up a labyrinthine world of intrigue and violence so convincing in the half that we can recognize from our own limited newspaper knowledge that we are led to concede the rest. It moves at high speed, and quite apart from its political appeal it will hold the thriller addict to the bitter end.

—NATHAN L. ROTHMAN.

THE PICTURE WINDOW. By Josephine Lawrence. Morrow. $3. The number of people over sixty-five is said to have doubled in the last fifty years. Therefore the problem Miss Lawrence deals with in "The Picture Window"—how can the younger generation marry and lead their own lives while saddled with the emotional and financial care of their elders—is a real one.

Marriage seemed impossible for Bonnie and Garth. Both worked, but their combined incomes could not support three households. Bonnie has a gentle unworldy father, an irresponsible young brother; Garth has a semi-invalid widowed mother and a sister

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in her forties who waits on her. Bonnie and Garth are not willing to buy their happiness at the expense of others. As the story opens they are coming home from a brief honeymoon to the big old city-surrounded house in which they have already gathered their dependents. Here is an interesting and human situation filled with dramatic possibilities, and one feels both sympathy and real concern for the bold and blithe pair who have plunged into it.

There is technical skill here in the writing, an easy movement of dialogue and scene. The complications arise out of the clash of character and include such events as the young brother's marriage to a teen-age girl —he brings her home, of course—the father's loss of a job, the sister's dental troubles, the maid with two children, and the boarder taken in to pay for her. There is also a chance acquaintance's dying mother who is rescued from being thrown out by a cruel son-in-law. These things are smoothly handled by Miss Lawrence in the writing and by her heroine in the action of the book. How does Bonnie manage to do all this? Garth, the good and understanding, says: "She does it for love."

Now this is so right, so ideally the solution for all problems of personal or more general nature that one longs to believe in Bonnie and Garth. Often, thanks to their flashes of humor, one does. But the scales are overloaded. Practically all of Bonnie's friends are wrestling with parent problems.

In fact, the characters in this book can talk of little else, except perhaps their teeth and dentures. We can swallow the teeth because they are amusing; what we cannot swallow is the high incidence of parent trouble. Unity is an admirable thing in writing, yet if every character and incident is so obviously chosen to point the moral of the tale, all sense of proportion, of life as a whole, is lost. If one accepted as complete and entirely true this view from Miss Lawrence's picture window, he would conclude that the parent-child relationship is an unhealthy, an unnatural one and should be done away with at once, perhaps by euthanasia of all parents as soon as the eldest child reaches marriageable age.

Just the same, it is quite a readable book.

—Cid Ricketts Sumner.

OTHER LIVES TO LIVE. By Herbert Lyons. Dial. $3. Mr. Lyons proved himself an acid master of the light comedy of modern manners and morals in his first work, "The Rest

(*Continued on page* 33)

U.S.A. & the World.

The ancient Romans were fond of calling the Mediterranean "our sea"; now, with air and naval bases burgeoning along its shores, some Americans are coming to regard it as their concern. Mediterranean lands are the subject of four books reviewed this week: The Near East of the Arabs and the Jews is discussed somewhat sensationally in John Roy Carlson's "Cairo to Damascus" and in solidly factual fashion in "The Near East and the Great Powers," edited by Richard N. Frye. The unhappy land of Spain is described in Gerard Brenan's "The Face of Spain," which is hostile to Franco, and Carleton J. H. Hayes's "The United States and Spain," which is inclined to be friendly. Not ony the Mediterranean, but all theatres of American foreign policy, are treated in John Fischer's shrewd "Master Plan U.S.A." Our policy in the Far East and its foremost critic, Douglas MacArthur, are the subjects of Rovere's and Schlesinger's "The General and the President."

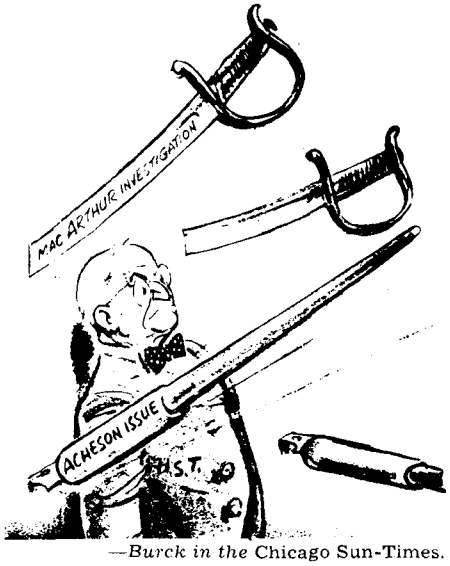
Conflict with Civil Authority

THE GENERAL AND THE PRESIDENT. By Richard H. Rovere and Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. 336 *pp.* $3.75.

By James M. Minifie

CONFLICTS with Presidents, actual and potential, are in the MacArthur bloodstream. A true MacArthur rares up at the drop of a Presidential hint like a Hatfield at a McCoy's footstep.

William Howard Taft and Theodore Roosevelt share with Harry S. Truman the privilege of being parties to President-MacArthur feuds. The MacArthur allergy to the civil power was handsomely displayed in 1900 when Mr. Taft arrived in the Philippines during the rule of General Arthur MacArthur, father of Douglas. Mr. Taft came as Civilian Commissioner invested with full authority by Washington. General MacArthur declined to meet him at the dock, assigned him a small, uncomfortable room, and ignored him. Mr. Taft reported back to Elihu Root, the Secretary of War, that the General's sense of humor was more limited than his self-esteem, and asked that the choice be made between the General and him. General MacArthur was relieved of his command.



—*Burck in the* Chicago Sun-Times.

"The Great Knife-Throwing Act."

He had not been home long before he made a public speech in which he cast doubt on the loyalty of German-Americans. This brought on him the wrath of Theodore Roosevelt, who declared roundly that he was unfit to hold a commission in the National Guard. It is not surprising that when Mr. Taft became President he passed over General Arthur MacArthur for the post of Chief of Staff.

There was thus a family tradition of feuding with the civil authority, combined with an inherited feeling of persecution, which was bound to make for trouble in a man of General Douglas MacArthur's gifts. Men who are abundantly endowed do not find their path easy. The heroic figure in a democratic state is apt to feel hemmed in. One or the other is usually reduced.

These are the essentials of the story brilliantly told by Richard H. Rovere and Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. Among many curious things, it brings out the number of times the younger MacArthur has been in conflict with authority. He got away with much more

James M. Minifie is a member of the Washington staff of the New York Herald-Tribune.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

than his father did. Theodore Roosevelt did not have the patience of President Truman or the tactful understanding of FDR.

But the effect of patience and understanding on a brilliant soldier with a persecution complex was to lead him very near to deliberate defiance and open challenge of the civil authority and national policy.

The MacArthur story is a fascinating drama on the classic theme of the destruction of a man by his greatness and its limitations. This is the first attempt to tell it in any language other than that borrowed from the radiant communiques which always suffused MacArthur's headquarters with their particular light.

No man in American history has had to endure so exhausting an examination of his deeds, his ideas, and his ideals as General Douglas MacArthur during the forty-two days of the Senate hearings. It was not, however, exhaustive. It was conducted chiefly by men who were passionately his partisans, and who were seeking above all else the destruction of Dean Acheson, the Secretary of State. Had MacArthur been a stupid man it would have been possible to assume that he was ignorant of this design. Had he been the simple soldier of his pose he would have rejected it. Instead, he lent himself to it, and this was his destruction.

Those of the committee who were out of sympathy with him were anxious not to offer him martyrdom. But when the hearings were completed after six weeks and 2,045,000 words the MacArthur legend had been riddled. The result was so emphatic, the President, Mr. Acheson, General Marshall, and the Joint Chiefs of Staff were so handsomely vindicated, that there was no need for a formal report. The judicious Senator Russell, who had presided with great fairness over the interminable proceedings, simply wound them up and told members they could say what they liked individually. Some of the less judicious Republicans did so. Their more astute brethren declined to be associated with their animadversions. The question had been: Who was right, the General or the President? The answer was conclusive: the President.

A generation of command had led up to the incidents studied by the committee. Messrs. Rovere and Schlesinger fill in the earlier career—the young man who graduated with the highest record ever achieved at West Point; the youngest divisional commander in World War I (he went over the heads of his superiors to get his views accepted); the youngest Chief of Staff (his communique announced his approval of President Hoover's order to disperse the Bonus Marchers); the organizer of the defenses of the Philippines (his air force was destroyed on the ground nine hours after Pearl Harbor).

This study brings out the startling fallibility of MacArthur's judgment, the extreme means—even to the suppression of documents and the distortion of ascertainable facts—taken to conceal mistakes, and the almost psychopathic unwillingness to admit fallibility. Correspondents who covered MacArthur's campaign came back with bitter stories of censorship, favoritism, suppression, and outright misrepresentation of news at MacArthur's headquarters. The corrections are being entered on the historical record, but the communiques shaped the popular picture.

MacArthur's characteristics, the great and the petty, were accentuated during the Korean War. Messrs. Rovere and Schlesinger observe that it is hard not to conclude that at some point in his differences with Washington he embarked on a deliberate course of provocation. The public record supports that view. Substantial sections of it are incorporated in the long appendix to the present volume.

Richard Rovere and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.—"a fascinating drama."

U. S. Foreign Policy

MASTER PLAN U.S.A. By John Fischer. New York: Harper & Bros. 253 pp. $3.

By Edgar Ansel Mowrer

AMERICAN foreign policy is the affair of at least a dozen Government agencies. Of these the most decisive is probably the National Security Council. The one most directly concerned—the State Department—has 19,941 U.S. employees (August 1, 1951). Intellectually these people are a microcosm of the American people. Among themselves they differ on foreign policy just about as widely as the rest of the population.

Moreover, the present foreign policy has been improvised since 1946 or 1947, when it became clear that FDR's "Great Design" of constructing a peaceful world on four or five great powers as pillars had hopelessly collapsed when support from the USSR was withdrawn.

Small wonder, therefore, that many, perhaps most, U.S. citizens—and obviously the vast majority of foreigners—are still not sure just what our present policy is.

John Fischer, one of our deepest students on world affairs, understands their difficulty. Being personally convinced that "American foreign policy is not as fouled up as it sometimes looks," he has written a book setting out just what he believes that policy is. In his hands it appears not only coherent but reasonably successful as well.

He has done an admirable job. Americans befuddled by George F. Kennan's recent criticism of the very "containment policy" which Mr. Kennan is credited with fathering [*SRL* Sept. 29] should turn to the book "Master Plan U.S.A." for the straight product.

Mr. Fischer has set down our present attitude toward the world—its basic postulates, its chosen instruments, its still untidy ends—as well as a flattering estimate of those most responsible for it.

Here is no space to describe that plan—it is much too complicated for that. All I wish to do is to send all citizens interested in the subject—and what intelligent American is not?—to this book. Now, admittedly, in this ad-

---

Edgar Ansel Mowrer has been covering the European scene for American newspapers since World War I. His most recent book is "Challenge and Decision," a program for America.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mirable description there are some inaccuracies, of which I shall mention two:

(1) State Department officials do not accept the reproach that, while in theory we have advocated a peaceful revolution in Iran, "our voice . . . has been almost entirely muddled." To the contrary, our voice has greatly vexed our major ally, the United Kingdom, by its private insistence. We have desisted only when on the verge of a major quarrel. It is anything but easy to (a) support our principal ally; (b) reassure skeptical Middle Easterners of our friendly intentions; and (c) keep Iran's oil out of Soviet hands—all at the same time.

(2) Again, it is not accurate to say that the Truman Administration is gambling our blue chips on a Soviet collapse "ten or fifteen or twenty years" from now. This belief, originally publicized by George F. Kennan and later—less convincingly—by Edward Crankshaw in "Cracks in the Kremlin Wall," has not been accepted by the Secretary of State. As a matter of fact, to date the State Department has not made up its mind just how our present policy is to triumph, or when.

Another point. Mr. Fischer says in his introductory note that his book "is not meant . . . to attack or to defend . . . any particular policy." It would have been better, I think, had he stuck to this. Instead, he elaborates two points—more Point Four aid to backward countries and ultimate recognition of Red China—which are, at most, positions which some American planners would like to take but so far have not found enough support for. Further, he insists on the need for "a goal, an ideal—a vision, if you like—that will rekindle the spirit of the West. To him this vision is the prospect of a world federation. Personally I share this enthusiasm. Yet it might have been better if Mr. Fischer had relegated discussion of it to a postscript and stuck closer to the American plan as of now.

Yet these are, at worst, insignificant imperfections. "Master Plan U.S.A." is to me the clearest, simplest, most attractively written, generally most accurate—in short, best—account that has yet been given of our emerging foreign policy. As such it ought to fill a unique place on the shelf of everyone who feels with the author that, for better or for worse, taking the right attitude toward the world is today our most important task. If we go wrong here we shall very likely never get another chance. If we manage to be right then we may be fortunate enough to guide the world into the calmer waters of a new era.

John Roy Carlson—"enviable courage."

Eyes on the Near East

CAIRO TO DAMASCUS. By John Roy Carlson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 474 pp. $4.50.

By MERLE MILLER

JOHN ROY CARLSON'S first book, "Under Cover," was an immensely valuable expose of the Nazi and Japanese agents then (1943) operating in this country—and those fanatic Americans who aided them. It resulted from five years of often dangerous investigation, during which Mr. Carlson (that's his pen name; his identity is a loosely kept secret) got to know the enemy as an insider, a pretended admirer. His second book, "The Plotters," was assembled in a few months immediately after V-J Day. It dealt with the ultra-nationalistic lunatics, the Fascist-worshipers in the United States, the calculating cynics trying to sell disreputable ideas to dissatisfied veterans, and, to a lesser extent, the Communists and their idolaters. In his research Mr. Carlson had posed as an "Anglo-Saxon" veteran.

Both of Mr. Carlson's earlier books were, perhaps of necessity, extremely personal. Nobody cared much if the author wasn't strong on analysis, or if once in awhile he wasn't exactly objective. After all, he had taken on an uncomfortable and necessary job, he had dug up a good many unpleasant facts, and he was undeniably a man of enviable courage.

Now, after five years, Mr. Carlson's third book is available. In the preface to "Cairo to Damascus" the author explains why he undertook his longest, most complex, and certainly most ambitious study. "I have written this book," he states, "with the hope that it will bring both Arabs and Jews into truer focus for the reader; that it will reveal what they are and what they are not, and what may be expected of them, and what is impossible."

His journey began in London in January 1948. There he posed as Charles L. Morey, an anti-Semitic American businessman from a place called St. John, Indiana. However, this was only the first of several disguises he was to assume in the following few months.

"With the radical," he writes, "I was a radical; with the Communist I was pro-Communist; with the Fascist, pro-Fascist; with the anti-Zionist, anti-Jewish. All these and many other roles I had assumed to survive. . . . Never before had I been called upon . . . to keep straight so many political views and variations thereof. . . ."

While in London Carlson (as Morey) talked with most of the still-remaining native Fascists, not including Sir Oswald Mosley; more important, he met Izzed-een Shawa Bey, the Arab in charge of recruiting willing young veterans of the Second World War who would, usually for a price, sometimes from conviction, fight for the Arabs in the trouble that was sure to begin as soon as the British mandate ended in Palestine.

From London he flew to Cairo, and from the time he stepped off the plane he dropped Morey and most of the time used his own name, "an American of Armenian descent, a Christian sympathizer with all things Egyptian and Arabic."

During most of the next six months he lived with the Arabs, once in a while sneaking across no-man's land into Jewish-held territory, sometimes for a bath, again for an edible meal, once in a while, particularly on E-M (End-of-Mandate) Day simply to be among people he understood and liked.

He is at his best in writing about those tense days in Jerusalem. He had a good many conversations with the Jews, especially those who had come from the United States. Why? he wanted to know. "It is," one of them said, "because America has such an abundance of everything that I have come. I shall not be missed. Here they need me. I have come to help, to build a new country."

Mr. Carlson is not nearly so effective when he discusses the Arabs, mainly because, although he seems to have tried, he did not like them. He has judged them by Western standards, and they don't measure up. "I felt,"

Merle Miller, novelist and journalist, recently returned from a tour of the Near East.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he declares toward the end of his book, "that I had an understanding of the Arab world given to few Americans."

Well, maybe. I'm afraid I wasn't convinced. True, Mr. Carlson can and does describe the sights and smells of Cairo (especially the latter); he is remarkably adept at bringing alive the ignorant, dirty Arab fighting man; he catches the feel of the sordid side of Beersheba and the beauty of Damascus, "jewel of the Orient"; he makes a convincing case against the Nazi-admiring Arabs who are so powerful in the Moslem world; he reports the motives, some idealistic, some cynical, of the Communist leaders who have found so many desperate followers in the Middle East, and his accounts of some of the battles are first-rate combat reporting.

But understanding the Arabs is something more. Mr. Carlson does not seem to know the history of the people with whom he lived so intimately, and there is nowhere in "Cairo to Damascus" an explanation of the reasons the Arabs are so filled with hate.

At one point he declares, "I felt that Israel had gained the enmity of the Arab world not because it was Jewish (the Arabs had also violently opposed the Crusaders), but because it was a segment of the West now gaining a permanent foothold in the East. . . ."

That hardly explains Arab-Jewish relations, and Mr. Carlson's study suffers because he doesn't seem to realize it. What's more, except for a few meager references to students at Fouad University, there is almost nothing in the entire 474 pages about the hundreds of enlightened young Arabs, most of them both anti-Nazi and anti-Communist, who are desperately trying in one generation to advance their people a thousand years.

As a personal adventure story "Cairo to Damascus" is entertaining enough, but as for bringing "both Arabs and Jews into truer focus for the reader," it doesn't.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "Mary," by John Collier. 2. Sea Serpent in "The Circus of Doctor Lao," by Charles G. Finney. 3. "The Snow Goose," by Paul Gallico. 4. Gissing in "Where the Blue Begins," by Christopher Morley. 5. Caterpillar, in "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," by Lewis Carroll. 6. "Rikki-Tikki-Tavi," by Rudyard Kipling. 7. Master of the Houyhnhnms, in "Gulliver's Travels," by Jonathan Swift. 8. "Harvey," by Mary Chase. 9. Flag in "The Yearling," by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings. 10. "Tobermory," by Saki.

The [illegible]ns of a Dilemma

THE FACE OF SPAIN. By Gerald Brenan. New York: Pelligrini & Cudahy. 310 *pp.* $3.75.

THE UNITED STATES AND SPAIN. By Carleton J. H. Hayes. New York: Sheed & Ward. 198 *pp.* $2.75.

By HERSCHEL BRICKELL

THE far too few American readers of Mr. Brenan's excellent book on the Spanish civil war, "The Spanish Labyrinth," and those who read a section from "The Face of Spain" in *The New Yorker*, concerning Mr. Brenan's discovery of the grave of Federico García Lorca near Granada, will not need to be reminded that here we have a man who knows and understands a difficult and complicated country.

Nor will they need to be reminded that to Mr. Brenan's profound comprehension of what was once called, and correctly, "the Spains" is added the ability to write with striking grace and clarity, whatever his subject.

"The Face of Spain" is concerned with contemporary Spain, about which little or nothing of importance is known in the United States. Nor is there much curiosity about the true state of affairs, because it is far simpler to see a nation of an infinity of tones in pure whites and blacks: Franco against Communism, *ergo*, Franco as a faithful and loyal ally of democracy.

Mr. Brenan, a Maltese by birth, found out about Spain by living there. He and his wife owned a house near Málaga when the civil war drove them out, and both of them observed and meditated upon the country, its peoples and their problems long and deeply. After the war they went back to find their house excellently well cared for by the Spanish servants to whom it had been entrusted. One may well wonder if it would have happened anywhere else in the world.

In the course of their travels, which took them to Madrid, Córdova, Toledo, La Mancha, Badajoz, and Mérida, the Brenans looked and listened. The picture they give of conditions is shocking, especially with respect to the utter corruption existing among officials high and low, and to the wide open operations of the black market. Poverty, endemic in Spain from time out of mind, has grown much worse, and but little is being done to bring about better conditions. Falangists themselves, Mr. Brenan heard repeatedly, are disgusted with the situation, but powerless to do anything about it.

—*Justus in* The Minneapolis Star.
"Bitter Pill."

The sketch of Franco is that of a man secreted in the palace of El Pardo, outside Madrid, and hardly aware at all of what is going on in the country. It is highly improbable that he does know very much, since he is thoroughly insulated against his own people by an effective screen of Moorish guards and professional yes-men.

As for a way out of the steadily worsening situation, Mr. Brenan is no more optimistic than are the rest of us, who, knowing and loving Spain, also understand that along with the truly noble qualities of the Spanish people their good fairy failed to leave with them the gift of compromise which is the essence of viable government.

American taxpayers whose money is now pouring into the pockets of Franco and his henchmen will be much perturbed if they peruse the pages of Mr. Brenan's book with the care which they richly deserve, not only for their many touches of beauty, but for the notably honest and forthright reporting they contain.

This, then, is a first-rate piece of work, timely, penetrating, exceptionally well-written, and memorable for the amount of pure truth it contains. And over it all is the note of elegiac sadness that never leaves the hearts and minds of true Hispanophiles.

* * *

THE DANGER confronting anyone who tries to explain Spain to the outside world is that he will find him-

Herschel Brickell has lived a long time in Spain and Latin America and has devoted a good part of his life to the study of the world of Spanish and Portuguese speech.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

self impaled upon one horn or the other of a dilemma that has long existed, and which is certainly no less difficult of solution now than it has been in times past.

One of these horns is over-simplification. The other is the extreme complexity of a situation, often misread even by those familiar with its confusing and contradictory elements, a situation so complex that only the smallest number of people are willing to try to understand it.

The author of "The United States and Spain" is a distinguished historian who was sent to Spain as our Ambassador at a time when the cooperation of Franco seemed important to the success of our armed forces in Europe. He has explained and defended his mission elsewhere, in a book widely read and freely quoted by Americans in sympathy with the Hayes attitude.

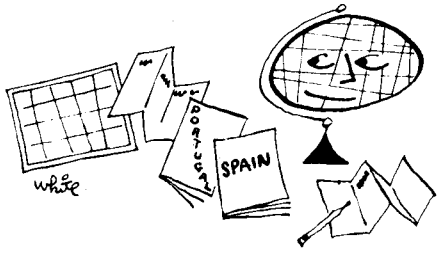
This year he gave the Fenwick Lectures at the College of the Holy Cross in Worcester, Mass., and these lectures have been expanded into an argument that we should regard Spain as a member in good standing of the European family of nations, and as such entitled to equal treatment with the more democratic members of that family.

Mr. Hayes believes that there is an essential difference between the dictatorship of Franco, who made his way to power by force of arms, and the other dictatorships of our times, such as those of Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin, and Perón.

It is perfectly true that while Hitler and Mussolini rose to power from the ranks of corporal and sergeant respectively, Franco was a full general when he took over in Spain, with a long and distinguished military record behind him. That his dictatorship differs in other essentials from those of Hitler and Mussolini is at least doubtful—it has certainly been marked by the suppression of civil liberties, including strict censorship of the press, widespread activity on the part of the secret police, a black market scandal of frightening proportions, and almost universal corruption among officials from the highest to the lowest.

Mr. Hayes believes, in spite of these facts, that we can successfully do busi-

(*Continued on page* 38)



NEW EDITIONS

JAMES LAUGHLIN has done well to include Joseph Conrad's "Under Western Eyes" in his New Classics Series (New Directions, $1.50). As Morton Dauwen Zabel has said in his comprehensive introduction, "The present crisis in history provides a specific occasion for its rediscovery by English and American readers." This rediscovery should, in fact, be both enthusiastic and widely shared, for it is now more important than ever for us to understand the Russian character, and Mr. Zabel is far from alone in believing that Razumov's tragic story, first published in 1911, "is probably the most searching analysis of Russian character and history that has yet been arrived at in an English novel." Readers who would take it more lightly may approach it as merely a tale of revolutionary intrigue and espionage, and they will not be disappointed.

Writing under the great shadow of Dostoevsky, intent upon subjecting Russian thought and action to the lens of Western eyes, animated by hatred of the autocracy that had crushed his own family's Polish patriotism, but determined to be as impartial as possible, and convinced that senseless tyranny provokes senseless desperation, Conrad was, as always, anxiously concerned with what he called "the effect of actuality." How to tell — so that it would be believed and be felt to be true — the story of Razumov's almost somnambulistic betrayal of the Nihilist assassin Haldin, his subsequent entrapment in the snares of the Russian police state, and his final resolution of his agonizing problem? This was the problem that plagued the novelist. He solved it by a device that many critics have called clumsy —by having "an old teacher of languages," an Englishman, to whom belonged the Western eyes, piece the story together from his own observations, Razumov's diary, the confidences of Haldin's sister, and other minor sources. I should call this device extremely difficult, rather than clumsy; and, in my opinion, the author surmounted the difficulties with extraordinary skill. Conrad is famous for his cases of conscience: this is one of the most fascinating and most profound.

"Smoke" and "Virgin Soil"—mentioned by Mr. Zabel as precursors of "Under Western Eyes"—are among the volumes already issued in a new edition of Turgenev's works, translated by Constance Garnett, that is being published by Macmillan ($1.75 per volume). Having known these novels for some thirty-five years, I have always been able to return to them with pleasure, and I have just read them again in their new, handy format. "Smoke" (1867) is a study of the various kinds of Russian society that frequented Baden when Turgenev knew it in the 1860's. Beginning as comedy, almost as farce, it soon becomes tragedy—a fact that has caused certain judges to call it ill-constructed. On the contrary, I think it perfectly exhibits much of Turgenev's range and artistry. Whether he is ridiculing, alternately and brilliantly, the revolutionary Young Russia Party and the reactionary aristocrats, or depicting the stages of Litvinov's enthrallment by Irina, he is always the easy master of his matter and his manner. As for "Virgin Soil" (1877), it has been said by Russian critics of Turgenev that he had lived too long abroad to know anything of the novel's central subject—the Nihilist movement of the 1870's. But Peter Kropotkin, who should have known what he was talking about, has testified that, despite Turgenev's errors, the novelist "had, with his wonderful intuition, caught some of the most striking features of the movement." In any case, the account of life in the Sipyagin household should suffice to entertain Western readers today, even if they cannot feel deeply for the two leading, babes-in-the-woods, revolutionists. Other novels now available in this new edition are "On the Eve," "A House of Gentlefolk," and—greatest of all—"Fathers and Children."

No one could ask for a better, more readable edition of Dostoevsky's "Crime and Punishment" (1866) than the one published by the Heritage Press, powerfully illustrated by Fritz Eichenberg's woodcuts, with an introduction by Laurence Irving. And to anyone who might like to have a brief history of Russia at hand while reading Russian novels—or the daily paper — let me recommend, with minor reservations, the second edition of Walther Kirchner's "An Outline History of Russia" (Barnes & Noble, $2.50).

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Music. *"Do not be alarmed," Bernard Shaw once reassured his readers, "I am not going to perpetrate an 'analysis.'" Succeeding generations have shared Shaw's horror of musical parsing, with generally salutary effect on criticism, annotation, etc. But there has been one unfortunate result, in that any "technical" book, any writing that grapples with musical form, falls under suspicion of being pedantic and essentially anti-esthetic. Rudolph Reti's "The Thematic Process in Music" deals with music's raw materials and indulges in analysis, but in its far-reaching considerations this book is far removed from the academic parsing that Shaw rightfully deplored. Some critics have hailed Reti's book as an original and revealing study, some (as Roger Sessions below) find it unconvincing; but there is no doubt that Mr. Reti has opened many stimulating avenues of thought. . . . Also reviewed this week are collections of essays by two revered critics of former days: Sir George Grove and Lawrence Gilman.*

Compositional Principles

THE THEMATIC PROCESS IN MUSIC. By Rudolph Reti. New York: The Macmillan Co. 360 pp. $5.

By Roger Sessions

WHAT Dr. Reti seeks to demonstrate is that the musical classics owe their constructive, and hence their expressive, power to a principle of thematic unity; that, according to the latter, the themes from which any single work is built are all basically identical; that this principle is the determining factor in musical form, and was used as such quite consciously by the classic composers. The idea is not, of course, new. As an analytical principle it has been carried to extremes by such theorists as Cassirer or Engelsmann, who have "discovered" thematic derivations of the most far-fetched kind, and drawn equally far-fetched conclusions from them. It is not difficult to do this. The musical vocabulary of the "classic" and "romantic" composers was based in overwhelming measure on the diatonic scale. Since a tone can move only upward or downward — or be repeated — it is fairly easy to discover a small number of general patterns, and only a little harder to formulate principles to relate these patterns.

It would be unfair to dispose of Dr. Reti or his book in such terms. He is a man of culture and of musical insight, and his thorough knowledge of, and deep love for, the vast body of music of which he writes is open to no question. However, he makes it difficult for the reviewer, for along with very much that is shrewdly and profoundly observed the book contains very much indeed that tends to vitiate its genuine qualities. Dr. Reti seems not only to fall, but at times even plunge, into several very common traps which beset the thematic analyst. On the basis of a compositional process which is certainly real, he feels it necessary to interpret the whole of music in terms of this process, and then feels able to raise it to the status of a quasi-criterion through which he explains his musical preferences.

Having fallen into this trap of universality, one falls easily into others. One finds oneself ignoring every factor except the one from which the "universal principle" is derived. But artistic quality is never to be explained on the basis of a single principle, and musical analysis which fails to regard the music simultaneously in all of its aspects can only result in distortion. Dr. Reti does not entirely ignore the existence of harmony, rhythm, texture, or even tone color, but he does subordinate them to his thematic concept, and in many instances ignores them and even violates their sense. Never does he regard them except in the most conventional manner.

Another trap into which Dr. Reti falls is that of interpreting his thesis in so broad a manner that it can be applied to virtually any instance without significant differentiation. This raises the very crucial question as to what the true significance of thematic affinity, thematic transformation, and thematic development is. Unfortunately, Dr. Reti gives no very clear answer to this question. At times he seems to imply that the "themes" of a musical work embody the musical gestures which form the living content of the work. Here he is on far more viable territory than in many other cases, where he is tempted into mere note-juggling. In one case Dr. Reti adds a note to a Beethoven melody, and in a number of other cases he omits an essential note. Again, Dr. Reti formulates a principle of "inter-version," which identifies themes through permutation of the elements without regard to order, and then applies this principle as drastically as the given situation demands.

A clearly conceived musical work derives its character from certain musical gestures, its unity and force from the consistency and relationship which the composer is able to realize between them. The thematic process is but one of the means through which this is accomplished; it is not to be identified with the principle of unity, but when it is successful it is rather a result of an underlying unity of conception. It must be emphasized, too, that real contrast, not merely as variation or transformation, is an absolutely basic factor in artistic unity. It is the bringing together of contrasting elements which constitutes design, and unity of design is not necessarily threatened when the contrast is very drastic indeed. The essential is that a design be integrated into a consistent tonal, rhythmic, and linear totality. If that integration is realized it is idle for the analyst to exert himself in seeking or setting up purely material "relationships" between elements whose essential relationship is precisely that of contrast and not of similarity.

Essentially, Dr. Reti's most common mistake is that of confusing unity of vocabulary with unity of specific idea. This reviewer has no hesitation in saying that it would actually require far more technical concentration and conscious ingenuity to write a work from which thematic analogies were absent than to find them, and with consistency, in any existing piece. For this reason, he feels obliged, while paying full respect to Dr. Reti's learning, his very considerable insight, his undeniable sincerity, and the importance of the problems which he discusses, to question both the final validity of his premises and the final soundness of his conclusions.

Roger Sessions, composer and teacher, won the Naumburg Foundation Award in 1949 for his Second Symphony.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Artistic Plateaus

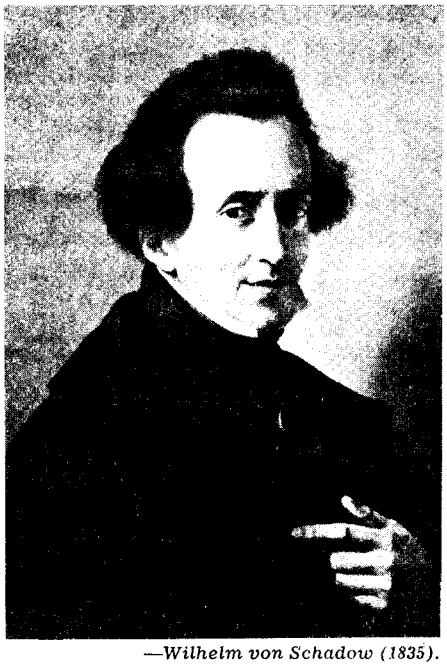
FRENCH MUSIC FROM THE DEATH OF BERLIOZ TO THE DEATH OF FAURE. By Martin Cooper. New York: Oxford University Press. 240 *pp.* $4.75.

By Roland Gelatt

A PARTISAN viewpoint and a hortatory style are the baleful concomitants of most writing on French music. One critic adjures his readers to "neglect the slick trash of Ravel," another waxes indignant at the very mention of Gounod or Massenet, while a third showers gentle approbation on all music of French origin, be it an imposing oratorio by Honegger or a keyboard trifle by Auric. There may be diverting brilliance in these extreme opinions, momentary flashes of perception, but there is seldom enduring esthetic illumination. For French music does not lend itself to critical hyperbole any more than it does to interpretative exaggeration. It is almost never so wanting in craft and taste as to merit damning obloquy; just as seldom does it rise to the sublime heights that demand the lavishing of intoxicated praise. French music pursues a happy mean, a path that Martin Cooper well discerns. "The high plateau rather than the mountain range has been the typical conformation of the French artistic world," he writes. Keeping this constantly in mind, he makes no exaggerated claims; neither does he underestimate those manifestations of French music that are today fallen from favor.

Gounod, Saint-Saëns, Massenet, Lalo, Franck, Chausson, D'Indy, Dukas—this is a roll-call, not of forgotten, but certainly of neglected men. Mr. Cooper sees their faults, but he is more concerned with their strengths: a sure sense of craft, a vitality of production, a sincerity of expression. He has read through the entirety of their output and has summarized his findings in accurate and evocative prose. Mr. Cooper writes of Chausson's overheated and overelaborated music: "It is almost as though the merest breath of emotional excitement set Chausson's hands to semiquaver arpeggios and broken chords in nervous reaction, as a man in a dentist's waiting-room drums on the window-pane." This is re-creative writing.

In the works of Fauré, Martin Cooper finds the French plateau particularly elevated. Especially does he value Fauré's songs, whose "pianoforte parts have quite ceased to be accompaniments and are as integral parts of the whole song as those in Wolf's 'Spanisches Liederbuch.'" It is hard for me to accept this comparison, but Mr. Cooper writes so convincingly and so perceptively of Fauré that any reader who has heretofore found only "distinguished monotony" in this composer's music will be encouraged to go back and search for "the power of tranquil thought" that is said to lie at its foundation.



—*Wilhelm von Schadow (1835).*

Félix Mendelssohn Bartholdy—"genius."

The author makes a perceptive distinction between Debussy and Ravel —"[Debussy's] technique is wholly at the service of his imagination, whereas Ravel's imagination seems to be stimulated by technical problems"—but tends to make too much of Ravel's artificiality. To speak of Ravel's "deliberate use of emotion as a gambit" and the "fundamental coolness in his music" is justified so long as one refers to the Ravel of "La Valse" or "Le Tombeau de Couperin," but it will not do for the Ravel of "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges" or the Concerto for Left Hand. Again, Mr. Cooper very commendably reacts against the Cocteau-inspired adulation of Satie and Les Six, but occasionally this judicial attitude carries him too far. You cannot, in all fairness, say of Poulenc's great songs that they are "planned with only the most superficial consideration for the quality of the material or the nature of the musical genre attempted."

These are minor quibbles. The major news is that a book on French music has appeared written by a critic who thinks for himself and is no slave to *parti-pris*. It is a book rich in substance, adroit in style, and deserving of wide attention.

Essays on Genius

BEETHOVEN, SCHUBERT, MENDELSSOHN. By Sir George Grove. New York: The Macmillan Co. 394 *pp.* $5.

By Daniel Gregory Mason

PERMANENCY thoroughly deserved is here given, in a handsome volume, to the three essays contributed by Sir George Grove to the original editions (1878-9) of his great "Dictionary of Music and Musicians." The editor of the forthcoming fifth edition of the "Dictionary," Eric Blom, explains in an Introduction why it seems no longer feasible, despite their high place in music literature, to reprint them, as did the intermediate editions. They were from the first, he feels, "out of scale," and supports his view with data certainly curious, *viz.*: "Bach was given twelve pages against Beethoven's forty-six, Schubert sixty-three against Mozart's twenty-seven, and . . Mendelssohn was allotted fifty-seven while Handel had ten and Haydn twenty-two." But he pays his author's disinterestedness a deserved tribute in adding: "We all felt that Grove himself . . . would have been the first to say that the claims of his 'Dictionary' as a whole . . . must come before those of any individual contributor, not excepting himself."

We have here, then, admirably reprinted, the three essays, of which the second is the most touchingly appreciative; the third, despite fine passages, the most disproportionate and in some respects outgrown (in its printing at the end, for instance, sketches for a rather commonplace symphony showing none of the lovely genius of the "Italian"); and the first, immeasurably the best, indeed one of the permanently outstanding masterpieces of music biography and criticism.

The biographical pages on Beethoven, dealing with the master's eccentricities as well as his powers, have made thousands of musical youths draw breath more quickly — and will make thousands more. Nor is this done at the expense of convictions running against current fashions. There is stout self-reliance in the author's quietly casual remark on the "Grosse Fuge": "Opus 130 originally ended with a fugue of immense length and still greater obscurity, afterwards pub-

(*Continued on page* 63)

Daniel Gregory Mason, author and composer, has written many distinguished books on music, the first of which appeared almost fifty years ago.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE
Editor
NORMAN COUSINS
Chairman, Editorial Board
HENRY SEIDEL CANBY
Chairman, Board of Directors
E. DEGOLYER
Associate Editors
AMY LOVEMAN JOHN MASON BROWN
HARRISON SMITH
Contributing Editors
BENNETT CERF JOHN T. WINTERICH
MARY GOULD DAVIS IRVING KOLODIN
JAMES THRALL SOBY

Published by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary.

Contents Copyrighted, 1951, by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

The Best Sellers

THERE are various ways of discovering the current tastes of Americans as far as literature is concerned. The most direct and objective guides are the weekly lists of best sellers in the press. They cannot be entirely accurate; an occasional bookseller may nominate a book which he has overstocked in the hope that others who are caught in this dilemma will behave in the same manner, and that its appearance in next Sunday's lists will stimulate the sale. Taking such limitations into account, the lists form a fascinating study in book-buying habits.

The books climb up and then down again in an unending procession. Many of them stand still as if the effort in reaching the first half-dozen steps had exhausted them, and often no amount of advertising or publicity will give them the energy to advance. Then one Sunday they are not there at all, and that is quite apt to be the end of them, with the exception of that odd and often charming book that is taken to the heart of a small but faithful audience and goes on selling in its quiet way month after month.

It would be pleasant to think that these shy volumes form the basis of the business of producing and selling books, but statistics are against it. Some titles may sell ten thousand copies and still have life in them; but it is usually the books that come out with banners flying and a brass band leading them that sell in the hundreds of thousands, or are accepted by one of the larger book clubs, sold to the movies, and appear in paper dress in editions of a quarter of a million copies, that bring in the money that keeps the wheels of the publishing industry greased.

The parade is not always formed in advance, or the band hired. The public has a mind of its own and it may refuse to be drawn into the procession without any reason that one can discover. Lately it has often been the other way around; the public may fall into line without any prompting, and the delighted publisher wakes up to discover that he must buy a carload or two of paper and bring out another edition in a hurry. For the optimist who believes that the public's taste in books is rapidly improving the more of this hit and miss, or the reverse, the better.

It is interesting to speculate on the latest best-seller lists with this in mind. After many months of sitting solidly and heavily on the loftiest step, "From Here to Eternity" has dropped down to third place. Here was a book that was a most awkward contender for top honors. It was about our peacetime army in Honolulu, in which there was not the faintest interest until the saturnine Mr. Jones came along; it was inordinately long, sometimes diffuse, but it used all of the four-letter words which once were taboo. It was prefaced by that mysterious portent called a "groundswell" before it was printed. Suddenly a great many people knew that Scribner's had a book in hand. Herman Wouk's "The Caine Mutiny" has taken its place and for an excellent reason. It is well-written and absorbing. Also it is about a ship and its crew in wartime, and in some mysterious way the public has suddenly taken to salt water.

Sitting directly under it is Montsarrat's "The Cruel Sea," which can be described in the same terms, and on top of the non-fiction list there is Rachel Carson's "The Sea Around Us." The latter is written in an exquisite style in which the serene depths of the oceans, its familiar or weird or terrifying inhabitants, its currents and its wild rages, are described in factual and imaginative terms. But who would have thought either that *The New Yorker* would print a great part of a book that is so alien to its normal purposes or that the public would promptly rush out and buy it by the thousands? "The Cruel Sea" is another example of the ability of people to make up their own minds. It received a mixed press; several critics complained querulously about it for one or another reason; but the public promptly went out and bought it. Then there was Salinger's "The Catcher in the Rye," which was not designed for a large audience, but the critical response was so favorable and so obviously heartfelt that it rose like a balloon.

William Faulkner's "Requiem for a Nun" has climbed up three rungs, and it is still too young to predict what will happen to this combination of magnificently convoluted Faulknerian prose and a three-act play, in which a woman who has murdered a baby is by some legerdemain transformed into a Negro saint. Has it risen to this mild eminence out of curiosity, the Nobel Prize, or because there is now an encouragingly wide audience for anything Faulkner may write?

THERE ARE fewer questions to be asked or answered by the non-fiction lists, for there are many sound reasons why these books are bought in quantities. "Kon-Tiki" is in second place, the oldest non-fiction best seller, because it is a classic and enduring story of sea adventure. To sail around the world single-handed is now a thrice-told tale; but to cross the Pacific on a raft to prove that Western people might have ruled the coral islands is the end of the line. There are other Pacific islands represented. James Michener's second voyage, "Return to Paradise," is rated as fiction, but it can be read as fact as well. Agnes Newton Keith's "White Man Returns" is about Borneo, the largest of all of them, and it illustrates again the revived interest of the public in the Pacific area which is now recovering some of the romantic coloring it lost in the war. Ethel Waters's magnificent story of her life, "His Eye Is on the Sparrow," has been firmly and deservedly established well up on the list. The Duke of Windsor's book, General Bradley's war memoirs, and Hesketh Pearson's witty study of Disraeli are excellent examples of different fields of biographies. Religion is represented by two books as far from each other as the poles, Thomas Merton's "The Ascent to Truth" and Blanshard's "Communism, Democracy, and the Catholic Power."

All of these books deserve the acclaim and the rewards they have received. In a list of twenty-two best sellers there are very few which represent sensational romance or a triumph of mediocrity. And where, the inquiring observer asks, are the volumes about how to stop worrying, how to acquire friends or a new personality, all of the "self-help" books that used to inhabit the upper reaches of the non-fiction lists? On the whole, the lists offer encouraging evidence that the public's taste in literature has improved over the last five years.

—H.S.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Mr. Viereck and *The Nation*

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Few articles published in* SRL *have occasioned more comment pro and con than Peter Viereck's "Sermons of Self Destruction." This week the* LETTERS *section includes Mr. Viereck's analysis (page 24) of the correspondence so far received.*

SIR: *The Saturday Review of Literature*'s attempt to "get into the act" in *The Nation* and *The New Leader* controversy via Peter Viereck's article [*SRL* Aug. 18] would not interest me very much except for its numerous errors and omissions of fact.

The Nation of March 31, 1951, informed its readers that it had instituted a libel suit against Mr. Clement Greenberg and *The New Leader* because of a letter written by Mr. Greenberg and published in *The New Leader* of March 19.

In its issue dated June 2, 1951, on pages 504-505, *The Nation* fully described what was found to be objectionable in Mr. Greenberg's letter and explained why it would be legally improper for *The Nation* to indulge a public discussion in its pages before the suit is brought to trial.

Thus, contrary to Mr. Viereck's contention, *The Nation* concealed nothing from its readers.

While ignoring *The Nation*'s report to its readers on the Greenberg incident, Mr. Viereck is chagrined that the same magazine has refused to give further publicity to a letter its editors believe to contain a criminal libel. If it seems appropriate to Mr. Viereck to have the editors of *The Nation* act against themselves in the interest of "free speech" and publish the full text of the letter, surely it would seem reasonable to him if *The Nation* then brought suit against itself for promulgating a libel. By that means the editors could attempt to free themselves of Mr. Greenberg's damaging charges while convicting themselves of the publication! In other words, Mr. Viereck is not so much concerned with the means involved so long as *The Nation* gets it in the neck.

The charge of Communism receives the same treatment in American courts today as that of espionage or treason. Mr. Viereck, if publicly accused of treason, would prefer, one must suppose, to submit his case to the editorial or corresponding columns of a political journal. Otherwise he can scarcely censure *The Nation* for seeking restitution by legal means.

As most of its readers know (and Mr. Viereck should), the editorial policies of *The Nation* have not altered substantially over the past ten years. There are few magazines of political opinion that have not made several about-faces over the same period of time. Messrs. Greenberg, Bendiner, and Niebuhr contributed materially to *The Nation*'s content over most of that period. If these gentlemen now find themselves at odds with *The Nation*, one might ask whether they are not indeed at odds with their own work.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"But, Mr. Morse—giving up your art career just to play with dots and dashes?"

It is not a common practice for a magazine to encourage a public debate within its pages concerning changes on its editorial board. I cannot remember that *The Saturday Review of Literature* has ever done so. Yet Mr. Viereck castigates *The Nation* for neglecting its public duty when it does not make a *cause célèbre* each time a writer is subtracted from its staff. Surely Mr. Viereck cannot be so ignorant of editorial relationships and practices.

Mr. Viereck deals in absolutes. In *Nation* vs. *New Leader* he sees at last the goats divided from the sheep. On the one side are treason, *The Nation*, the *New Statesman and Nation*, and the "Lumpen-intellectuals." On the other are Mr. Viereck and the good readers of *The New Leader*, *Der Monat*, the *Commonweal*, the *Economist*, the *Partisan Review*, and *Commentary*. (He does not make quite clear where the *New Republic* stands in his ensembles.) Alas for the man who reads all eight of these organs; his divided state must be terrible indeed!

This easy way of damning and redamning may have more value at one moment than at another. If Mr. Viereck would review the past reactions of all these magazines to the major political events of the past two decades, he would not find the issue quite so clear cut as he now supposes. His own polemic against "confusion of thought" and "Lumpen-intellectuals" might have been considerably more valuable when Spain's democratic government (with Mr. Alvarez del Vayo as Foreign Minister) was sold down the river by England, France, and the United States. Why did Mr. Viereck not wax equally indignant when the United States had a Vice-President who praised the esthetics of Kolyma, and a President whose foreign policy demonstrated strong tendencies towards Soviet appeasement and cooperation?

Mr. Viereck's paragon, *The New Leader*, established its policy of anti-Stalinism at a time when such views were anything but fashionable—especially among *avant-garde* poets. Styles have changed, however; *The New Leader* recently changed its old format for a better one and extends itself to a growing circle of new friends. Like most "anti" publications, *The New Leader*, unfortunately, has found very little to be "pro" about. Outside reports on international ideologies and "isms," on Soviet prison camps and dismal doings behind the Iron Curtain, *The New Leader*'s few ventures into constructive political comment are never better than innocuous. It demonstrates a fierce intolerance for viewpoints different from its own and is quick to apply the Communist label. Loudly protesting its loathing for McCarthy, *The New Leader* frequently takes its cue from the Senate floor for a new review of disloyals. In the cordial pages of this journal, professional ex-Communists find their warmest welcome. (Was there ever such an opportunity for the use of the word "Lumpen"?)

The New Leader employs a unique double standard in its views of legal lynchings in the South and loyalty trials in New York City and Washington. It laments and condemns trumped-up rape charges and rigged Cracker juries. When curiously defective recordings of telephone wire taps and the sexual histories of loyalty defendants are introduced to convince juries that sedition has taken place, *The New Leader* is suddenly preoccupied with the "larger issues" involved and reads the defendants a lecture on integrity and patriotism. If its content were abruptly limited to the study of American democracy without the cloak and dagger, *The New Leader* would have to close up shop overnight or completely renovate its editorial policies.

Mr. Viereck delicately leaves unsaid the logical conclusion to which his article points the way. Actually what

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he has written is an immodest proposal for a short way with dissenters; he wants *The Nation* silenced in the interest of "free speech." We must patriotically confine our reading to his approved list of magazines and rally 'round him with the cry "Status quo!"

GEORGE HEATH.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

SIR: Some of the statements made by Peter Viereck needed to be demolished and it was with much satisfaction that I read Paul Blanshard's reply (LETTERS, *SRL* Sept. 8).

OCTAVIA NOEL.

Marquette, Mich.

SIR: It is easy for any one in agreement with today's official attitudes toward foreign policy and civil rights to belittle both the extensiveness and the intensity of the witch-hunt. Thought control and thought police in Germany and Japan never seriously interfered with the freedom of those who expressed the thoughts approved by authority.

It is not my purpose to argue with Viereck's theses or his general outlook. I do not question *SRL*'s right to publish this or any other article purporting to analyze current problems. But the sense of outrage I sincerely hope most of your readers felt with me at this attempt to set down a line of regimentation—in the name of democracy and "true liberalism"—demands an answer.

LEONARD C. LEWIN.

Indianapolis, Ind.

SIR: Ordinarily when a magazine publishes a controversial piece the critical raise their voices in great chorus, while those who like the article are busy about many other things. This letter is written to help bring the commendatory volume to at least a whisper. Actually, we probably vastly outnumber the critical.

I was glad to see Peter Viereck, through the *SRL*, take up *The Nation* subject because: (1) nothing attracts a crowd like a fight; (2) people who call themselves liberals need a controversy like this to rouse them into realizing that *The Nation* and its prophets are not infallible; (3) they need also to realize that valid decisions can be deduced only from adequate facts, judged logically; (4) nothing does more to bring out these facts, encourage debate, and promote sound decisions than for magazines like *The Nation, New Republic, The New Leader, Commonweal, America,* and of course the *SRL,* to comment freely on the opinions expressed in other publications. We talk about freedom of speech; the *SRL* has done something about it.

HARRY W. FLANNERY.

St. Paul, Minn.

SIR: Congratulations on printing Peter Viereck's hard-hitting article on the "Lumpen-intellectuals" (a brilliant coinage) who apologize for Soviet totalitarianism in the name of liberalism. It took editorial courage to do so, for the lumpens are still influential among the more literate sections of our population. As a veteran red-baiter, witch-hunter, and looker-under-beds, I know from experience how perilous it is to suggest that totalitarian reds are as fair game for baiting as totalitarian blacks and browns, that witches named Coplon and wizards named Hiss really do exist, and that sometimes there actually is someone named Fuchs under the bed.

May I also endorse Mr. Viereck's notion that *The Nation* mentality and the Hearst-McCarthy mentality are complementary rather than antithetical, so that each needs and feeds on the other and closely resembles it? Lately, I have remonstrated with a McCarthyite about the Senator's allegation that General Marshall is a traitor and a Russian agent, and also with a *Nation*-ite about using the libel laws to suppress criticism of one's political views. Both were embarrassed, and both wriggled out of any moral censure in almost identical words: "Poor old Joe (or Freda)! His (her) intentions are good, but he (she) isn't always as bright as might be. I must admit he (she) made a big mistake there." Mis-

take, nonsense! I willingly grant the unbrightness of Kirchwey-McCarthy, but stupidity alone does not explain such unethical behavior. Justice and fair play have long ago lost their meaning for the editor bemused by the Soviet myth and for the demagogic Senator.

DWIGHT MACDONALD.

Wellfleet, Mass.

SIR: Here is the absurd, somewhat surrealist situation. I write a vigorous but conciliatory appeal to neutralist liberals and *Nation* fans, urging them in good faith, in the name of our common love of civil liberties, to continue fighting thought control, lynchings, and McCarthyism in America, but for once also to feel humane compassion and indignation over the hundred-times-worse oppression of workers in Russia. And what do I get in reply? A flood of irate letters from *Nation* readers, rightly denouncing thought control, lynchings, and McCarthyism, and expressing no compassion and indignation whatever about the slave laborers and lack of civil liberties in Russia. Has the Freudian death-wish, the drive toward self-destruction, taken such deep roots that even if Soviet aggressors were dropping atomic bombs on New York some wavering liberals would say: "You must not resist or criticize their bombs that are killing us; why, that would be witch-hunt thought control and *New Leader*-style *Nation*-baiting; and anyway, you Ku Klux Klan fellow-traveler of the Vatican, what about our Jim Crow laws?"

Time was when every American liberal denounced not only oppression and the pernicious Jim Crow laws at home but also the oppression and anti-Semitism of Czarist Russia and its American apologists. But today, let any American take time out from rightly indicting his own country to indict also the oppression and anti-Semitism of Stalinist Russia and its American apologists, and what happens? He is greeted with well-planned howls of derision and with slanderous accusations of thought control—not (to be sure) in the reactionary yellow press, whose support he does not want, but in that small, influential liberal-intellectual press to which American writers willy-nilly address themselves.

Such moral double standards, when occurring among liberals intelligent enough to know better, are the intellectual disgrace of the year. As an historian I welcome their openly putting their double standards on public record in *SRL*'s letter columns for future head-shaking by the proverbially objective visitor from Mars.

There is no space for answering individually the hundred letters received, many of them privately, of which there was space only to print typical samples. Instead I shall discuss here only the most frequently made points, inevitably at some length in view of the number and heterogeneity of letters.

Many letters don't even know what anti-Communism is, in contrast with pseudo-anti-Communism, as defined in my article. So they bring up Jim Crow laws and imply we must choose between resisting either Communism or Jim Crow. Anti-Communism means we must resist *both,* as a matter of course, because anti-Communism is the logical heir of anti-Fascism and is motivated (though not "equatingly") by compassion for the oppressed, whether for the enslaved Soviet masses or for the victims of lynching or thought control in the West. Pseudo-anti-Communism means: the McCarthyite press, thought-control laws, racism, intolerance, attempts to silence *The Nation* or to slander it as "Communist" merely because one abhors its mistaken "non-Communist" appeasement policies. Such lunatic-fringe nationalism is mere "pseudo-anti-Communism" because it never fights the real root of Russian Communism (namely, Stalinist Fascism and thought control) but unconsciously imitates it. My article appeared not in a vacuum but in an audience of fellow defenders of civil liberties, not in a reactionary yellow-press audience. Therefore, I may assume that these obvious distinctions and reservations were understood as axiomatic by any open-minded reader.

Any penetrating criticism of fellow-travelers and Lumpen-intellectuals, automatically begins from the premise that one has no right to criticize them unless one is also against Fascism and against the thought-control bills of the pseudo-anti-Communists. This is evident to anyone even faintly familiar with my other recent *SRL* articles or my decade of anti-Nazi books and essays, or even to anybody who reads nothing else but column two of my article itself. A minority, but a significant minority, of the letters I received were adverse. Let me generalize the lessons learned from them.

When writing for liberal magazines,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I turn my anti-totalitarianism mainly against fellow-traveler liberals; when writing for right-wing magazines, mainly against neo-Nazism and racism. To challenge readers by unwelcome truths rather than flatter them is the alternative to sycophancy. Whenever I attack Hitler, who is dead, or Stalin, who does not edit well-endowed influential New York magazines, my liberal friends applaud me. But oh, what a different story when I attack Fascists or Stalinoids who are alive and powerful right here in the literary world. As soon as I criticize the brilliant, Fascist, anti-Semite Ezra Pound or the elegantly leftist *Nation*, then most of my good liberal friends wring their hands and quaver (I quote their exact words): "Aren't you a bit hasty? We agree with you in private, but we dare not say so in print. Why throw a stone in a hornet's nest of influential coteries? Why ruin your literary career?"

Of course, the only "literary career" not beneath contempt for a creative artist is outspoken intellectual independence. Verdict: what many liberal intellectuals lack most is not brains nor good programs but *simple courage*. Disgusted with such convention-bound Babbitt Juniors of liberalism, I decided, reluctantly, to stop calling myself a liberal and instead to call myself a "humanistic conservative." By so doing, I broke equally and irrevocably with the smug cautious complacencies of both right and left, both Colonel Blimp and Comrade Blimp, lowbrow Babbitt Senior and middlebrow Babbitt Junior.

After making that double break, my various writings evoked innumerable responses denouncing my *lèse majesté* against such Sacred Cows as Ezra Pound, Franco, McCarthy, and (at the moment)the literary highbrow Stalinoids. Reasonable denunciations of me I will heed reasonably and learn from gratefully. But I have a different answer for the unreasonable, undemocratic denunciations of my various recent *Herald Tribune*, *Commentary*, *New Leader*, and *SRL* articles against neo-Nazi revivals, Congressman Rankin, McCarthyism, the gifted Jew-baiting poet Pound, and *The Nation* sermonizers of self-destruction. My answer to such bullying pressure-groups is to be an honest-to-goodness crank. A crank is anybody naive enough to take abstract ideas and ethics seriously. And as a crank, I shall particularly attack those Fascists, anti-Semites, and Stalinoids in high places whom it is "unsafe" or in outrageous "bad taste" to attack. Far from implying any humorless nonsense of self-righteousness, I concede my own inexcusable selfish cowardice in having hesitated so irresponsibly long before daring to speak out on these touchy subjects.

Of all letters received, the one that best got the point of my article is the above-printed letter from Dwight Macdonald. As for the letters of support I received from thought-controllers and indiscriminate allegers of "un-American activities": all such letters I repudiate with (if I may say so) a shudder. More frequent were those letters of support that shared my "vital center" outlook but accused *The Nation* and *New Statesman* of being pro-Communist rather than non-Communist, Stalinist rather than Stalinoid. No! My article ended with an appeal for reconciliation precisely in order to avoid such inflammatory name-calling, such unfair shouts of "Communist!" The motive of the neutralist magazines is not pro-Communism but a conditioned-reflex resentment of business-world philistinism. The latter in the past too often seemed to use an exaggerated Red-baiting to stifle needed liberal reforms. So today the non-Communist *Nation* mentality resents anti-Communism as a mere reactionary plot, even though this time the hunted "witches" really exist and the Soviet danger is now the greatest danger in the world.

As for Richard Strout's letter [*SRL* Sept. 22], in a special footnote to my article I said that he and the no-longer-Wallaceite *New Republic* deserved a Pulitzer award in journalism for their well-documented exposure of the *New Statesman*'s dangerous Stalinoid propaganda. (Every *SRL* reader should see *New Republic* of March 5 and 19.) And though my note was in the end left out during the printing, solely for lack of space, yet it shall, of course, be included in the book version. By that time, I trust a well-earned Pulitzer award will have graced Richard Strout, an honest independent radical of the anti-Stalinist left.

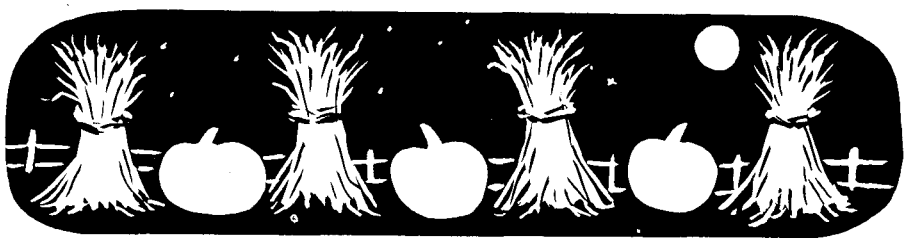
A typical recent letter in *SRL* charged me with reacting with "intemperate emotionalism" to Stalin's reign of terror. I was forced to reply as follows:

> If you feel no intemperate emotion whatever about the millions fiendishly butchered in Hitler's and Stalin's death camps, then hide your head from the sun in shame, and rue that you lived long enough to write such an "unemotional" unmasking of your contemptible inhumanity. I intended to answer you more politely and conventionally. But I am unable to, because I am haunted by the Westward-pleading eyes of the ten million framed-up Saccos and Vanzettis being tortured at this very moment in Siberia. I will admit not only that I am "emotional" about Communist mass-murders but that I literally wept tears of humiliation for the human race when I read Hannah Arendt's current book describing the mass butcherings under Stalin and Hitler. This is the wrong thing to admit; it is sissy to weep and embarrassing to talk about it. But if more German liberals had expressed strong intemperate emotions against Hitler actively in 1933 instead of feeble sophisticated mockery, then World War II and twenty million deaths might have been prevented.

One big batch of letters reveals its own ideology by alleging that war will result from my "violent Red-baiting foreign policy," which actually consists of firm support of the defensive Atlantic Pact against both *Nation* and MacArthurite extremism. Only such collective security can prevent the war we all dread. Without an Atlantic pact, a Soviet Pearl Harbor would undoubtedly have taken place against Western Europe and perhaps already against New York. In 1940, when I wrote for the Harvard branch of "Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies," we were called warmongers by the Fascist "Catholic" Father Coughlin and the Fascist "Protestant" Gerald K. Smith. Yet only anti-Nazi collective security would have prevented the war that Munich appeasement brought about. What an irony that only ten years later we should again be called warmongers! This time it is by the Coughlins and Smiths of suicidal liberalism, who denounced what my article called "the collective security indispensable for peace." After three years as a sergeant on overseas duty I don't need to be told by a dozen schoolma'amish letters that war is hell and must be avoided. But war is caused, not avoided, by the Zilliacus policy of disarming the West, ending the Atlantic pact, and withdrawing

"Cora, is it legal not to teach a child how to read?"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



American planes from England. How many terrible wars are needed to pound some foresight and responsibility into the skulls of these anti-"warmonger" causers of war?

Many letters came from *Nation* admirers. Most of these, though unfortunately not all, realized I was not criticizing *The Nation* for its liberalism, nor for its past as a truly liberal institution, but for its present surrender of its liberalism to that deadly dangerous foreign policy known as Del Vayoism. Enemies of *The Nation* would not bother criticizing and thereby saving it, as well-disposed readers like Schlesinger and me were trying to do, but would simply leave it in its present declining state. Enemies would confine themselves to pointing out that it is no longer the "great old liberal institution" which all liberals must defend against attack but is a mere *rump remnant* of left-overs after most of its leading liberal editors—Niebuhr, Bendiner, Greenberg, etc.—felt forced to resign by its appeasement policy and after many of its top liberal contributors protested, in letters the *Nation* refused to print, against what one of them (Schlesinger speaking as an anti-McCarthyite, anti-witch-hunt New Dealer) called "these wretched apologies for Soviet despotism printed week after week." The *Nation*'s friends are those who criticize its Del Vayo-guided self-destruction and who recall it to the less compromised ideals of anti-totalitarianism which it used to expound when it was still America's "great liberal institution."

Cannot writers, intellectuals, and upholders of academic freedom drop this mutual name-calling? It was not begun by us anti-Communists. It was begun by *The Nation*'s attempt to silence a less affluent and more anti-Communist magazine through an expensive libel suit and by the endless hysterical diatribes of the non-Communist Lumpen-intellectuals, baiting as "warmongers" all who believe in collective security and whose humanitarian sympathies would aid the victims of Stalin's new class-line oppression. Let us stop right now all this hate and recrimination. Instead let us all unite and move forward on a program of boldly defending civil liberties against thought control and loose accusations at home *at the same time* as resisting the thousand-times worse and non-equatable Soviet terror abroad. Is there no response but venom, slander, and red-herring cries of "McCarthyism!" to my appeal to the neutralists to stop their suicidal appeasement of Soviet Hitlerism and to return to free ideals in a needed rebirth of the anti-Fascist spirit? If there is no more generous response than this from the dupes of fellow-traveling, then freedom's friends can only repeat, "more in sorrow than in anger," a liberal's recent warning to the Del Vayo-ites: "Stop waving Rankin and McCarthy at us. From where we're sitting, they are on your anti-democratic team, and we mean to lick you *and* them."

My above criticisms can hardly be called indiscriminately hostile to *The Nation* or to liberalism when you consider that the most ardent defenders of *The Nation* make these very same points. All sides agree *The Nation* has no more ardent defender and loyal contributor than Paul Blanshard. He strongly denounced my criticism of *The Nation* in his letter [*SRL* of Sept. 8]. Yet let *Nation* readers note that even Mr. Blanshard fully conceded my above main points about *The Nation* when, speaking in the interest of *The Nation*, he wrote:

> Many friends of *The Nation* feel as I do that Mr. Del Vayo . . . consistently understated the case against Soviet foreign policy, and they concede that he is scarcely in character as the foreign editor of a liberal publication. I also think that it was a serious error for Freda Kirchway to refuse to print Clement Greenberg's attack upon Del Vayo, and to withhold from *Nation* readers the protests of men like Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., Robert Bendiner, and Reinhold Niebuhr.

My article was addressed neither to McCarthyites nor to Communists but to non-Communists, neutralist liberals (with *The Nation* and *New Statesman* brought in merely incidentally as typical examples). I did not so much attack them as appeal to them. In the name of our common free culture, I herewith again appeal to them to live up to their own past anti-Fascist traditions and to their own best self. I appeal to them to become *really* anti-Fascist, anti-racist, anti-thought-control, and anti-McCarthyite. "Really" means: they should at long last fight not solely one brand of Fascism but all brands, including the current Soviet brand of Fascism, anti-Semitism, and slavery; fight not only Franco thought control but all thought control, including its worst brand in Russia; fight not only McCarthy at home but the still more wild and demagogic McCarthyism of *Pravda* and Vishinsky; fight not only the shameful horror of the one annual lynching in America but the thousands of annual police murders behind the iron curtain.

In their own interest and that of the readers they mislead and the national foreign policy they may have dangerously influenced, I above all appeal to these non-Communist *Nation*-ite liberals not to commit suicide: not to perpetrate today the Munich-style appeasement of aggression which they themselves had rightly condemned in 1938. If by any chance a few of them choose to doubt the sincere good will of my article, they can do so. But one thing they cannot doubt: the symbolic fate of Jan Masaryk. His murder or suicide in 1948 simply has to convince them (more unanswerably than any article of mine) how self-destructive is their non-Communist Popular Front mentality.

Those of us who most disagree with *The Nation* are also those who will most champion its free speech against thought control and against the pseudo-anti-Communists. Having for years fought teachers' oaths and so-called "loyalty" laws in my profession, I can only repeat a key sentence from my article (perversely ignored by several letters of protest): "No word in these pages should be twisted as condemning curtailment of the free speech of the fellow-travelers here attacked."

While equally opposing Nazism and Communism; it happens that my books and articles during the past decade have many times more often attacked Nazism. This was the entire subject of my first book, "Metapolitics," mostly written in the 1930's. More recently, my editorial-page essay of Oct. 26, 1950, in the *New York Herald Tribune* warned against letting militarism or Fascist alliances corrupt our democratic anti-Communism. I mention these facts only because of the extremely revealing contrast between the reactions to my anti-Nazi pieces and to my *SRL* anti-Communist piece.

Letters from the literary and intellectual world were almost 100 per cent in agreement and without qualifications, after all the many times I wrote against Nazism. Then I am consistent enough to write an article against its Stalinist twin; and the letters in the *SRL* column and privately received are merely two-thirds in agreement and wriggling with qualifications. Whether we like it or not (and we don't), *SRL* readers, *New Leader* readers, *Nation* readers, and the author are part of a single American intellectual community. What commentary is it on this community if it engages in moral double-bookkeeping and in a Babbitt awe of superficial "respectability"? That is: if it cheers 100 per cent your author's attacks on an unrespectable evil but winces over his attack on a respectable Sacred Cow version of the same evil, the same inhumanity? This dishonest double-think is the most damning self-indictment of our common culture. A lot of cats are now popping out of a lot of bags.

It is heart-breaking when intellectuals, the conscience of the country, detest only unrespectable apologists of despotism and only when it is discreet to do so in literary cocktail parties, whose snobbism makes it definitely risky to attack the fashionable appeasement magazines. This decadent respectable discreetness was not the spirit of the millions who died under torture to resist Hitler. Western culture will not continue to produce great art, great poetry, and great philosophy until it again shares, and shares passionately, what Byron unrespectably called his outright downright detestation

Of every despotism in *every* nation.

PETER VIERICK.

South Hadley, Mass.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Seeing Things

THE PROPHET AND THE MAID

STATEMENTS beyond challenge are as rare as virtue untested. In spite of this, it would seem safe to say that "Saint Joan"* is not only Shaw's greatest play but one of the greatest plays to have come out of the modern theatre. Yet as I write these words I realize their rashness. I recall how even "Hamlet," a tragedy the world has been dull enough to accept as a masterpiece, was once dismissed by T. S. Eliot as being "most certainly an artistic failure."

It is this same Olympian Mr. Eliot, however, who at this moment gives me courage. In his recent "Poetry and Drama" he has admitted that his "Murder in the Cathedral" may have been written "slightly under the influence of 'Saint Joan.'" Such a statement from such a source, though not expressed in the ordinary terms of praise, is no doubt meant to be taken as praise from Sir Hubert. I know it makes me feel the safer from attack when I assert that most people (notice I say "most") have a special and rightful admiration for Shaw's drama about the Maid who heard voices.

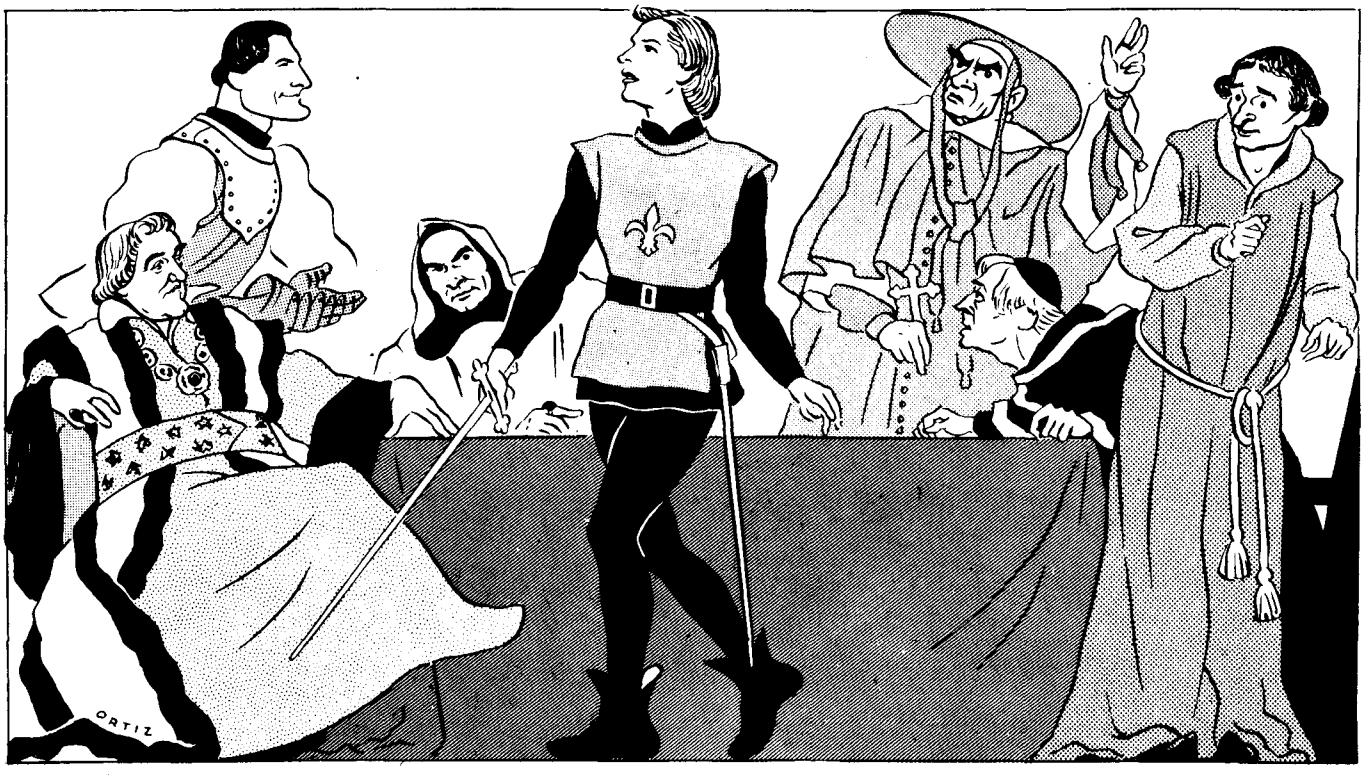
"Saint Joan" may not have been Shaw's own favorite among his works. In her "Thirty Years with G.B.S." Blanche Patch reports it was not. She reveals that in Frank Harris's copy of "Heartbreak House" Shaw wrote, "Rightly spotted by the infallible eye of Frank Harris as My Best Play." Nonetheless, to the majority of Shavians, regardless of how high is their esteem for other plays by him, "Saint Joan" *is his masterpiece.*

Shaw was sixty-seven when he finished it in 1923, and Joan had been made a saint only three years before. Her posthumous fate had not been without its ironies. As Shaw reminds us, she had been burned for heresy, witchcraft, and sorcery in 1431; *rehabilitated after a fashion in 1456;* designated venerable in 1904; declared Blessed in 1908; and finally canonized in 1920.

There was everything about Joan as a subject to interest Shaw, and everything about her to release his mightiest gifts once his interest had been won. Yet apparently he resisted Joan as a theme and would have continued to do so had not Charlotte Shaw employed strategy to get her husband started on a play she wanted him to write. Being a good wife, in other words a woman blessed with Maggie Shand's knowledge, she did not argue with Shaw or let him feel that she was influencing him. Instead, she left books about the Maid and her trial around the house in places where he was certain to see them, pick them up, and read them in his moments of idleness. He fell for the bait and, once having fallen, became absorbed in Joan.

WHEN "Saint Joan" first appeared there were many even among the most stalwart of Shaw's followers who were surprised by the reverence of the play which the notoriously irreverent GBS had written. They had long since *admitted his brilliance. They had recognized* his audacity. They had prized his originality. And they had laughed at his jokes. But they had grown so accustomed to identifying him as a professional iconoclast and jester that they had lost sight of his seriousness.

**SAINT JOAN, by Bernard Shaw. Directed by Margaret Webster. Settings by Richard Harrison Senie. Costumes by Elinor Robbins. Music by Lehman Engel. Produced by the Theatre Guild under the supervision of Theresa Helburn and Lawrence Langner. With a cast including Uta Hagen, John Buckmaster, Andrew Cruickshank, Alexander Scourby, Robert Pastene, Frederic Worlock, Frederic Warriner, Paul Ballantyne, Frederick Rolf, John Straub, Kendall Clark, Preston Hanson, etc. At the Cort Theatre. Opened October 4, 1951.*



Andrew Cruickshank, Robert Pastene, Alexander Scourby, Uta Hagen, Frederic Worlock, Dion Allen, John Buckmaster—"the electricity of ideas."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE
In A New Musical Play
The King and I
Music by
RICHARD RODGERS
Book and Lyrics by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Based on the Novel "Anna and the King of Siam" by
MARGARET LANDON
with YUL BRYNNER
DOROTHY SARNOFF · DORETTA MORROW
Directed by JOHN van DRUTEN
Settings and Lighting by JO MIELZINER
Costumes designed by IRENE SHARAFF
Choreography by JEROME ROBBINS
ST. JAMES THEATRE, W. 44 ST.
Evgs. at 8:25. Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:25

R & H

Presented in association with
LELAND HAYWARD & JOSHUA LOGAN
PULITZER PRIZE and CRITICS' AWARD
ROGER RICO
MARTHA WRIGHT
IN
South Pacific
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Book by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd & JOSHUA LOGAN
Adapted from JAMES A. MICHENER'S Pulitzer Prize Winning "TALES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC"
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
Scenery & Lighting by Jo Mielziner
MYRON McCORMICK • DIOSA COSTELLO
MAJESTIC THEATRE, WEST 44 ST
Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

"GENUINE ENTERTAINMENT, full of brains, talent, wit, humor and splendor." —Brooks Atkinson, Times
BERT LAHR
DOLORES GRAY
in
"Two on the Aisle"
Hilarious Musical Revue
with ELLIOTT REID
and COLETTE MARCHAND
MARK HELLINGER THEA. B'way at 51 St.
Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Wed.-Sat. 2:30.

Leland Hayward presents
Ethel Merman
in
"Call Me Madam"
with PAUL LUKAS
ALAN HEWITT
Music & Lyrics by IRVING BERLIN
Book by HOWARD LINDSAY & RUSSEL CROUSE
Directed by GEORGE ABBOTT
Dances & Musical Numbers by JEROME ROBBINS
Air-Cond. IMPERIAL, 241 W. 45th St.
Evgs. at 8:30. Mats. WED. & SAT. at 2:30

Remembering his wit, they had forgotten his eloquence. They had closed their eyes to the fact that his spirit was as sizable as his mind. Above all, they had failed to recall, or, worse still, misunderstood, "Androcles and the Lion" and the noble simplicity of the scene in which the Roman soldier asks the Christian woman who is about to face martyrdom in the arena, "What is God?" and she answers, "When we know that, Captain, we shall be gods ourselves."

A man who in Shaw's manner could refuse his Government's offer of the Order of Merit by saying he had already conferred it upon himself was bound to be suspected by the humorless of immodesty. When it came to "Saint Joan," however, he was far more modest than he had any right or cause to be. Hesketh Pearson reports that Shaw said to Sybil Thorndike, the first actress to play the part in England, "I have told the story exactly as it happened. It is the easiest play I have ever had to write. All I've done is to put down the facts, to arrange Joan for the stage. The trial scene is merely a report of the actual trial. I have used Joan's very words: thus she spoke, thus she behaved."

Count this among the least reliable of Shavian utterances. In "Saint Joan" Shaw matters at every turn and with the turn of almost every phrase. What makes the play magnificent is not that he retells the familiar story but that this story comes to life in a new and memorable way as the issues involved and the problems raised by Joan provoke his eloquence, appeal to his mysticism, stir his imagination, and ignite his thinking.

THOUGH a Protestant himself, Shaw refuses to use Joan's trial and burning as a means of attacking the Catholic Church. With all the fairness of his incredibly fair mind he insists she was given a very careful and conscientious trial by men who were anxious to save her. To understand her fate, he points out, one must understand not only her character and claims but the mind and beliefs of the Middle Ages. Joan's paradox, he maintains, was that though a professed and most pious Catholic she was in fact one of the first Protestant martyrs. In a feudal period when nobles were jealous of their prerogatives, she imperiled these prerogatives by being an early exponent of nationalism and championing the powers of her king. That a country girl in her teens presumed to tell military leaders what they should do was bound to antagonize the Brass Hats to whom she gave orders. Moreover, she was an individualist who invited religious disfavor by claiming that she could speak

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Showplace of the Nation
Rockefeller Center
"AN AMERICAN IN PARIS"
To the Music of
GEORGE GERSHWIN
starring
GENE KELLY
and introducing
LESLIE CARON
with
OSCAR LEVANT
GEORGES GUETARY
NINA FOCH
Color by TECHNICOLOR
Story and Screen Play by ALAN JAY LERNER
Lyrics by IRA GERSHWIN
Produced by ARTHUR FREED
An M-G-M Picture
Directed by VINCENTE MINNELLI
•
ON THE GREAT STAGE — A gala new revue, produced by Russell Markert . . . settings by James Stewart Morcom . . . with the Corps de Ballet, Choral Ensemble, Rockettes and the Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Raymond Paige.

ROXY
7th Ave. & 50th St.
Doors Open 10:30 AM
History's Boldest PIRATE QUEEN!
20th CENTURY-FOX presents
Anne of the Indies
TECHNICOLOR
Jean PETERS · Louis JOURDAN · Debra PAGET
On the Great Roxy Stage
BILL MILLER'S
Riviera Revue

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

directly to God through her visions and voices without the intercession of the Church.

Beyond and above these causes for Joan's unpopularity with her contemporaries there were, as Shaw demonstrates, other and more disconcerting reasons for her undoing. Because she was exceptional her contemporaries could not tolerate her, and because she was their moral superior they burned her. Indeed, the point of Shaw's play is summarized by two ageless questions asked in the Epilogue. The first is Cauchon's "Must then a Christ perish in torment in every age to save those that have no imagination?" The second is Joan's "O God that madest this beautiful earth, when will it be ready to receive Thy saints? How long, O Lord, how long?"

The dimensions of the tragedy (the poetry of its prose, the unfettering simplicity of its construction, its tenderness, its intellectual power, indeed its grandeur) are unmistakable throughout. No scene in the modern theatre is more touching as an affirmation of faith than the one by the banks of the Loire when the wind changes. None is more charged with the electricity of ideas than the discussion by Cauchon, Warwick, and De Stogumber of the religious and political problems raised by the Maid. No on-stage trial is more stirring than Joan's and no single speech mightier in its language than the one addressed to the court by the Inquisitor. As for the Epilogue, it is hard to see why it was subject to furious attacks when the play was originally produced. It is the needed summary of what has gone before and is essential to our understanding both of Shaw's meaning and of Joan's posthumous fate and ultimate canonization.

ANY PRODUCTION of "Saint Joan" is bound to be as dependent upon the actress playing Joan as "Hamlet" is upon the actor who plays the Prince. The present production, as directed by Margaret Webster, has its genuine merits. It moves swiftly. It is set and costumed in an acceptable enough style. And in Kendall Clark's sensitive Brother Martin, the fire of Robert Pastene's Dunois, the sinister brilliance of Andrew Cruickshank's Warwick, and the complete and hilarious excellence of John Buckmaster's Dauphin, it achieves distinction. But most decidedly something is lacking. The full fervor of the text is not communicated. In such a scene, for example, as the lovely one by the Loire the mere mechanics of the production fail to create the sense of the miraculous. Then, too, the Inquisitor's great plea for tolerance (a plea never more needed than today) is tamely read by Frederick Rolf. But, to my way of thinking, the production's major disappointment comes in Uta Hagen's Joan.

Although Miss Hagen has on many occasions demonstrated how fine a performer she is, Joan eludes her. She has her good scenes, reads intelligently, and is properly earthy and unsentimental. At her best, however, she is no more than competent, and at her worst plainly inadequate. The final requisite for Joan is that inner radiance which is in the text and which flamed in Katharine Cornell's performance. This is missing, and the absence of this simple, shimmering spirituality is a major loss.

Several actresses have played Joan, and many more will. But the Joan of all Joans I should like to have heard—and seen—was the one Margaret Webster once told me was the best she ever saw. It was Bernard Shaw himself; Shaw when he read the part to Sybil Thorndike's company in which Miss Webster was an understudy. Apparently as one listened to his marvelously flexible and musical voice, his beard and age, his sex and dress were all forgotten, and the spirit of the real Joan, his Joan, came magically to life.

Doubtless Shaw read his Joan as well as he had written her because both he and she, by his own insistence, were geniuses. A genius, says he in his superb preface to the play, "is a person who, seeing farther and probing deeper than other people, has a different set of ethical values from theirs, and has energy enough to give effect to this extra vision and its valuations in whatever manner best suits his or her specific talents." No wonder, therefore, the old Prophet understood the young Maid so well, or that from his understanding he was able to write a play the greatness of which cannot be obscured even in a production that fails to do justice to its splendors.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

M-G-M
WORLD
PREMIERE
NOVEMBER
8th

QUO VADIS

(Color by Technicolor)

at two theatres

CAPITOL

and

ASTOR

Reserved Seats at the Astor Twice Daily.

Continuous Performances at Popular Prices at the Capitol

•

RESERVED SEATS ON SALE AT ASTOR NOW!

Mail orders filled promptly in order of receipt for performances 8 weeks in advance.

Kindly enclose stamped and self-addressed envelope and indicate one or two alternate performance dates.

•

Admission Prices
ASTOR THEATRE *only*

MATINEES:
Mon. to Fri. $1.25 and $1.50
Sat. $1.50 and $1.80
Sun. $1.80 and $2.40

EVENINGS:
$1.80 and $2.40

MIDNIGHT:
Sat. only $1.80 and $2.40

All Prices *Include* Tax

Make checks, money orders, payable to Astor Theatre.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SRL Goes to the Movies

THE WEST, BUT NOT A "WESTERN"

A COUPLE of years ago when the Un-American Activities Committee admonished Hollywood to desist from imputing base motives to the respectable elements of the nation a writer of Western films complained: "They won't let me make *either* the banker or the sheriff the villain. Who else is there?" To that stereotype the Western film has long since come; the formula is as invariable as Restoration comedy, and as stylized. It is then an occasion of some note when a film deals with the actual, rather than the Hollywood or TV, West. "Across the Wide Missouri," (M-G-M), based remotely on Bernard De Voto, fills this bill surprisingly well.

For one thing its period is 1829, long before the covered wagons crossed the plains, when the only white men in the wilderness were trappers who roamed the vast Louisiana Territory, touching on civilization perhaps once in their lives and coming together to barter their skins once or twice a year. "Across the Wide Missouri" deals with one such annually-meeting group. "The Brigade," it is called, Clark Gable leads it, and it is as motley a collection as the screen has presented.

Alan Napier, that fine figure of a man, is a towering Scots lord in kilts and elegantly polished English boots. He even has his manservant with him. He says he is there for the hunting, but you feel he has left civilization and sought out the trappers to be with men as untrammeled as himself. There is Adolphe Menjou, a derelict *voyageur* from Canada, who knows the intimate affairs of the Blackfeet and Nez Percé like the back of his hand. There is Gable, a mighty hunter and horse trader, and his friend and rival, John Hodiak, sullen but likable. And there are the Indians.

The country still belonged to the Indians, and if you ventured among them you adapted yourself to them as best you could, learned their ways and values, and picked up a smattering of their infinite dialects if you could. If you couldn't you attached to yourself, as Gable does, somebody like Menjou's *voyageur*. Mr. Menjou has a fine time in this picture. Not only is he enabled to show off his excellent French, he is called upon to do all the interpreting in the several Indian languages employed. William A. Wellman, the director, also has a good time with these mysterious colloquies in Blackfoot and other lingos. He gives them in full, without abridgement, and you are required to contain yourself in patience until Chief Looking Glass has finished his deliberate and lengthy mouthings and gesticulations and Mr. Menjou is allowed to give the gist of what has been said. Instead of being bored, you are in delicious suspense to know what is going on.

Mr. Wellman is not really after suspense, though he achieves it. He is after making you feel what it was like to be out on the plains with the wild men in 1829. To this end the story is systematically by-passed in favor of inconsequent incident and parley, with results of startling realism. When before has the censored screen shown a mass-drunk right out in the open, with men tipsily dancing together, ending up with a free-for-all in which the boys pitch in just for the love of fighting? And when has it shown a white man marrying an Indian girl as part of a horse-trade?

What story there is starts with the aforementioned horse-trade. A Blackfoot girl has been stolen by the Nez Percé, and Gable thinks if he returns her her grandfather, high chief of the Blackfeet, will reward him with the fine horses he wants. The only way he can make sure he, and not his friendly enemy Hodiak, will pull off this maneuver is to marry her. Of course he later falls in love with her. But the sting has been plucked out of this Production Code cliche by a stroke of casting. The girl is played by Maria Elena Marques, as lovely and winning a piece of femininity as ever you saw, and it is touching to watch the hearts of these rough and lonely men go out to her.

Mr. Menjou plays an important part in their married life, since neither can understand more than a few words of the other's language, even after the wife has borne a son. It is this son, grown to manhood, who provides the picture's chief defect in the form of a limping commentary which hurriedly bridges the vast gaps in continuity that are always occurring. But he is a necessity to Mr. Wellman, who slights the plot at every turn in his anxiety to get back to showing us still more leisurely glimpses of good horseflesh, good shooting, and a marriage that is a continuous flirtation.

It is above all in its treatment of the Indians that this picture shows its mettle. The girl's grandfather, movingly played by the late Jack Holt, is a philosopher—a great warrior grown old, who hates war now and regrets the men he killed, the sons he has lost. Ricardo Montalban is excellent, though mostly mute, as a young brave who sees the incursions of the peaceful trappers as the theft of his own land and is determined to repel it—a brave man who died in defense of what he thought was his own.

"Across the Wide Missouri" is much more a credit to Dore Schary's campaign to win adult audiences back to the movies than such timid—and bootless—experiments as "The Next Voice You Hear." It is sufficiently broad-gauge in scene and theme to insure mass appeal, and it gives typical Hollywood talents a chance to do the things they know how to do better than anyone else. Gable, for example. And Wellman. He pitches into his lovely material with the zest of a man whose cameras are straining at the leash (the picture is in color, good color). And he makes of it a pattern behind which other patterns thought-teasingly loom.

—RICHARD GRIFFITH.

SRL Recommends

The Lavender Hill Mob: Alec Guinness as probably the world's most lovable bank robber. (*SRL* Oct. 13.)

The Red Badge of Courage: A translation of Stephen Crane's Civil War classic into what may well become a classic of twentieth-century American film making. Masterfully directed by John Huston; with Audie Murphy and cartoonist Bill Mauldin. (*SRL* Sept. 29.)

The Well: A screenplay about a little colored girl who falls into an abandoned well, told with excitement, dignity, and common sense. (*SRL* Sept. 22.)

The Medium: Gian-Carlo Menotti opera filmed in Italy and directed by the composer with knowing artistry. Marie Powers and Leo Coleman of original cast, plus "find," Anna Maria Alberghetti. (*SRL* Sept. 8.)

A Place in the Sun: Dreiser's universal values emphasized, his more dated polemics muted, in this well-acted remake of "An American Tragedy," expertly directed by George Stevens. (*SRL* Sept. 1.)

A Streetcar Named Desire: Tennessee Williams's prize-winning drama remolded for screen with 20-20 insight by Director Elia Kazan and unexcelled cast. (*SRL* Sept. 1.)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TV and Radio

IT'S TALENT THAT COUNTS

TELEVISION, fairy godmother to vaudeville, is severe with prophets. Remember yesterday's gloomy prediction that advertisers would forsake the newspapers for video? Today the amusement tables, daily and Sunday, groan like festive boards under four-column spreads, network and sponsor. The press, it would seem, may banish its space-loss nightmares: it can take the broadcast ads and let the others go. There is no TV famine along newsprint row.

So much to see and hear is on the air that Gilbert Seldes, lively arts author and critic, has made a Bantam book which is designed to guide you, like a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night, through selection's wilderness. Mr. Seldes's pocket-size Virgil, called "Previews of Entertainment Through June 1952," lists "advance facts on more than 700 movies, TV and radio shows, books, and many more amusements."

The book is a bright quickie, separating Mr. Seldes's "best" attractions from the mass: although the "best" here is rather catholic. Peppered with the author's trenchant, knowing comment, it skilfully, and with a light touch, gets across some good blows for taste, discrimination, and "how to get what you want from the mass media" by individual and group action. How tricky a business is prophecy in television is demonstrated by the fact that "Garroway at Large," a Seldes choice in comedy, is missing so soon from the channels, a "better" casualty of radio and TV's point and pointless system of measuring quality.

One more prophet come to be haunted by old words is television director Marc Daniels. On December 27, 1950, Mr. Daniels, "New York's No. 1 Television Director," said in a news wire story that he had switched to Hollywood because "live television is washed up." "Live television will reach a dead end within a year to 18 months," prognosticated Daniels.

Mr. Daniels, given his day in court as he should be, might plead two to eight months yet. Or, editorially, he might just ask, "Well?" Then we could waltz the words "live" and "dead" around and around on the head of a metaphysical pin. Mr. Daniels was talking about how much cheaper, better, and more satisfying it is—particularly to a director—to produce TV shows on film rather than on air.

The controversy over live *vs.* film video still rages. Taking care not to predict, I would conjecture a hunch that when the entertainment worlds now in collision settle, with universal relief, in their new orbits, television will be some live and some film. The proportion will not matter—nor the difference. This is a thing of mechanics and budgets. Audiences care about neither. Audiences care about talent—writing, directing, acting, etc.

Consider Marc Daniels's first TV chore since he left Toots Shor for The Brown Derby: "I Love Lucy," a new "domestic comedy situation series," starring Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz, which premiered recently on Channel 2, CBS-TV, for regular Monday display. The nasty word "film," for internecine industry reasons, is currently pronounced "telecine recording" on the CBS Television Network. It is not even tel-opt on the screen, merely hurriedly, secretively, snarlingly spoken at show's end by the network announcer.

I waited alertly for the low-down after watching the show, for I was not sure. Could it be that Mr. Daniels was eating his celluloid and doing the show live in Hollywood? The image quality was excellent. No, the guilty admission, FCC compelled, was finally made. "I Love Lucy" is film: it was photographed by a camera director who is a member of the American Society of Cameramen.

But the important point about "I Love Lucy" that night was that it was funny. Lucille Ball has a sharp, comic talent; Desi Arnaz, well-handled by the writers and by director Daniels, was refreshingly unpretentious, and William Frawley and Vivian Vance were two veteran, capable supporting players. The plot was farce, the timing excellent, and the result effective. I doubt whether the show would have been less funny live. Good ideas, good performance, good production—that's the ticket, negative or electronic.

THE NIGHT before, to further the argument, on NBC-TV's Channel 4, "Young Mr. Bobbin," a fairly new Sunday entry, demonstrated with equal effectiveness that it requires only imagination to breach the walls of live video's plodding, literal camp of set and motion. "Young Mr. Bobbin" stars Jackie Kelk, formerly Henry Aldrich's Homer. Like so many other radio veterans who for years have been compelled to fiddle away

WITH Color TV OPTIONAL
EQUIPPED TO RECEIVE UHF

For Musicians and Music Lovers

THE NATURE OF MUSIC
By Hermann Scherchen

The dual nature of music—an as emotional experience and as a manifestation of the science of acoustics—is discussed in this illuminating book by one of the world's great conductors and musicologists. As an example of this emotional-acoustical relationship Dr. Scherchen reminds his readers that music was brought to its highest perfection by the deaf-mute Sauveur, who made a science of musical acoustics, the blind J. S. Bach, who dictated the most perfect musical composition, and the deaf Beethoven, who unlocked the intensity of musical sound. **$3.75**

"It makes fascinating reading and I shall recommend it to my professional friends as well as . . . students. It is the work of a very informed and sensitive musician."
—Rudolph Ganz

At Your Bookstore, or Write To:
HENRY REGNERY COMPANY
20 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Illinois

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their talents on shallow, unrewarding roles, Kelk is an actor of more than average sensibility. This new series, in which he is cast as a nineteen-year-old orphaned nephew of two maiden aunts, plumbs no profound story depths. The show I caught dealt with two suitcases of mistaken identity and how young Alex Bobbin, who has literary pretensions, kept a misunderstood girl from leaving home in a bitter mood.

The quality of "Young Mr. Bobbin" lay in several departments. First, the script—written by Norman Tokar and Ed Jurist—was conceived less in film, radio, or stage terms and more in the still elusive but evolving TV idiom. Second, the acting—particularly of Kelk and Charita Bauer, another talented radio veteran who is capable of more than she ordinarily is called upon to do—was quietly thoughtful. Most promising were sets, lighting, and direction.

The scenes changed fluidly—the music and camera angles were in synchronization—and there was a sense of rhythm to Norman Tokar's direction. A dream sequence, in which Alex projected into the planetary future, was one of the smoothest, simplest, most imaginative efforts I have seen on TV. "Space Cadet" could learn. Sound effects, generally horrendous on television, were reminiscent of good radio. A bell in a tower struck with perspective; a telephone sounded real for a change; Mr. Tokar even demanded, it appeared, a new door chime, which did not sound like all other door chimes on TV.

Television will not learn from its financiers who contend fiercely over profits. It will not move ahead in quality on the back of budgets, big or little. The stars will contribute merely the brilliance they have generated in other media. Television will be creative and entertaining—in Hollywood or New York—only where there are talented people—be they good or bad prophets—working live and/or on film.

—Robert Lewis Shayon.

Music to My Ears

MITROPOULOS RETURNS TO THE METROPOLIS

ANY TIME a program of Mozart and Busoni leaves a dominant memory of Busoni rather than Mozart one can only conclude that he has heard exceptional Busoni and rather poor Mozart. That was the situation at the opening concert of the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall, and Dimitri Mitropoulos, freshly returned from Edinburgh, was responsible for both.

When the resident conductor of the Philharmonic makes Mozart's "Entführung aus dem Serail" Overture and the sublime "Sinfonia Concertante" for oboe, clarinet, horn, and bassoon sound like tired works of a minor Kapellmeister there is every reason why he should devote most of the evening to Busoni's "Arlecchino." In thus continuing the trend initiated year before last with "Elektra," and continued with "Wozzeck," "L'Heure Espagnole," etc., Mitropoulos has shown himself conscious of two things: a more than lively curiosity on the part of his listeners for fresh experiences (including those denied to them at the Metropolitan) and a scintillating comprehension of where his own best talents lie.

To be sure, there will be some weeks when Mitropoulos will have to conduct symphonies and concerti, but give him credit for one half of one lively evening, at least. By seating the orchestra with an aisle from front to back, and erecting a curtain at the rear of the stage; by leading his characters on and off from all sides of the auditorium and providing them with sufficient props to carry out the action, Mitropoulos put a welcome spell of make-believe on his listeners. We presume this simple but effective staging was his, for no other name was credited with it. Thanks to such stage-worthy people as John Brownlee, Martha Lipton, James Pease, and David Lloyd—also a talented baritone, William Wilderman, not previously known to me—Busoni's self-written book for "Arlecchino" (1911) floated along frothily on the bubbling score. As the name suggests, it is a light-footed treatment of the Harlequin-Columbine situation; with the complication that Harlequin (Brownlee) is a philanderer who jealously kills the Leander whom his wife takes in retaliation. This skeleton barely does justice to the hour long playlet; what keeps it going are the asides and conceits, the mockery of opera and opera characters, which is one of the oldest and best jokes in the dramatist's repertoire. (Menotti is still using it.)

As a score Busoni's is somewhat like chow mein: it is tasty and filling while consumed, but one soon feels hungry when it is all over. Every page has its witticism and nice touch of orchestration, but not much clings to the ear or lingers in the mind. A temporal experience then, but a pleasant one, it is eminently worth producing as Mitropoulos did: without scenery or costume, but with enough action and by-play to convey the sense and spirit it contains. The English translation by Edward J. Dent has the facility and singability one expects from that practised hand, but the tricky acoustics of Carnegie Hall left as much inaudible as audible, depending on where the characters found themselves. More opera, Mr. Mitropoulos, please.

The "Entführung" was played with a concert ending by Busoni, which made this not only a Mozart and Busoni evening, but also a Mozart-Busoni one. Its Valkyrie-ish flourishes rather pained the ear, but not nearly so much as the bobbles that afflicted the horn and clarinet players in the "Sinfonia Concertante." We grieve for them, because these are tender instruments and must be treated gently; perhaps what they did not like, basically, were Mitropoulos's mechanical phrasing, his angular rhythms, and over-burdened sonorities (fiddles by the dozen, and six basses for this cozy score!). Odder things have been known than instruments with a soul, if not a mind, of their own.

—Irving Kolodin.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FICTION

(*Continued from page 15*)

They Need," published last year. For his second novel he has moved into an old Southern city, complete with azaleas, a Mardi Gras parade and ball, and belles and beaus of every age. He has taken his acid with him, but he has also added — or developed — a gentler note of kindly understanding and warmth which makes "Other Lives to Live" a more roundly satisfying performance than was his first novel. There are echoes here of Anne Parrish at her sharpest, but also of the Ellen Glasgow who wrote "The Romantic Comedians" and "They Stooped to Folly."

Our concern is with Emily Waring who, past sixty, widowed, with grown children and growing grandchildren, finds herself in love with Julian Seabright. Julian is a rather battered old beau, an admitted failure, dependent upon his successful fashion-editor daughter, Doro, and withal a real charmer. The reactions of Emily's family and friends to her discovery of her love provide Mr. Lyons with some nice opportunities to impale the emotional immaturities, the prejudices, and the rigidities with which so many of us try to keep ourselves and our friends on a chosen line.

Mr. Lyons's major characters, Emily and Julian, are soundly drawn, warmly human, with lovable frailties and sudden depths of strength. His others, Emily's petulant children, her half pompous brother, the Southern gentleman Senator, flighty Maudie, are perhaps etched with a little too much acid or, to shift metaphors, are balloons a little too easily pricked, but Mr. Lyons handles them with engaging deftness and keeps them moving through the artful contrivances of his tale at a nice pace. I think you'll enjoy his story. —EDWARD J. FITZGERALD.

FRIGHT IN THE FOREST. By Benn Sowerby. Knopf. 272 pp. $3. Throughout this book, as the reader finds himself carried along on the tide of its beautiful prose, he may expect one of those it-was-all-only-a-dream denouements apt to restore his somewhat shaken feeling of reality. But there is no such ending. As in Plato's Parable of the Cave, the feeling of reality as such is the theme; that feeling's enigmatic nature forms, so I think, the subject of this curious and curiously fascinating slender novel. Its author, a Cambridge-trained and widely traveled Englishman in his middle forties, has three volumes of verse, apparently not published as yet in this country, to his credit. And I submit it is as poetry — as poetic images — that the short fifty-one chapters of his book may and will be enjoyed. Some of them come close to being unforgettable: the little boy atop the hay wagon, or his escapade from boarding school into a world filled with *Urangst*, or the boys' swim in the ocean, or the grown-up narrator's oddly dimmed affair with a girl who just walks in, or his encounter with a gang of tight-lipped underworld characters in a tavern, or his flight to the countryside, or his dealings with a Hogarthian pawnbroker, or a brawl he gets himself involved in, or a fire he watches under the suspicious eyes of another onlooker, or any of the various pursuits or futile searches through crooked, nightmarish alleys. Through all these scenes there wander three men — at first one of them, an officious and increasingly demanding "friend" who disappears soon, and then a couple of even less pleasant fellows. Each of the three, or their weird trinity, is occasionally referred to as the "Enemy."

There is enough in "Fright in the Forest" that is Mr. Sowerby's most original own to arouse our curiosity as to his future work as a teller of meaningful eerie tales.

—ROBERT PICK.

SUGAR ON THE SLATE. By Don Fontaine. Farrar, Straus & Young. $3. This is a clever take-off of modern education, particularly of the brand which has the "progressive" tinge. Mr. Burkhardt, principal of the junior high school in the small community of Peyton, was not the man to let well enough alone. The school had for years been run in a reasonable way, that is until the over-enterprising principal was appointed chairman of the Committee on Techniques for Administering a Program of Instructional Activities. The teachers were instructed to put a little realism into the studies, to dramatize the contents of the textbooks, to transform theoretical lessons into active form. The Latin teacher set to work preparing an ancient tableau with home-made togas and a Roman Emperor, who was greatly embarrassed to discover how absurd he looked in his bifocals. The teacher who had dispensed social studies in the traditional manner now undertook to guide her students to a neighboring farm in order to give them a first-hand knowledge of cows and rabbits and chickens, with results tremendously entertaining for the reader but not so much for the fond parents of the youngsters.

Then the persistent Mr. Burkhardt conceived the brilliant idea that the best way to make "good citizens of tomorrow" was to give them a chance to run the town for a day. The genial mayor was willing to hand over all the departments, including that of the police. And didn't the teen-agers have a grand time! They discovered outworn ordinances of generations ago never repealed, including those of having dogs wear bells on their necks and having houses bear the names of the tenants. The enterprising female "chief" of police did some startling things, and the "counselor" got into court to be judged by one of her own pupils. There was a great hullabaloo,

"Forty-three beefs, two threatening letters, eighty-one requests for donations, and a questionnaire from a public-opinion poll asking what you like best about being a publisher."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A DECLARATION OF

Freedom

FREE MEN must re-dedicate themselves to the cause of freedom. They must understand with a new certainty of conviction that the cause of freedom is the cause of the human individual.

Human individuality is the basis of every value—spiritual, moral, intellectual, creative — in human life. To preserve it in a world of expanding and aggressive authoritarianism there must be a determination that freedom shall be defended wherever it is attacked and under whatever color or excuse.

Those who attack freedom in the name of freedom are no less dangerous than those who attack it in the name of authority and discipline. Those who profess a belief in freedom but shirk the obligations it imposes, share the guilt of its enemies.

WHAT IS FREEDOM?

Freedom is the right to choose: the right to create for oneself the alternatives of choice. Without the possibility of choice and the exercise of choice a man is not a man but a member, an instrument, a thing.

Freedom is the right to one's soul: the right of each man to approach God in his own way and by his own means. It is a man's right to possess his mind and conscience for himself.

To those who put their trust in freedom, the State can have no sovereignty over the mind or soul, — must be the servant

How can the faith in man survive in a time of human cruelty and treachery and wickedness beyond all precedent? How can it survive in a time of vast impersonal mechanisms — political and social and material — when individual human beings often feel, and sometimes say, that man has lost control of his destiny?

Faith in man can survive even in our time, because the conscience of mankind has survived and still protests. As long as the conscience of mankind survives—as long as mankind knows the "unwritten and undying laws of God"—man can believe in man.

Why should men believe in freedom now? Why should the exploited populations believe in freedom? Why should the poor believe in freedom? — the victims of economic greed? — the persecuted races? Why should those who crave an answer believe in freedom which is not, itself, an answer but a means of finding answers; which is not itself an end but a means to ends?

Men, whatever their situation, whatever their anxiety, should believe in freedom now precisely because freedom is not a preconceived answer, a predetermined end. What counts in a world of men is the beginning and the opportunity, not merely the end and the answer.

This age of ours is big with a future of infinite possibilities. Prophets of darkened vision have invoked its horrors for us.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of man's reason, not the master.

Freedom is the right to one's dignity as a man. In a free society no individual, no group is entitled to diminish the human dignity of any man regardless of his race, his creed, or his color.

How shall freedom be defended?

By arms when it is attacked by arms; by truth when it is attacked by lies; by democratic faith when it is attacked by authoritarian dogma. Always, and in the final act, by dedication and faith.

On what faith does the defense of freedom rest?

On faith in man; faith in the fundamental decency of man; faith in the capacity of man to make his way by his own means to the truth which is true for him.

But it contains also an emerging promise of a richer, more humane and more abundant life which will not be realized unless the human mind is free. Only freedom keeps the future open.

But how can freedom stand against the monsters of unbridled authority?

Individual freedom can prevail and triumph, even against the enemies which beset it now, because the cause of freedom is the cause of man. Against that cause no enemy has prevailed for long.

Drafting Committee **FREEDOM HOUSE**
20 WEST 40 STREET • NEW YORK 18, N. Y.

Herbert Agar **Ulric Bell** **Leo Cherne**
Norman Cousins **E. L. DeGolyer** **Charles S. Johnson**
Archibald MacLeish

This DECLARATION, issued on the Tenth Anniversary of Freedom House, is dedicated to the memory of FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT *"who inspired devotion to freedom among the peoples of the world".* *AMONG THE SIGNERS ARE:*

Edith Abbott
Konrad Adenauer
Conrad Aiken
Oswaldo Aranha
Roger Baldwin
James P. Baxter 3rd
Bernard Berenson
Samuel Hugo Bergman
Mary McLeod Bethune
Ralph J. Bunche
Sveinn Bjornsson
Van Wyck Brooks
Cass Canfield
Pablo Casals
Zechariah Chafee Jr.
Brock Chisholm
Karl T. Compton
Elmer Davis
Denis de Rougemont
Claudio de Souza
Lewis W. Douglas
Paul H. Douglas
Will Durant
Lee A. DuBridge
Lord Dunsany
St. John Ervine
Herbert V. Evatt
James Franck
G. T. Van Heuren Gedhart
Harry D. Gideonse
Walter Gropius
Carl J. Hambro
Learned Hand
Ernest Hemingway
Hermann Hesse
George de Hevesy
Wm. Ernest Hocking
Paul G. Hoffman
Samuel Guy Inman
Howard Mumford Jones
C. G. Jung
Horace M. Kallen
Arthur Koestler
Hans Kohn
Fuad Koprulu
Henry Smith Leiper
Walter Lippmann
David E. Lilienthal
Eduard C. Lindeman
Arthur O. Lovejoy
R. M. MacIver
Charles Malik
Andre Malraux
Luis Munoz Marin
George C. Marshall
H. Matisse
Andre Maurois
Ejnar Mikkelsen
Luigi Motta
William P. Murphy
Gunnar Myrdal
Lord Nuffield
Eugene Ormandy
Boyd Orr
Robert P. Patterson
E. Padilla
Vijaya Lakshini Pandit
E. Sylvia Pankhurst
Ferruccio Parri
J. B. Priestley
Ernst Reuter
Eleanor Roosevelt
Bertrand Russell
Siegfried Sassoon
Dr. Karl Ludwig Schmidt
Carlo Sforza
Manne Siegbahn
A. Hillel Silver
Ignazio Silone
Robert Gordon Sproul
Herbert Bayard Swope
Norman Thomas
G. P. Thomson
Koos Vorrink
Bruno Walter
Walter White
Thornton Wilder
Frank Lloyd Wright

(Advertisement)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and much unpleasant excitement before the public demand came for the reestablishment of traditional teaching methods. This is an extravaganza, of course, with a core of truth.

—JOHN COURNOS.

DEAD MEN RISING. By Seaforth Mackenzie. Harper & Bros. $3. There must be many unpublicized, but nonetheless dramatic, aspects of the Second World War still to be pressed into service by the novelist. Mr. Mackenzie, for example, has taken for his subject a prison-camp in Australia, where a lonely and desperate band of British guards kept watch over a growing concentration of prisoners, Italian and Japanese. It was the Japanese in particular who provided the danger and the tension. They were men out of another world, with quite another code of behavior, altogether inexplicable and unpredictable. All Japanese prisoners are considered dead by their own people; as such, they have only two courses of action open to them: to die in honor or to escape. The Russo-Japanese interpreter at camp, Orloff, understood the little men quite well and tried to transmit his unease to his superiors at camp. But they—bored, tired, ignorant of the Japanese personality—refused to take him seriously. And so at last out of the rigid silence of the Japanese camp came the sudden, planned, terrible violence. It was put down at last only at the expense of blood and suffering.

Mr. Mackenzie's story is told out of a personal knowledge of the facts and bears the stamp of authority. It suffers, I think, from the disbalance of a long, long build-up to a climax that takes place off-stage for the most part and is over in a trice. The book's central and dominant event certainly calls for a more extended treatment. There is also a minor romance in the life of a sergeant in camp, which adds a pathetic note of humanity to the otherwise overall grimness of the tale.

—N. L. R.

A WAY THROUGH THE WOOD. By Nigel Balchin. Houghton, Mifflin, $3. It takes a clever man to write as badly as Nigel Balchin does in this new novel. Many an uncritical innocent has managed to be as vulgar and trivial as he represents himself to be in this curious work; but to be at the same time loftily pretentious requires talent of a sort.

Here we have once more the old twisted triangle with one or two new dents added. It is in part the story of a whining, worthless woman who would like to possess herself of two men simultaneously. From the standpoint of the narrator, James Manning, it is the story of what the bewildered husband makes of the situation in which he finds himself entrapped. He doesn't make much insisting to the end that such matters are dark and ineluctable. It seems odd that a sophisticated modern man should be so easily baffled for there is a primary lesson in Freud that tells us what to think of a man who gives his wife to a rival (for a trial marriage) and then sits on the sideline avidly observing the details of the relationship and chewing on his misery with ecstatic hunger.

This elaborate experiment in adultery becomes inextricably involved in the pattern of another unpleasant episode. On one of their nuptial flights the lovers become responsible for a hit-run accident. They fail to come forward in acknowledgement of their guilt and before the narrative problem has been resolved the author has, with glib fatuity, exposed the moral shabbiness of everyone concerned. One can only hope for the sake of Mr. Balchin's native England that this is a gross and silly misrepresentation of what could happen in the circumstances. It seems particularly hard to believe that such complacent brutality in the treatment of the "lower orders" could be countenanced even by such ill-educated, thoroughly undisciplined people as Mr. Balchin has chosen to anatomize.

Whatever human dignity the conflict might have had is suffocated by the inept charmlessness of the style. "You're doing me dirt," the languid lovers monotonously chant. Worse still is the forced flow of smart talk borrowed (without acknowledgement) from all the obvious sources, including Dorothy Parker.

—JAMES GRAY.

ARRIVAL IN WYCHERLY. By Norman Denny. Dodd Mead. $3. Lancelot Cavanna was a mysterious figure; richly and somewhat conspicuously dressed, given to somewhat flamboyant speech, he arrived in Wycherly, an ancient and sleepy little English village in an expensive, chauffeur-driven car, seemed to take an impulsive liking to the place, and, overcoming assorted obstacles, settled in. He contrived to live in the exact house which took his fancy, although it was firmly occupied and, everyone said, not available; he ingratiated himself at once with the firmly entrenched and unapproachable Abbacourts, whose family had dominated Wych-

Dr. Faustus to His Cat

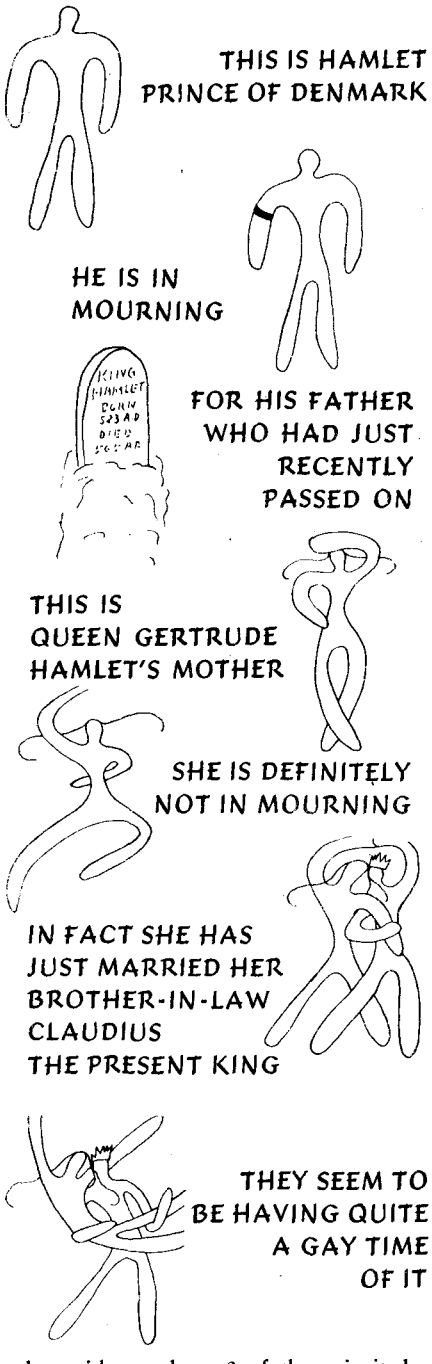
By Anne Young

AH, stay, Grimalkin, flatter me to my doom;
Steal like a shadow in this sombre room,
Enrich its fateful silence with thy purr,
Spurn not my restless hand upon thy fur
Dowered with youth for which I, fool, once gave
My all in all. Thou goest bright and brave
Locked, whiskered, at an age would turn to ashes
The golden curls of Helen; thine eye flashes
Like a lanthorn still; gay is thy sport
If grandson or if grandsire pay thee court.

Malkin, we serve one master, blackavised,
The Prince of Darkness. Oft have I surmised
Why the All-loving spake to thee in ire:
"Go seek a nook beside the quenchless fire,
Nor pray a shelter in the Heavenly house."
Did He behold thy way with bird or mouse
Trembling between thy paws? But thou didst sin
After thy nature only, I within
My sacred soul, and thus eternity
Measures my doom, while one far day may see
Thee sated with Hell creep home a prodigal
To the Father's feet, and there thy prey let fall
Unscathed, a wistful prayer in thy soft miaou
To win His smile of welcome. Even now
Satan adores thee whom he cannot hold
While me scorns safe pent within his fold.

So variously, Grimalkin, we are undone:
Thy portion cream, mine nightshade, of the Evil One.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


THIS IS HAMLET PRINCE OF DENMARK
HE IS IN MOURNING
FOR HIS FATHER WHO HAD JUST RECENTLY PASSED ON
THIS IS QUEEN GERTRUDE HAMLET'S MOTHER
SHE IS DEFINITELY NOT IN MOURNING
IN FACT SHE HAS JUST MARRIED HER BROTHER-IN-LAW CLAUDIUS THE PRESENT KING
THEY SEEM TO BE HAVING QUITE A GAY TIME OF IT

herewith you have 3 of the principal *dramatis personae* and a good start on the action of that streamlined drama

THE PORTABLE* HAMLET

Adapted for the modern reader and limned by

GEORGE HAIMSOHN

To be bought for a buck at any bookstore, having been published by

COWARD-McCANN

**Intending no invidious reflection on the admirable Viking Portable Library*

erly for hundreds of years. Apparently he had plenty of money, and he used it with imagination and a lavish hand.

Changes, at first subtle, but growing more marked, began to be felt in Wycherly life, and most of them, directly or indirectly, stemmed from Mr. Cavanna. What had been at first a grudging but nonetheless definite warming to his persuasive charm, came more and more to be tinged with suspicion as to his final intent. Eccentric and exotic certainly, was he something more? What connection, what strange power had he over old superstitions, half-forgotten except in the depths of the moor and in the hearts of the oldest cottagers, which suddenly sprang into new vitality after his coming?

Mr. Denny's delightfully sustained and highly amusing novel keeps its secret to the very end, and its denouement is convincing and pleasantly surprising. An amused and affectionate picture of English village life, with its scandals and intrigues, its love affairs and quarrels, this is a book for light moments, which keeps the reader interested and wondering to the end.

—PAMELA TAYLOR.

STAR IN THE WEST. By Richard Emery Roberts. Random House. $3. Mr. Roberts's second novel is based upon his mother's reminiscences of Arizona in its early days of statehood. Narrated in a chatty, somewhat saccharine style, it will appeal to readers who enjoy a mildly adventurous, tepidly romantic story.

After her young husband dies Lucretia Rodgers feels compelled to remove her three children from under their grandmother's domineering tutelage. Unable to earn a livelihood in Brooklyn, Lu decides to travel West alone in search of a new home for Jerry, Cissie, and Tim. In Arizona she lands a job as hired woman on Aggie Gates's ranch and begins to educate herself to cowboy ways, hoping one day to become Aggie's partner. Complications arise after she meets kindly and handsome Artur Resswell. Although mutually attracted, Lu fears that if he learns of the family she left back East he will dismiss her as an irresponsible woman. Through a series of incidents she is elected town constable, achieves a noteworthy reputation for preserving the peace, and finally arranges a partnership deal with Aggie. Prayerful that Artur will now accept her as an upstanding woman, Lu goes to Brooklyn for her children and returns to find their stepfather-to-be waiting at the station with open arms.

—JOSEPH M. GRANT.

LEARNING OF HIS DEAR SISTER'S DEATH
LAERTES INSISTS ON JUMPING INTO THE GRAVE—
—WITH HER. HAMLET CAN'T STAND THIS!!!
HE JUMPS IN TOO!
EVERYONE WONDERS WHAT IS HAPPENING DOWN THERE

between this sequence and the one over on the left several things occur which Shakespeare omitted in his version.

THE PORTABLE HAMLET

"is the work of Haimsohn's Blank Period (no hands, no faces, but funny). It will always be known as a work of Haimsohn's Blank Period."
—Leonardo d.V. Zweiback

"It is the first presentation of HAMLET I have encountered which considers the predicament of Fortinbras, and its effect on his *weltanschaung*. More than that, by restoring the non-existent love scene with Ophelia, it accomplishes what any good editor could have done for Shakespeare if he had been willing to listen."—Charles R. Tiglon

Only $1.00 where books are sold

COWARD-McCANN

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

U. S. A. & THE WORLD

(*Continued from page* 19)

ness with Franco. From his own statements, which are definitely *ex parte*, one learns that Franco has unhesitatingly double-crossed everybody who has come to his assistance, and has followed the most ancient nationalistic and diplomatic line of self-interest at every turn.

The first flaw in Mr. Hayes's argument, to the confirmed Hispanophile who is writing these lines, is that Spain is really a member of the European family of nations. Spain is actually considerably more Oriental than Occidental by blood and customs; Europe still really stops at the Pyrenees, as was observed many years ago.

The second flaw in the argument is that by accepting Franco we would tighten the bonds between ourselves and the Latin American nations. This statement ignores the strongly Creole attitude of most of Latin America, where Spaniards are still disliked and distrusted, rightly or wrongly. It also overlooks the fact that most of the Latin American countries are republics, at least outwardly, and therefore do not look upon dictatorships with favor.

Without in the least trying to cast doubt upon the sincerity of Mr. Hayes, or upon his knowledge of Spanish history, the only conclusion to be reached from his presentation of the Spanish case is that those who are already convinced of the righteousness of Franco's cause, based upon his opposition to Communism, will be strengthened in their opinion by reading it, while those who are opposed to any attempt on our part to give aid and comfort to a dictator will remain just as firmly convinced.

An Area of Political Dynamite

THE NEAR EAST AND THE GREAT POWERS. Edited by Richard N. Frye. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 214 *pp.* $3.50.

By PAUL L. HANNA

KNOWLEDGE of the Near East has not kept pace with recognition of that area's importance in the struggle between the West and the Soviet Union. Increasingly, however, efforts are being made to supply information to the American public and to train specialists.

In August 1950 a conference on the Great Powers and the Near East was conducted at Harvard University. The papers, discussions, and comments presented by sixteen Government officials, businessmen, and members of the academic profession both in America and abroad have been assembled and edited by Professor Richard Frye of the Harvard faculty. The dust jacket hails the work as "a timely survey of a critical area, rich in oil and full of political dynamite."

The papers which comprise the volume vary greatly in scope, method, and value. Charles Malik, the Lebanese Minister to Washington, presents a philosophic discussion of the Near East as "the between" in Occidental-Oriental relations. Professor William Thomson of Harvard gives a hasty sketch of the Near East's role in world history, while Harvey Hall, editor of *The Middle East Journal*, evaluates the impact of British, French, United States, and Russian policies and interests on the Arab lands. George McGhee of the American State Department and Charles Issawi of the United Nations deal with problems of economic development. There is a brief scholarly article by J. C. Hurewitz on the United Nations and Palestine; a statement by Moshe Keren, Counselor in the Israel Embassy in Washington, on Israel-United States relations; an article on Middle Eastern oil by E. L. DeGolyer of the American Petroleum Institute; a detailed and elaborately documented study by Majid Khadduri on the various abortive attempts at unification of the Arab countries of the Fertile Crescent; and a brief note by Professor Moshe Perlmann of Dropsie College on the status of Egyptian labor in 1950.

Dr. Ralph Bunche has written an introduction which points up some of the major difficulties in attempts to align the Arab lands with the West. The Arabs are deeply suspicious and fearful of Western imperialism and of economic exploitation. The West, driven by expediency, all too often supports politically non-democratic and economically regressive forces in the region. There is a Western—and particularly an American—tendency to be too materialistic, too patronizing, and too paternalistic in dealing with the non-European world. To have a chance of overcoming these difficulties, argues Dr. Bunche, "we need to . . . think of peoples in the Near East . . . as equals, really as equals, and to be able to treat them as such in our policies and actions in a convincing way." In order to achieve such an attitude, much greater knowledge of the Near East is essential.

"The Near East and the Great Powers" frankly limits its attention to the Arab states and Israel as being the core of the Near East. It does not, however, give a rounded picture even of these areas. The claim that it is a "survey" of the Near East is misleading. The work contains much specific material of interest and importance to a student of the region, but anyone who accepts Dr. Bunche's thesis and seeks for the first time to become really acquainted with the Near East will do well to begin his search for information and understanding elsewhere. Only later will he appreciate the real values of "The Near East and the Great Powers."

Paul L. Hanna, author of "British Policy in Palestine," is professor of history at the University of Florida.

Yearbook for 1950

NEWSWEEK'S HISTORY OF OUR TIMES. Volume II, Covering the Events of 1950. Funk & Wagnalls. $6.

No neat dateline isolates current happenings from the historic past. Last week's events are already "one with yesterday's seven thousand years." But to evaluate what happened last week and what happened centuries ago calls for different techniques. A single scholar may labor ten years to complete a definitive monograph on the death of Wallenstein. A corps of newsmen, with the resources of a great syndicate behind them, may have ten hours to analyze yesterday's coup

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

d'état. Defying the adage that truth is the daughter of time, modern journalists have shown that it can also be synthesized through teamwork, leased wires, and reference files.

To check how accurately their fast reporting caught the inner significance of an event at the moment it happened the editors of *Newsweek* prepare an annual summary of the past year's developments. With the benefit of brief hindsight they assemble and assay the news stories that came in over a period of twelve months. In the present volume the first fifty pages are devoted to the Korean War. There is a section on "National Affairs" and on "International Affairs," a short one on "Business" and a long one (almost half the book) on "Arts, Sciences, and Entertainment." A condensed Chronology for 1950, sixteen pages of pictures, and an index complete the work. As a yearbook it is comparable to and more readable than the annual supplements put out by the better encyclopedias, but the division of subjects and the emphasis is somewhat arbitrary. Medicine receives thirty pages, all other advances in science are compressed into eighteen. Religion is dismissed in fifteen pages; music earns twenty-six. But in general the commentaries are succinct and prescient and the volume merits a high rating as a five-star final for 1950. —GEOFFREY BRUUN.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MAN DEAD *Selwyn Jepson* (Crime Club: $2.50)	British Cabinet member gets himself murdered in home of big-time jurist's daughter. Body transported elsewhere. Deceased's bodyguard manages to do what detecting gets done.	Lady in case does all usual wrong things. Blackmail and love further complicate devilishly complicated situation.	Exasperating
THE LONG DIVORCE *Edmund Crispin* (Dodd, Mead: $2.50)	Spate of poison-pen letters in English village cataracts into suicide and murder and comely lady doctor has hell of a time. Gervase Fen (in false whiskers) sets all aright.	Told with author's usual wit, skill, and sapience. (*Not* a triangle piece — title is W.S.: "The long divorce of steel.")	Genial and adroit
DARK JOURNEY *Freeman Wills Crofts* (Dodd, Mead: $2.50)	Oil strike in west of England raises hob with county family. Supt. French of the C.I.D. rings doorbells and out stomp the culprits.	Honest detection all the way — Ol' Marse Crofts is still in there pitching.	Tops for bean-users
THE BLACKOUT *Constance and Gwenyth Little* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Amnesiac gent affiliates with weird lot of humans in down-at-heel California chateau and murder is the least one can expect. Solution is self-propelled.	Loss-of-memory angle puts reader out of stride at starting gun, and one never quite catches up.	Confusing
THE MAN IN QUESTION *John Godey* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Escapee from inside Iron Curtain runs into cloak-and-daggerism in NY and suburbs and slaughter mounts to massacre pitch.	Sinister atmosphere good at times, but undergoes dilution when love factor is added.	So-so
BULLET PROOF *Frank Cane* (Ives Washburn: $2.50)	N.Y. Shamus Johnny Liddell takes on job for society gal but hoods move in and tommy-guns bark. Cops and D.A. tough on hero, also vice versa.	Yarn blows hot and cold as powder-flashes alternate with conversation pieces.	Tricky
THE BODY ON PAGE ONE *Delano Ames* (Rinehart: $2.50)	Pasts pop as murder-suicide combination flutters multiple tenantry of London N.W. 3 flats. Scholarly Dagobert Brown (whose wife tells story) wraps it up.	Chatty, adroit, somewhat overwhimsied; atmosphere generally sprightly, often gay, with an occasional shudder.	Agreeable

—SERGEANT CUFF.

a strong novel!

moving • mature • timely

THE BOY CAME BACK

by CHARLES H. KNICKERBOCKER

A "black sheep" returns to his small-town home with a "fallen woman" for a wife...and unleashes latent forces of lust, violence and sadism.

At all bookstores $2.75

A. A. WYN, New York

The case of the man who was murdered twice!

Solved by Tommy Twotoes, the eccentric sleuth whose early life was so fast that now he won't drive more than 35 miles per hour. More fun for readers who reveled in Tommy's antics in *Most Men Don't Kill.*

MURDER IN BLACK and WHITE

By DAVID ALEXANDER

A Random House Mystery, $2.50

Looking for a PUBLISHER?

If you are looking for a book publisher, learn about our effective publishing program for new or unknown authors. Under this plan, we have just sold a first book to a famous reprint house for a pocket edition. Perhaps we can start you on a successful career, too. Ask for Free Booklet FF.

Write: Miss Frances Foley

VANTAGE PRESS, INC. 230 West 41st St. New York 18, N.Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STAYING ALIVE

(*Continued from page 10*)

the component cells. Innumerable cells and even whole organs may be destroyed without affecting the survival of the individual; and individuals are dying continually in the populations of all species without affecting the survival of the species. In human society not only individuals are short-lived but even our governments and social institutions pass on relatively rapidly as compared to the long stream of human and prehuman racial history. We die, but humanity—up to now at least—has kept marching on.

5. *In a study of survival values for any organism or group five basic relationships between living units must be considered.* These are:

(a) *Symbiosis*—in which organisms or groups live together under conditions of mutual aid.

(b) *Synergism*—in which the living units work together to produce a result neither alone can effect.

(c) *Commensalism*—in which organisms or groups live in intimate association without doing one another either good or harm.

(d) *Parasitism*—in which one organism or group preys upon or is definitely harmful to another.

(e) *Soprophytism*—in which organisms survive by consuming the dead bodies of other organisms but do not attack living forms.

These relationships may be observed not only between widely separated species but among individuals of the same species and among the cells of the same individual. Moreover, these relationships do not remain constant. A parasite may become harmless, a harmless commensal may become parasitic. For example, 200,000 human beings die each year in the United States because of the overgrowth of cancer cells. We have, therefore, within our own bodies a notorious example of normal functioning symbiotic and synergistic cells that have somehow turned parasitic. Warts, moles, excess fat, and benign tumors are commensals. Once in a while some of them turn parasitic. Obviously, parasites, commensals, symbionts, and synergists exist in all human societies. Opinions will differ as to who is which, depending largely on the observer's own position in the social structure. The biologist does know, however, that each unit of life seeks first its own good at the cost of the whole world. Survival, self-preservation, the itch to live, or whatever you choose to call it is so strong that each unit of life exploits every other unit on all occasions and whenever the opportunity arises. Symbiosis and synergism are synonyms for cooperation and mutual aid and also for mutual exploitations, which sounds bad but is not necessarily so biologically. Remember that you and I were of necessity completely parasitic in our early stages of development, and the mother-child relationship has always been properly praised and glorified in song and story. In all these relationships one finds nothing more than the outward expression of the primary and universal inner urge of all life—survival!

6. *The continual changes that occur in individuals or in species may or may not be progressive.* Progress is hard to define. Some biologists will say that any change in an organism which leads to increased chances of survival is progress toward *that* goal and for *that* organism, even though it may involve degeneration and parasitism. Progress for one species may not be progress for another. The evolution of filterable viruses, the smallest of living things, has been accompanied not by an increasing complexity, according to most investigators in this field, but by an increasing simplicity of structure and a greater dependence on the host cells which they parasitize. Such may be progress—for a virus. But for humanity emergent or progressive evolution has been defined as "change in the direction of increase in the range and variety of adjustments of the organism to its environment." To state it more simply we may say that progress for mankind means "increasing insight into, increasing control over, and increasing independence of the environment."

THE EXPERIMENTAL biologists have offered interesting observations to this problem of survival. The late H. S. Jennings, one of America's foremost zoologists, demonstrated many years ago that under laboratory conditions which provided the optimum temperature and food supply for rapid cell division, serial culture populations of a unicellular organism (paremecia) passed through a period of sexual immaturity, followed by a period of sexual maturity, lasting several years, and then a period of decline or aging of its individuals, during which conjugations and cell divisions became gradually less frequent. Finally, the *populations* died (failed to propagate) under conditions, be it noted, which at first were completely satisfactory for the growth and multiplication of *individuals*. Conditions of seeming "welfare" for individuals finally spelled out "farewell" for the race.

Similiar observations on another species of the same organism have recently confirmed the work of Jennings. Obviously such single cell organisms know how to survive under natural conditions for they may be found at any time in fresh water ponds. In nature one suspects that a variety of environmental experiences keeps the species on its toes, so to speak, because of the continual struggle to keep alive. There is never a dull moment. Under the man-made artificial conditions of the laboratory, however, a perfect paradise has been provided — for *individuals*, and in time the deadly monotony of ample food, ideal temperature, security and protection from all natural enemies, and favorable conditions for growth and breeding causes the species to perish. This may not be the true explanation, but it fits in with the fact that the seeming immediate good of the individual may run counter to the good of the race.

Similar results are also observed whenever the biologist raises fruit flies in the laboratory. Here, again, far more favorable conditions are provided for the individual than those experienced in nature, where a selective elimination and a selective survival take place at all times. These laboratory culture-populations of flies are filled in a little while with the weak, the halt, the lame, the partially blind, the defective, the monstrous, and the

BOLT

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

moribund. Such forms never survive and breed in nature, but man in his laboratory deliberately preserves them and makes it easy for them so that he may study the genetic mechanism of such abnormalities.

More and more certain species are becoming dependent upon man. The newspapers recently reported that in the neighborhood of St. Augustine, Florida, great flocks of seagulls were starving amid plenty. Fishing was still good but the gulls didn't know how to fish. For generations they had depended on the shrimp fleets to toss them scraps from the nets. Now the fleet had moved to Key West. Life had been so easy for so long that when left to their devices they perished.

Observations have also been made on test-tube populations of bacteria, which next to viruses are the smallest *living forms*. Here, again, a constant but somewhat unfavorable environment finally proved fatal. More interesting, however, was the fact that a rhythmic or alternating exposure of the serial culture populations to unfavorable conditions (high temperatures) rather than a continuous exposure, not only insured survival, but the cultures gradually became more resistant to heat provided the rhythmic exposure was continued for a long period of time embracing a long succession of aerial cultures. An enormous mortality of bacteria in each heat-exposed culture was observed by actual counts, but within two days after removal from heat the populations would during the rest period again reach their former population level. This improvement of bacterial cultures in their ability to resist heat was assumed to be due to the selection of the more resistant forms and the elimination of the less resistant. The process is repeated during each exposure, and gradually the cultures become more resistant.

In these experiments one is reminded of Arnold Toynbee's view that human civilizations are produced by difficult rather than easy conditions and that "man achieves civilization . . . as a response to a challenge in a situation of special difficulty which rouses him to make a hitherto unprecedented effort." "A series of successive responses to successive challenges is to be interpreted as a manifestation of growth." "There must be," says Toynbee, "repetitive fresh challenge, and fresh response and recurrent rhythm."

The problem of racial survival in the modern atomic age is now the concern of people in all walks of life. "Competitive survival," says Brock Chisholm, director general of the World Health Organization, "has become synonymous with racial suicide." Dr. Chisholm's gloomy diagnosis is not justified. He is perhaps thinking of British or European civilization as we now know it. Competition between rival empires and civilizations is no threat to the race. It is a threat unquestionably to present governments, all forms of social institutions, and most specifically to all individuals in positions of power and influence.

A competitive world struggle will certainly send to the scrap heap many old social structures and millions of individuals, old and young; thus living room will be made for the emergence of new forms and new individuals. Modern man is not obsolete; but some modern men and some modern institutions surely are. Nature's laws of selective elimination and selective survival are still in effect. Humanity may in the course of time begin to acquire the wisdom our bodies have long known, namely, that it is better to cooperate (mutual exploitation) than to kill. Man, the greatest of all killers of his own kind as well as of other species, may yet emerge after a succession of challenging experiences into a higher life-level than we know now.

Every individual desires peace, stability, and security, but nature imposes trials and tribulations and may know what is better for us than we do.

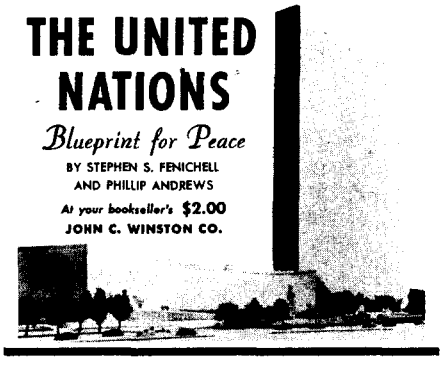
It would seem, then, that mental maturity demands that we expect no lasting security (except in death), that we "renounce all easy hope," and that we recognize in life the "paradox which comforts while it mocks."

The survival value of mankind lies in the fact that there are an increasing number of individuals whose responses to a changing environment are less and less genetically fixed as in insects and in the lower animals. We are acquiring great capacities for mak-

THE STORY OF THE UN

What it is . . . what it stands for and its importance to the future. Simply told—with over 100 illustrations

HERE is the first complete story of the United Nations—from the last days of the League of Nations up to and including action in Korea! Covers every phase of the UN: General Assembly, Security Council, UNESCO, etc. Introduction by Benjamin Cohen, Assistant Secretary-General of the United Nations.


THE UNITED NATIONS
Blueprint for Peace
BY STEPHEN S. FENICHELL AND PHILLIP ANDREWS
At your bookseller's $2.00
JOHN C. WINSTON CO.

You're expecting perhaps a comical *advertisement* about ARTHUR KOBER'S new book? Read the book. *That's* comical.

BELLA, BELLA KISSED A FELLA

By ARTHUR KOBER

At all bookstores, $2.75, RANDOM HOUSE, N.Y.

William Faulkner

Two Decades of Criticism

Essays by:
COWLEY
WARREN
SARTRE
ARTHOS
RABI
AIKEN
and others

Edited by F. J. HOFFMAN and OLGA W. VICKERY

at your bookstore $3.75

MICHIGAN STATE COLLEGE PRESS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing rapid changes in behavior; for acquiring new responses and behavior patterns, and discarding old ones as new situations arise. We have more insight into our environment than any other creatures. We possess, through our reasoning ability and the scientific discipline, reliable tools for cutting into the facts of life and uncovering the secrets of nature. Man is the "knowledged ape," the only talking animal, the only tool-maker, the only time-binder; that is, the only animal capable of binding into his own experience the experiences and wisdom of those who lived in times long past. Through these unique achievements, acquired by long sufferings, he has today an undreamed-of mastery over nature and has become a unique product of organic evolution. All the evidence points to a long life-expectancy —not for human institutions, not even for present civilization, certainly not for individuals, but for humanity.

Unless one can accept the biologic fact that your death and mine is just as natural and just as necessary to human progress as our birth, one is not mentally mature. Life may thus seem hopeless to an individual; but the loss of one life is not serious to the race.

Our mastery over the physical world has come about largely through the application of the methods of science. Can we apply these methods to ourselves, to the problems of human behavior? Can we be scientifically objective about ourselves? We know that human life is not a thing apart from nature. We are nature's children and therefore subject to nature's laws. We can control and direct human nature only by working with and not against the laws of life although nine-tenths of them are not yet discovered. Great biologists we have had, but the greatest are still to come because we are not yet willing to "go to nature rather than to books, traditions, and authorities." A very few only are willing to follow Huxley's advice to "sit down before a fact as a little child, be prepared to give up every preconceived notion, follow humbly wherever and to whatever abyss nature leads else you shall learn nothing." This humble pursuit of truth, this spirit of science can become as international as sunlight. Only then will we have the master key to survival.

If, on the other hand, we pay no attention to our biological history, if we do not courageously recognize our place in nature, we may prove after all to be "one more of nature's failures, ignominiously to be swept from her work-table to make way for another venture of her tireless curiosity and patience."

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; traveling companions; ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; opinions (limited to 50 lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence. Rates: 30¢ per word; 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Number. Rates for several insertions—52 times 22¢ a word; 26 times 24¢ a word; 13 times 26¢ a word; 6 times 28¢ a word. Full payment must be received fifteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address: Personals Department. The Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 19, N. Y.

OUT-OF-PRINT

ANY BOOK LOCATED. Free catalogue. MID-WEST BOOK SERVICE, 4301 Kensington, Detroit 24, Mich.

AMERICANA, BIOGRAPHY, LITERATURE. Huge stock. Weekly London importations. Competent search service. Immediate attention to wants lists. HARLOW ROSS, 6724 Plymouth Ave., Minneapolis 22, Minn.

SCARCE BOOKS LOCATED. Write BOOKMAILERS, Wood-Ridge, New Jersey.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBER MAGAZINE SPECIALISTS. Established 1889. ABRAHAM'S MAGAZINE SERVICE, 56 East 13 St., NYC.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's only French bookshop where French books ONLY are sold exclusively. Mail-order catalogue 30¢.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE. Several hundred beautiful designs, address "BOOKPLATES," Yellow Springs, Ohio.

LANGUAGES

FRENCH conversation, diction, grammar. Expert training by Parisienne (Sorbonne University). Individual lessons or small groups. 25 East 63 St., NYC. TEmpleton 8-3988.

COLLEGE INSTRUCTOR teaches Spanish, French, Italian. Practical conversational approach. Arthur Imerti, NYC, MOnument 6-1000.

BOOKS

BOOKS ON THE EAST: China, Japan, Siam, Burma, India, Central Asia, Persia, Arabia, Egypt, etc. Send for catalogues. Established 1902. ORIENTALIA, 11 East 12 St., NYC 3.

ATHEIST BOOKS. 32-page catalogue free. TRUTH SEEKER CO., 38 Park Row, NYC 8.

EXTENSIVE STOCK OF LITERATURE—History, Americana, Fiction, Science, etc., on hand. Catalogues issued. Inquiries invited. PYETELL'S BOOK SHOP, 333 Fifth Ave., Pelham 65, N. Y.

ELIOT COLLECTORS. The early poems. First time in book form. Remit $5 or COD. ELIBOOKS. Box 976-H.

"OLD FATHER GOOSE," limited edition, new, $3. "Lovely Verses by the Wayside," $2. "275th Pageant Smithtown," historical play, pictures, $2. RAMBLER PUBLISHING CORP., Smithtown Branch, Long Island.

PRIZE CONTEST ABAA, $50, $25, $10, 5 of $5, in certificates valid for old books at member bookshops. 25 questions on books and authors. For contest forms apply to your member bookseller or send self-addressed stamped envelope to ANTIQUARIAN BOOKSELLERS ASSOCIATION of America, Inc., 3 West 46 St., NYC 19. Entries close Nov. 23, 1951.

LATEST BOOKS on Bridge and Poker. Some imported. Catalogue Free. GEORGE COFFIN, 257 Trapelo Road, Waltham, Mass.

LITERARY SERVICES

ELEANOR KING, literary agent, books, plays, stories, novels, all languages marketed. 19 West 44 St., NYC 18.

MR. MANUSCRIPT: Expert literary typing, music copying. NYC, CIrcle 6-7130.

CLASSIFIED

LITERARY SERVICES

MANUSCRIPT TYPING SPECIALISTS. Efficient, Economical, Prompt. GLADYS — IRENE LEAHEY, 551 Fifth Ave., NYC. MUrray Hill 7-2227.

TWENTY-THREE IMPORTANT SERVICES for all writers available to members. Write for information. NATIONAL WRITERS' CLUB, Denver 6, Colo.

WE PUBLISH, print and distribute your manuscript in pamphlet or book form. Send for free folder. WILLIAM-FREDERICK PRESS; Pamphlet Distributing Company, 313 West 35 St., NYC. LAckawanna 4-0178.

MANUSCRIPTS PROFESSIONALLY PRESENTED. Quality typing at reasonable rates. STILLMAN ASSOCIATES, 1278 Third Ave. (at 73 St.) NYC. TRafalgar 9-9177, CIrcle 6-7441.

LITERARY AGENTS 31 Years. We sell short stories, articles, books, radio-scripts, plays, verse. Constructive criticism for new writers. Personal representation for established authors. Editing, revision. Write for information, references. ANITA DIAMANT, The Writers' Workshop, Inc., 280 Madison Ave., NYC 16.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING: intelligent, prompt, inexpensive. AMBASSADOR OFFICE SERVICE, 17 East 48 St., NYC. PLaza 3-1364.

GHOSTWRITING ARTICLES, THESES, books, speeches, revision. NEIL FARBER ASSOCIATES, 1472 Broadway, Room 612, NYC 18.

STORIES, NOVELS, ARTICLES, BOOKS MARKETED. Highly recommended for publication of fiction and nonfiction. Editorially recognized advice, recommendations, editing for revision, sales, publication. Unestablished writers assisted. Information available before sending manuscripts. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 33 West 42 St., NYC 18.

ESTABLISHED LITERARY AGENT, seeking to fill publishers' requests, offers marketing services to established and newer authors. Excellent editorial contacts for the placement of your book, story, article, verse, juvenile, plays, etc. Literary services available and include: Editing, constructive criticism, technical revision, and ghostwriting. Send for brochure S. FRANK Q. BRADY, Literary Agent, 55 West 42 St., NYC 18.

RUSSIAN PROFESSOR offers editorial assistance to translators. Box 207-J.

WRITERS, SPEAKERS, NOVELISTS. Accurate information on any subject, carefully documented. By experienced researcher. Also exhaustive bibliographies. Box 228-J.

PERSONALS

AFRICAN SCULPTURES, antiques, permanent exhibition. SEGY GALLERY, 708 Lexington, NYC. Catalogues on request.

PLAYWRIGHTS: Compete for awards, possible production, with plays in prose or verse; deadline March 15. For requirements, address DRAMATISTS' ALLIANCE, Box 200 Z, Stanford, California.

RENT furnished beautiful home, Chihuahua, Mexico. *4 bedrooms, 3 baths. 10 acres. Ideal for writers.* Write: NORMA CROZE, Santa Maria del Oro, Durango, Mexico.

50¢ DOLLAR can be stretched by getting top-value accommodations at the BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL, NYC, where you can combine comfort, cleanliness and convenience with economy. Excellent popular-priced restaurant and coffee shop. NYC's only hotel overlooking United Nations and East River. Fine clientele; attentive staff. Singles from $3.50 to $7, doubles from $6.50 to $12; special weekly rates. Request booklet S. BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL, 49 St. and First Ave., NYC 17; ELdorado 5-7300.

ABROAD AT HOME. Why cross the ocean to enjoy international atmosphere and cuisine? American comfort—foreign culture. Combine sports with opportunity for language, art, music, social studies. Experienced continental leaders. Write ELAN, 1458 Third Ave., NYC.

ATTENTION OUTSIDE - MANHATTAN newspapers, publishers, clubs: News and critical coverage, commissions, and research by experienced writer and editor. For fees, information, etc., write Box 263-J.

SHIPMATES WANTED, either sex, cruising from Boston to Florida on Auxiliary Sailng Schooner. Expense about $75 per week. Also for adventurous, exploratory Bahama Island cruises $150 per week. Write Henry VanL. Baay, Marblehead, Mass.

(Continued on page 43)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

(Continued from page 42)

B.A., M.A., Ph.B., degrees by home study. Previous credits recognized. Undergraduate and graduate studies. Registrar, FREMONT COLLEGE. State Chartered. Santa Fe, New Mexico.

LIBRARIAN-JOURNALIST, 24, wants fascinating job Southwest U. S. Box 192-J.

GOD-DESCENDED SIAMESE or Garden Variety Tabby —Whichever you have, you'll enjoy CATS Magazine. Send $2.50 for 1 year's subscription to CATS, Room 1204-B, 4 Smithfield, Pittsburgh 22, Pa.

MATURE WOMAN of rare understanding, culture, refinement, would like to correspond with business or professional man of similar character. Box 194-J.

WANT TO INVEST ability and cash in small business, as partner or active investor. Connecticut or NYC. (Adult, executive woman.) Write Box 141-J.

FOR SALE: 10 acres on hilltop, broad view over Hudson, 3½ miles from Ossining. Comfortable yearround house remodeled by architect owner. Electric kitchen, 5 bedrooms, 3 baths, high studio; plus maid's rooms, bath; 2-car garage. KOBOLD, Glendale Road, Ossining, N. Y.

ARTISTS AND WRITERS living in Westchester and Connecticut will find my midtown Manhattan address useful for deliveries, messages, etc. Nominal fee. Box 262-J.

MATURE PROFESSIONAL WOMAN, slightly physically handicapped, desires interesting correspondence with physically handicapped gentleman. Box 226-J.

HOTEL ALGONQUIN, 59 West 44 St., NYC 18. Half a block from Fifth Avenue. We are offering weekend rates for Friday and Saturday (2 nights), single room and bath, $11.50; double room and bath, $17; sitting room, bedroom and bath, $22. Excellent restaurant. Within walking distance better shops and theatres.

YOUNG MAN, able but not brilliant stenographer, no other qualifications, seeks job in San Francisco. Box 163-J.

MATURE GENTLEMAN, interested dancing, golf, travel, wishes correspondence with lady having similar interests. Box 940-H.

"HOW CAN I FIND OUT?" You can! Information discreetly developed. Any matter, person, problem, anywhere. Worldwide. Officially licensed, bonded service. Established 1922. Reasonable. Confidential. WILLIAM HERMAN, 170 Broadway, NYC.

SOONER OR LATER everybody goes to the nation's capital, WASHINGTON, D.C. When you go, stop at one of the 3 fine, conveniently located Manger owned and operated hotels. The Annapolis, the Hay-Adams, the Hamilton offer special all-expense tour rates to Review readers, from $10.95 up, which includes air-conditioned rooms, breakfast, sightseeing tour, broadcast, etc. Write: Harry Weissinger, General Manager, at Hotel Annapolis, Washington, D.C. (Mention this ad for special Review booklets and detailed information).

GOOD USED BOOKS. 50¢-$1. Buy where libraries buy! Postal brings list. EDITIONS, Dept. R, Hempstead, N. Y.

YOUR VOICE made loud, clear, dynamic, powerful —with my Diaphragm Exerciser, new invention. Write: VOICE DEVELOPER, Box 665 (21), St. Louis, Mo.

WHY THINGS HAPPEN. Troubled about personal misfortunes — unhappy world conditions? This inspiring book, THE DIVINE PROVIDENCE, by Emanuel Swedenborg, will help solve your problems. 640 pages, 25¢ postpaid. THE SWEDENBORG FOUNDATION, Section 9, 51 East 42 St., NYC 17.

GOING TO NYC? Live at one of NYC's truly great hotels. Live in luxury at budget prices . . . your choice of 7, 3-day all expense weekends from $10.43 per person, includes large twin-bedded room with private bath, breakfast in bed or in famed Palm Garden, also night club and other entertainment or sightseeing tours. Write for booklet AE, HOTEL VANDERBILT, Park Ave. at 34 St., NYC.

LADY, cultured, esthetic, contemplating retirement, seeks correspondence gentleman similar interest. Box 239-J.

WILL some kind, courageous sister correspond with wistful mister? Box 240-J.

YOUNG WOMAN with sense of humor, highly educated, imaginative, and normal, desires correspond with mature gentleman. Box 232-J.

HISTORIAN-SOCIAL SCIENTIST available. Broad approach, excellent record, $6,500 annum. Box 233-J.

MAN on the mature side, but sensibly so, finds much need of feminine correspondence. Box 235-J.

NO MIRACLES—but intelligent, long-experienced help with your writing, from writer-editor and creative writing teacher. Method and fee adjusted to individual requirements. Box 261-J.

FOR SALE: Vermont farm, 60 acres, near Barre—Montpelier—on year around road, brick house, 9 rooms, bath, fireplace, modern kitchen, furnace, electricity; guest cabin with stove, fireplace, knotty pine panelling. Fertile acreage rents for taxes. Magnificent view. Asking $15,000. Write Mrs. Charles P. Hull, 10 Pleasant St., Northboro, Mass.

GET READ ABOUT. We put people and products in the news. Free individual consultation. ANN KELBER, Public Relations, MUrray Hill 8-2767, 509 Madison Ave., NYC, Room 1810.

WOMAN WANTED: Stenographer and secretary who wants to live in the country, and at the same time make a living. The famous Vermont Country Store, a national mail order business in Weston, needs an all-around stenographer who can type, take dictation, and do office work. No use applying unless you want to live in a small (450 souls) Vermont hill village where there are no movies, night clubs, or television reception. If you can take country life and want really to work and not take a vacation, write Vrest Orton,, Weston, Vt.

WELL-KNOWN N. Y. CONCERT PIANIST will accept limited number students, N. Y. or Westchester County. Original, scientific approach. NEw Rochelle 6-5274.

OPPORTUNITY, woman, charming studio private spacious home, river, park, busses, subway. $50. NYC, ENdicott 2-1116.

WANTED: YOUNG LADY to assist in promotion of new play. Box 247-J.

MATURE WOMAN, interested in education and outdoors, wishes correspondence with gentleman sharing these interests. Box 248-J.

ENERGETIC young woman, managing Midwest weekly, seeks press or writing job in East. Box 249-J.

LOS ANGELES—Will rent elegant, spacious 5-room apartment, adults, Dec.-Feb. inclusive, $200 month. Box 250-J.

2 BORED YOUNG WOMEN want correspondence with serious young men. Box 251-J.

ITALIAN LADY, noble family, will take paying guests for the winter. Lovely Palace. Write Frida Checcaci, via Romana 125, Florence, Italy.

BEETHOVEN, BOOKS ,ART. Man seeks correspondence with Miss similarly interested. Box 253-J.

OUR MEMBERS want to swap poems with nonprofessionals. SOCIETY OF AMATEUR POETS, Box 562, Marion, Indiana.

YOUNG MAN wishes to correspond with discriminating young lady. Box 255-J.

PRINTED STATIONERY with character. Best quality paper. 100 sheets, 50 envelopes, $2. Ideal gift. Samples free. CHARLES O. STRICKLER, 2405 Ailsa, Baltimore 14, Md.

EDITOR-WRITER: Does layout, publicity, scripting, (part-full time). Box 259-J.

AMERICAN, traveler, gentleman, creative minded, amiable, understanding, sincere, would appreciate correspondence from you. Box 260-J.

POISON IN HIS OATMEAL will end the problem child but not your problems. We may have your answer in 6-week personalized course for 8-12 year olds. Send for brochure. FAIRHOPE EDUCATIONAL FOUNDATION, Fairhope 2, Alabama.

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN, using her delightful Bucks County home weekends only, offers same couple or woman who desire country living, assume household responsibilities, car necessary, congeniality important. Please write fully. Box 242-J.

WILL someone sell records Met's "Khovantchina"; Uncle Remus, original illustrations? Box 243-J.

WANT TO PAINT, SCULP, DRAW? Artist, Parisian background, will help you dig out your talents. Call ALLEN ULLMAN, NYC, ORegon 3-2025, GRamercy 3-7815.

FEMALE, mature, companionable, interested things cultural and convivial, invites similar male write Box 238-J.

WRITER wishes share her home in warm winter resort on Mobile Bay. Expenses, shared, $25 a month. Box 224-J.

INTELLIGENT, sensitive man desires correspondence with congenial, liberal-minded woman. Box 225-J.

PLEASANT WOMAN, happy disposition, invites intelligent correspondence with reliable older gentleman. Box 227-J.

WANT used French Linguaphone records and book, complete and in good condition. Box 220-J.

LADY, inspiring, congenial, cosmopolitan, invites correspondence only from older responsible gentleman. Box 221-J.

AFFABLE YOUNG WOMAN, cultural interests, desires correspondence with broadminded mature young man, lacking racial prejudices. Enjoys music, theatre; loves life. Box 222-J.

POSITION OF RESPONSIBILITY WANTED by attractive, distinguished appearng widow in 50's, having tive, distinguished appearing widow in 50's, having charm, graciousness, wit and intelligence. Widely traveled; familiar with top fashion design world; diversified experience includes organizational work, children's camps, mass feeding. Will look with favor on situation which encourages initiative and independent thought. Box 223-J.

MATURED BUSINESS GAL, with sense of humor, interested in people, travel, etc., invites correspondence from matured gentlemen with similar interests. Box 215-J.

REESE APARTMENTS, Pinellas Park, St. Petersburg, Florida. $50 month. Library, gallery, gardens.

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN, retired, needs ideas on use of leisure time. Active retired folk, please write. Box 217-J.

ROAD TO TAXCO—Where to go, what to see and do in the Tourist Mecca of the Americas. 264 pages, 484 illustrations, 10 maps. $4 a copy. Order from James Taylor Dunn, Cooperstown, N. Y.

AMIABLE WOMAN of culture and charm, desires correspondence with middle-aged man of pleasing personality. Box 219-J.

YOUNG MAN, M.A. public relations, wishes to establish himself in field. Alert, industrious, qualified! Any reasonable offer considered! Box 211-J.

YOUNG WRITER wants work, NYC, afternoons, nights. Handy: mechanically, mathematically, research. Box 212-J.

SERIOUS YOUNG MAN, age 24, desires work requiring intelligence, minimum of routine, congenial associates. Partial college training supplemented by travel and extended research in personal fields of interest. Can supply evidence of executive ability, word skill, shorthand knowledge, office experience. $200 month start. Box 213-J.

DOES ANYONE WISH to spend winter in comfortable house near Woodstock, Vermont? Rent or board. Box 59, North Pomfret, Vermont.

NICE OLD LADY invites friendly correspondence with nice old gentleman. Box 229-J.

FOR ANYONE doing a story on Guatemala, Mexico, or Yucatan, I have some quite good, unpublished photographs. M. Wihtol, Box 557 R D, Red Bank, N.J.

NICE GUY invites correspondence nice gal, college graduate. Box 231-J.

VACATIONS

DIFFERENT VACATION for hard-earned dough. Potbellying food. Tropical island. Practically nothing to do. Send for catalogue typical INactivities. PHIL DeGRAFF, Sea Grape Island Lodge, Bokeelia, Florida.

GREEN SHADOWS, Old Lyme, Conn., quiet informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.

AUTUMN AT BLUEBERRY HILL! Lucullan food. Blazing foliage. The Mastertons. Brandon, Vermont.

NAIDNI ON LAKE DUNMORE, Brandon, Vermont. Unusual simplicity, good food, boating, fishing, swimming, beautiful walks. No planned entertainment.

SUDBURY INN at Lake Hortonia, Sudbury, Vt., provides best in country vacations.

DIFFERENT VACATION? Thanksgiving in the tropics, 7 hours air from New York. Old plantation house. Reasonable Rates. CRUZANA CLUB, St. Croix, American Virgin Islands.

WOODSTOCK tNN, Woodstock, Vermont. Telephone 407. A pleasant, picturesque Inn with spacious accommodations. Friendly service; mouth-watering meals. Elevator. Glorious countryside. Write for full color folder. Dave Beach, Manager.

YANKEE CLIPPER INN. Pigeon Cove, Mass. Small estate open all year for paying guests. Commuting distance from Boston. Reasonable rates.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 918

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS

A. *Surname, mother of Queen Elizabeth of England.*

B. First woman in Great Britain to occupy pulpit of regular place of worship (ass't preacher, City Temple, 1917-20).

C. Workshop; laboratory (Latin).

D. Said of such drugs as are kept in stock by apothecaries.

E. A solar deity represented by a beetle (Egypt. relig.).

F. A weak, feeble, amateurish statesman (derogatory).

G. To die (2 wds.; colloq.).

H. Sprinkled.

I. Ridge near Chattanooga where Hooker of Union Army drove back Longstreet, 1863.

J. Current Canadian novelist ("Each Man's Son," the latest).

K. Blocked up.

L. To make amends for.

M. Hurrying (Italian music direction).

WORDS

86 38 154 182 169 18

31 90 137 50 134 117

83 29 54 98 5 159 74 1

155 37 68 104 2 111 69 8 173

10 139 110 181 150 39 32

165 138 106 185 109 158 136 67 44

47 70 142 96 16 84

13 167 177 144 42 112 28 14

89 151 172 63 71 80 20

7 131 120 43 115 52 65 145 81

121 60 171 93 56 91 15 12

125 21 45 62 11 180 174

166 152 176 103 46 123 33 147 160 135 73

DEFINITIONS

N. American poet and dramatist (1875-; many works).

O. Within the law.

P. Irish political middle-of-the-road leader (1856-1918).

Q. *Not having perception or feeling.*

R. Canadian statesman, acting prime minister in absence of Laurier (1835-1912).

S. First name of Word A.

T. A type; pattern.

U. American landscape painter (1826-1900; "Horseshoe and American Falls," Corcoran Gallery, etc.).

V. Second largest city and former capital of Nicaragua.

W. Work by Herman Melville based on his sea and travel experience.

X. Soviet aviator, received Order of Lenin for exploits as test pilot (1904-38).

Y. A scimitar (Egypt).

Z. A law or policy of government.

WORDS

101 61 92 133 141 186 51

48 95 72 79 130 64 105

183 77 23 40 30 49 82

17 97 168 164 36 118 184 102 122 53

156 100 146 57 127 178 19 66 76 114

22 94 99 116

148 4 9 163

153 108 124 132 27 58

88 59 175 26

34 170 162 179

149 119 157 128 3 55 24

6 161 41 143 87 78 113

129 107 85 75 140 35 25 126

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in, you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram. When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

						1 C		2 D	3 X	4 T	5 C	6 Y		7 J	8 D	9 T	10 E
11 L	12 K			13 H		14 H	15 K	16 G	17 Q	18 A	19 R	20 I	21 L		22 S	23 P	24 X
25 Z	26 V	27 U	28 H			29 C	30 P	31 B		32 E		33 M	34 W	35 Z	36 Q		37 D
38 A	39 E	40 P	41 Y	42 H	43 J	44 F			45 L	46 M	47 G	48 O	49 P	50 B	51 N	52 J	53 Q
	54 C	55 X	56 K		57 R	58 U	59 V			60 K	61 N	62 L	63 I	64 O	65 J	66 R	
67 F	68 D		69 D	70 G	71 I	72 O		73 M	74 C		75 Z	76 R	77 P		78 Y	79 O	
80 I	81 J	82 P		83 C	84 G		85 Z		86 A	87 Y	88 V	89 I		90 B	91 K		
92 N	93 K	94 S	95 O	96 G	97 Q		98 C	99 S		100 R	101 N	102 Q	103 M	104 D	105 O	106 F	
	107 Z	108 U	109 F		110 E	111 D	112 H	113 Y	114 R	115 J	116 S	117 B	118 Q	119 X		120 J	
121 K	122 Q	123 M	124 U	125 L	126 Z		127 R	128 X	129 Z		130 O	131 J	132 U	133 N	134 B	135 M	
	136 F	137 B		138 F	139 E	140 Z		141 N	142 G	143 Y	144 H	145 J	146 R	147 M	148 T	149 X	
150 E		151 I	152 M		153 U	154 A	155 D	156 R	157 X	158 F		159 C	160 M		161 Y	162 W	
163 T	164 Q	165 F		166 M	167 H		168 Q	169 A	170 W	171 K	172 I	173 D	174 L		175 V	176 M	
	177 H	178 R	179 W	180 L	181 E	182 A	183 P	184 Q	185 F	186 N							

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 6 of this issue.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SRL / RECORDINGS SECTION

HIGHLIGHTS

	Page
KING SOUND By C. G. Burke	45
OPERA A LA MODE By Irving Kolodin	48
THE OTHER SIDE By Thomas Heinitz	50
"THE RAKE'S PROGRESS" By Robert Craft	52
SPOTLIGHT ON THE MODERNS By Arthur Berger	60
THE BULLFROG'S BASS By Edward Tatnall Canby	62

King Sound

The New Audio Fair

C. G. BURKE

ONE does not suggest a visit to the Audio Fair without diffidence. In no sense is the Audio Fair a bore: it is entertaining, and varied in its visual entertainment. It has aspects of comedy, and some, rarer, of exalted drama. But it is exhausting. However ones goes in, he will emerge from the experience petulant if not neurotic.

The third annual edition of this noisy spectacle will cacophonate this year, as in the past two, at the Hotel New Yorker on the first three days of November. RECORDINGS believes the potential benefit of a visit of more lasting import than the presumptive temporary anguishment of the entire nervous system. RECORDINGS urges attendance by phonophiles able to attend; and respectfully but urgently invites attention to the palliating possibilities of an innovation now suggested for next year's Fair. This would be the installation, centrally located, of a large room denuded of furnishings except those overstuffed and contributory of comfort, with perhaps a bar, the whole so cunningly sound-proofed that not the minutest whisper could be heard within its restorative precincts: a kind of aural decompression chamber.

We know already that this will be the most impressive of the Fairs to date: there are more exhibitors, and it can be confidently presumed that there will be an even greater attendance than last year. The Fair offers, to music-lovers and others variously interested in sound, at no cost to them, a singularly inclusive opportunity to compare in use, to hear, scrutinize, and study all the components of a sound system in the competitive manifestations of many manufacturers.

The Fair will display innovations and novelties in equipment and gadgets, some of lasting worth, some of quite ephemeral appeal. It will also present practically all of those sturdy apparatuses which have maintained themselves at the top of critical appraisal after some years of continued scrutiny.

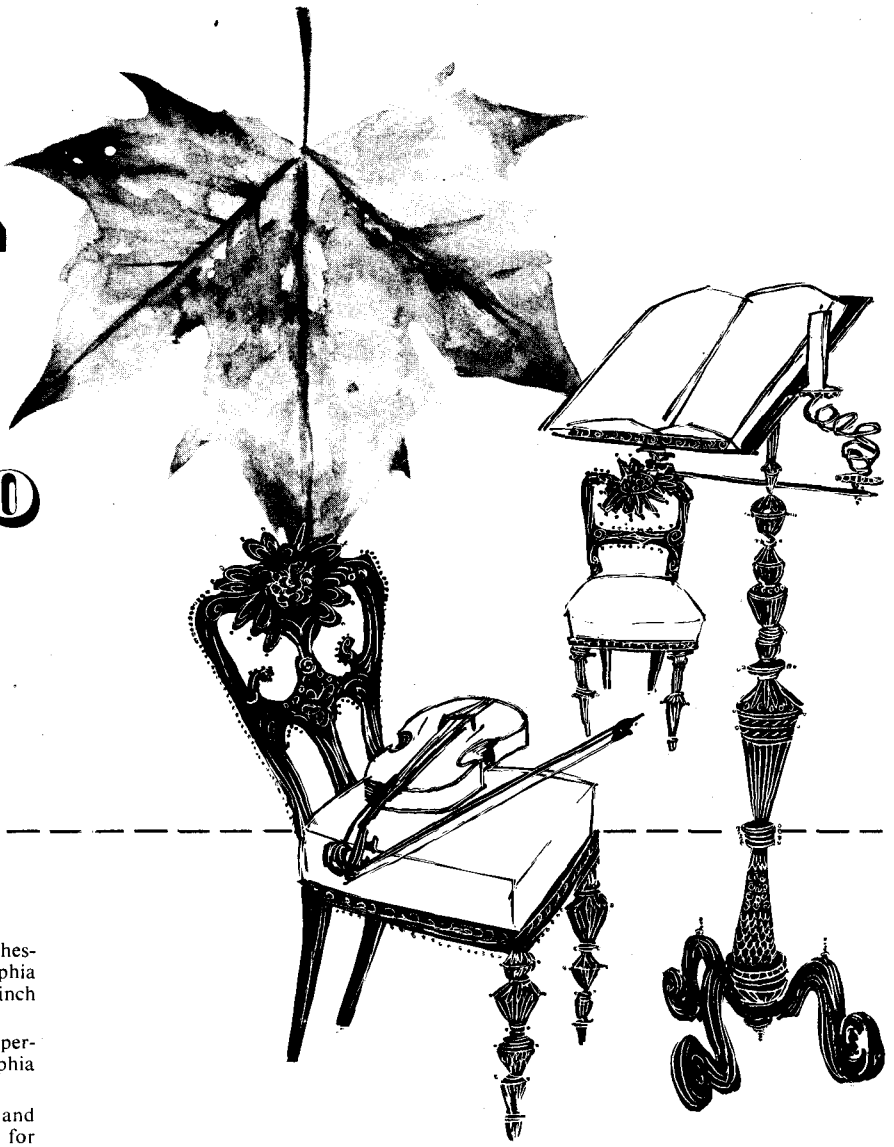
For nearly six months the writer has been conducting his own private auditions of sound equipment. With the help of friends, some of them expert acousticians, some endowed with musical acuity of perception, and some tonally innocent, he has sought to evaluate, by immediate aural comparison, audio components for phonographs to be recommended to music-lovers in five price categories. The results of those trials required a considerable part of a book for their exposition, which can hardly find space for restatement here, but *Saturday Review* readers may find it of value to examine particularly those items of equipment found to be of particular merit.

Magnetic Pickups. Crystal pickups have been notably improved since the reappearance of their dynamic rival; but to these ears the best crystal pickup imparts a cushioned effeminacy to musical reproduction. Audak, Clarkstan, Fairchild, GE, and Pickering magnetics have steadily demonstrated excellent quality, and the attention of music-lovers is invited to them all. Clarkstan has a new model in a transparent case, which certainly asserts manufacturing confidence. The Fairchild miniature moving-coil cartridges have been customarily regarded exclusively as pieces of "professional" equipment, probably because their low output requires the interpolation of a transformer between it and the preamplifier; but they are very good in domestic use.

Arms. Probably less is known by music-lovers about this component than about any other. But the arm is important: it holds the pickup, and the way it holds it and the way it itself is maintained in its arch across the record are the important features determinant of its worth. Five general types are in one way or another imposing. The Clarkstan arm, which permits the easiest substitution of cartridges; the Livingston "Universal," well constructed, the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FALL FESTIVAL *for* CONCERTO LOVERS!



Four brilliant new recordings by outstanding Columbia artists

Mozart: Concerto No. 20 in D Minor for Piano and Orchestra (K. 466). Rudolf Serkin, Piano, with The Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, Conductor. One 12-inch Columbia 33⅓ LP Record ML 4424.

One of the master's greatest works, played here with superlative musicianship by Rudolf Serkin and The Philadelphia Orchestra.

Ernest Bloch: Schelemo—Hebraic Rhapsodie for 'Cello and Orchestra. **Saint-Saëns: Concerto No. 1 in A Minor** for 'Cello and Orchestra, Op. 33. Leonard Rose, 'Cello, with the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York, Dimitri Mitropoulos, Conductor. One 12-inch Columbia 33⅓ LP Record ML 4425.

Leonard Rose, former first 'cellist of the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York, makes his Columbia Masterworks debut as soloist in two dramatic and intensely interesting works.

Chausson: Poème for Violin and Orchestra, Op. 25. **Saint-Saëns: Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso for Violin and Orchestra,** Op. 28.

Zino Francescatti, Violin, with The Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, Conductor. One 10-inch Columbia 33⅓ LP Record ML 2194.

Two splendid works by French composers are sensitively interpreted by the distinguished French-born violinist, Zino Francescatti.

Bach: Concerto in D Minor for Three Pianos and Strings. Bach: French Suite No. 6 in E Major. Robert, Gaby and Jean Casadesus, Pianos, with the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York, Dimitri Mitropoulos, Conductor. One 10-inch Columbia 33⅓ LP Record ML 2196.

This spirited Bach Concerto was written to be played by the composer and two of his sons; and here it is in a notable performance by three members of a distinguished family—Robert and Gaby Casadesus and their son, Jean, now starting a promising concert career.

Other recent Columbia Masterworks concerto recordings:

Grieg: Concerto in A Minor for Piano and Orchestra, Op. 16. Walter Gieseking, Piano, with The Philharmonia Orchestra, Herbert Von Karajan, Conductor. 33⅓ LP Record ML 4431.

Schumann: Concerto in A Minor for Piano and Orchestra, Op. 54. Dinu Lipatti, Piano, with The Philharmonia Orchestra, Herbert Von Karajan, Conductor. 33⅓ LP Record ML 2195.

Beethoven: Concerto No. 5 in E-flat Major, Op. 73 ("Emperor"). Rudolf Serkin, Piano, with The Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, Conductor. 33⅓ LP Record ML 4373. 78 rpm Set MM-989.

Paganini: Concerto No. 1 in D Major, Op. 6. Zino Francescatti, Violin, with The Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, Conductor. Saint-Saëns: Concerto No. 3 in B Minor. Op. 61. Zino Francescatti, Violin, with the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York, Dimitri Mitropoulos, Conductor. 33⅓ LP Record ML 4315.

Beethoven: Concerto in D Major for Violin and Orchestra, Op. 61. Zino Francescatti, Violin, with The Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, Conductor. 33⅓ LP Record ML 4371.

Saint-Saëns: Concerto No. 4 in C Minor, Op. 44. Robert Casadesus, Piano, with Artur Rodzinski conducting the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York. 33⅓ LP Record ML 4246. 78 rpm Set MM-566.

Beethoven: Concerto No. 4 in G Major, Op. 58. Robert Casadesus, Piano, with The Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, Conductor. 33⅓ LP Record ML 4074. 78 rpm Set MM-744.

Mendelssohn: Concerto in E Minor for Violin and Orchestra, Op. 64. Isaac Stern, Violin, with The Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, Conductor. 33⅓ LP Record ML 4363. Also on 78 rpm Set MM-973.

Beautiful music, by great artists, brought to you with the unmatched excellence of Columbia LP. Hear them this week—they're superb!

COLUMBIA (lp) RECORDS

World's largest library of Long Playing Records

℗ The exclusive trademark of Columbia Long Playing Records—symbol of highest quality. Look for it!
Trade Marks "Columbia," "Masterworks," ℗ ℗ Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Marcas Registradas

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

best exponent of the older principles; and the hinged Pickering arm, which is very gentle to records, but which is used with difficulty with cartridges other than Pickering, are by now pretty familiar to phonophiles. The viscous-damped arms made by Gray and Fairchild are both of excellent construction and very effective in impeding transmission of resonance to the amplifier. By means of weighted carriers the Gray permits an almost instantaneous change of cartridges and stylus pressure, regardless of cartridge-type. The rotund head of the Fairchild contains three Fairchild miniature cartridges, any one of which may be utilized at will, and the proper pressure obtained, by the turn of a lever.

Styli. Readers may remember that tedious experiment and microscopic examination convinced the writer that diamond is the *only* proper material for use as phonograph styli, both in regard to quality of reproduction and rate of record wear. The Tetrad Corporation, manufacturer of diamond styli for many kinds of cartridges, will demonstrate diamond's durability, and invites, requests music-lovers to bring to the Tetrad exhibit their present styli for microscopic shadowgraphing, no matter what the material of the styli may be.

Amplifiers. The virtues of an amplifier are only to be appreciated by hearing, and by hearing with the best associated equipment. At the Fair there will be a bewildering complexity of amplifiers, and space does not permit mention of more than a few. Among the very best, phonophiles should examine such established favorites as the Brook and the McIntosh, and the Leak "Point One," whose under-chassis should be inspected with the admiration such palpably loving care in workmanship has earned. There will be a new two-piece Altec-Lansing, and God knows how many amplifiers exemplifying the Williamson circuit, all worth consideration. The new H. H. Scott 210-B, incorporating the excellent Scott dynamic noise suppressor, should definitely be seen and heard.

The most critical phonophiles now realize that the aspect of an amplifier which elevates it to superiority over other amplifiers of the same basic high quality is the flexibility of its controls operating the system compensating for a multitude of input characteristics. Of course, this should not be necessary, but it is. Thus we must give very close attention to the equalizing system of an amplifier —the "front end"—if we wish to play all of our different types of records with approximately equal success. The "front ends" of the Bell 2145-A and the new H. H. Scott 214-A are designed with the completest kind of compensation we know: a number of selective but individually fixed routes corresponding to input curves in general use, *plus* continuously variable independent bass and treble controls supplying both stimulus and attenuation. In the opinion of this writer the new H. H. Scott 214-A is unsurpassed by any amplifier in the ease with which it can obtain the best results from the greatest variety of records. Many other amplifiers of the first grade can sound as true for a limited assortment of record-types, but the Scott and the Bell can cope successfully with all but the most extreme aberrations of LP fantasy.

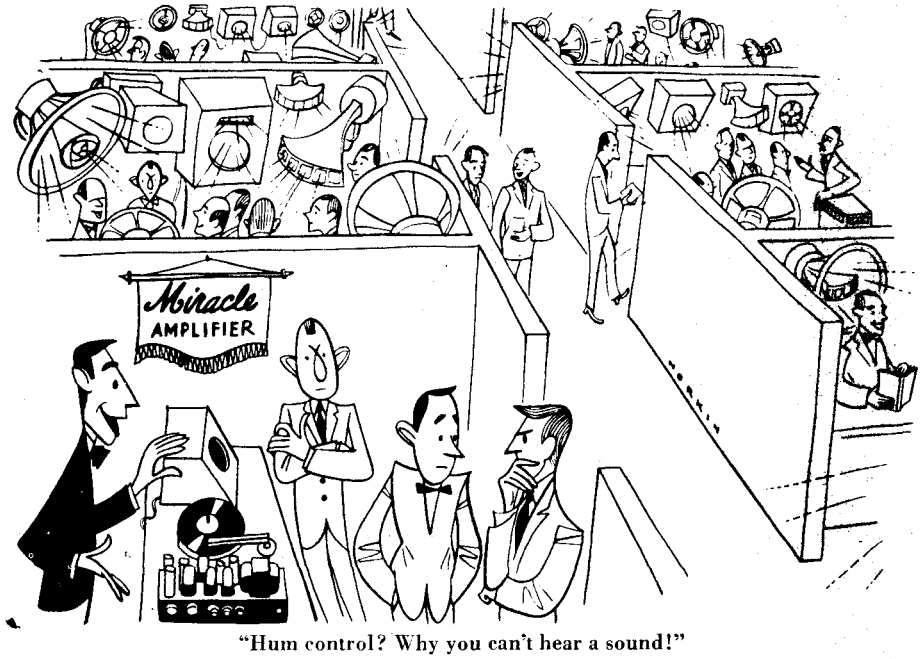
A good deal of progress has been made recently in the development of cheaper amplifiers of good quality. Bogen, Grommes, and Rauland all produce amplifiers of excellent design at a moderate price, the little Bogen DB-10 performing with rather astonishing fidelity in competition with amplifiers at triple its cost.

Speakers. Proof of the extensiveness of the audio population is offered by the multiplicity of speakers and speaker enclosures. Speaker enclosures are receiving more attention than ever before with emphasis on those which fit into corners. Some of these incorporate the Klipsch principle of the folded exponential horn for deep bass reproduction, and some are the familiar bass-reflex cabinets with a wedge-shaped back. These enclosures may be used in conjunction with many kinds of speaker-systems, from the single twelve-inch cone to the elaborate two-, three-, and four-way systems of Altec-Lansing, Brociner, Electro-Voice, Jim Lansing, and Stephens. Electro-Voice utilizes the Klipsch patents in all its enclosures, achieving a pinnacle of merit with the huge and expensive four-way "Patrician" and a sonic *tour de force* with the diminutive "Aristocrat" at the lowest price for which the Klipsch type of enclosure can be bought.

It is not possible here to cover all the speakers of different types in different price categories, but some are outstanding in their group and should be heard. Among them are the twelve-inch University co-axial No. 6201, very good at a moderate price, the Electro-Voice No. SP-15, a fifteen-inch co-axial, very good but more expensive, the Jim Lansing No. D-130, Stephens No. 106 AX, RCA LC-1A, the perennial Altec 604-B, in a loftier financial realm, and the Jensen tri-axial No. G-610, which is very expensive. All these manufacturers and others produce pretty complete lines of speakers. Those enumerated are not the only good ones. Jensen, for example, makes very good speakers in the middling-expensive price class,

(*Continued on page* 61)

THE MATERIAL of this article, in much expanded form, will appear in the "Saturday Review Book of Recorded Music and Sound Reproduction," to be published next spring by Prentice-Hall. It will contain three separate sections, of which Edward Tatnall Canby will write on record making, C. G. Burke will discuss home reproduction units, and Irving Kolodin will comment on repertory and listening.



"Hum control? Why you can't hear a sound!"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Opera à la Mode

IRVING KOLODIN

ALL THE relevant (and irrelevant) ways of producing opera for home consumption are represented in this month's addition to the staggering total of complete works already available—with more to come, it seems, by almost every mail. The range extends from a Toscanini broadcast ("La Traviata") to a Bayreuth actual performance ("Meistersinger") with such incidental "normalities" as two studio-recorded "Carmens" (one American, one French) and a "Manon." Well, you might say, at least no movie sound track; but we have an example of *that*, too; Menotti's complete "Medium." There is also a fistful of excerpts from "Traviata" (in German!).

With all respect for scientific advances and the true historical importance of the Toscanini and Bayreuth issues, I find my enthusiasm trending to the studio products, especially the truly brilliant "Carmens." Considering our good opinion, several months back, for the other complete "Carmen" (Columbia's, from the Opéra-Comique), it is almost painful to think of the vast expenditure of time and money in triplication, no less, of the same work; but if this is regrettable, there is nothing puny about the results. With Fritz Reiner in charge of one and Albert Wolff directing the other, there are shades of quality to please all tastes.

All told, it is impossible to say which is "best" of the three, for even the first, though less powerfully reproduced than the two later ones, is a first-class effort, distinguished by the spoken text as originally conceived by Bizet. The London issue (LP set 6, $17.85) has an excellent cast, spirited direction, and the qualities of workmanship associated with this label. Certainly, the French text is delivered with more consistent style than is provided by the Metropolitan group which works for RCA (LP set 6102, $17.16.) This is especially true in the dialogue exchanges, in the conspiratorial quintet, and in the drama-packed final act. A big chorus and a good simulation of crowd noises at appropriate places are welcome too.

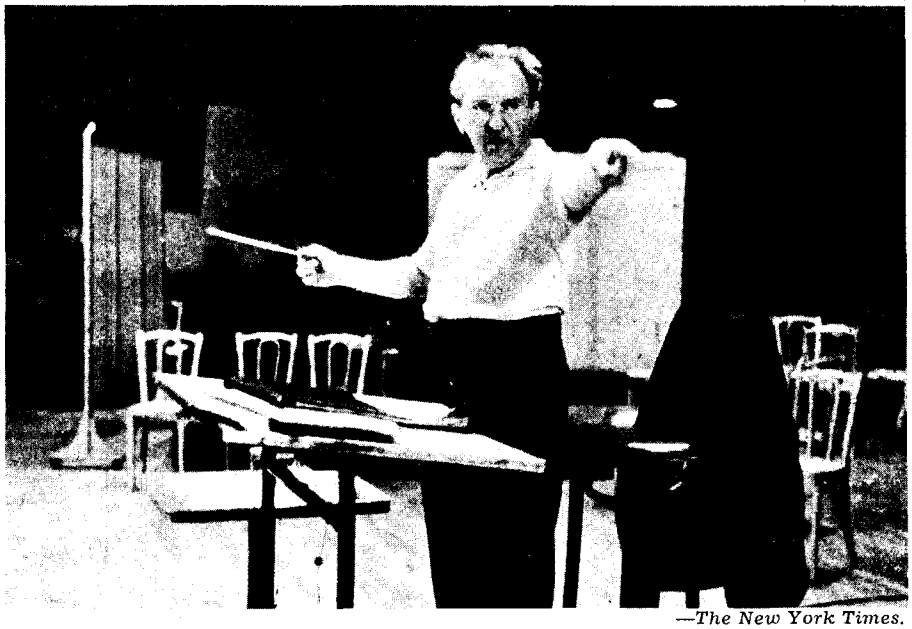
However, RCA has now caught up with its overseas competitors in the art of capturing sound with its original brilliance, and in the performance led by Reiner, with Risë Stevens singing a wholly restudied Carmen, Robert Merrill a potent Escamillo, and Jan Peerce a fervent Don José, it has sound of high original glow. Beginning with a virtuoso orchestra, which plays with magnificent discipline and artistry under Reiner's microscopically detailed treatment, the performance gathers momentum with each side, to a stunning climax of musical power.

FOR LONDON, Suzanne Juyol is a Carmen of many virtues, though I find her constant wobble trying; Libero de Luca (more of him later) is a youthfully believable José, and Julien Giovannetti a reasonably good Escamillo. One superiority the Paris group has over the American: that is Janine Micheau, whose clear-voiced Micaëla appeals to me more than the hard-driven sound provided by Licia Albanese. In the final analysis, it is Reiner and the reproduction that separate an accomplishment of thrilling excellence from another one "merely" very good. The two versions match each other in completeness, save that the RCA adds two dance episodes in the last act (an especially brilliant playing of the "Farandole" from the "L'Arlésienne" suite is one of the treats of the enterprise) omitted by London. Three LP discs are used in each instance.

The descent from these two high points goes by various stages. Keeping an eye on the level of reproductive quality they embody, the closest match is London's "Manon," in which De Luca and Micheau are again partnered by Wolff (London LP set, $17.85) in a musical-dramatic rendition superbly just, tender and ardent by turns, with a full partnership permitted to Massenet's deft orchestral colorations. But —and it is a very considerable but— the "artistic director" of this enterprise (Max de Rieux, of the Opéra-Comique) has decreed the intrusion of a spoken voice at a dozen different places in the five acts, even, in some instances, above the orchestra! This "commentary" (written by André de Badet and spoken by Roland Bourdin) is put forth as a substitute for some passages of dialogue (set by Massenet but omitted from the recording) whose inclusion would have necessitated an additional disc to the three here utilized.

Fortunate, indeed, that this barbarism was not perpetrated on this side of the Atlantic! We can imagine what the French would say were Milton Cross's dulcet tones to be intruded into "Manon." Of course, the spoken text is in French, which further limits its utility to most of our long ears. Supposing one can become inured to this aberration, the quantity of pleasure in these discs is very high: De Luca is certainly the best Des Grieux I have heard since Schipa, and Micheau's Manon is the best thing this able artist has put on discs. She, too, must answer to a charge of treason to what our notion of "Manon" is, however; for in place of the familiar "Obéissons quand leur voix appelle" (the Gavotte) she introduces a showy air ("Oui, dans les

(*Continued on page* 54)



—*The New York Times.*

Fritz Reiner at a "Carmen" recording session—"microscopically detailed treatment."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the great all star "Carmen"

Never before in recording history such a cast of operatic "greats"—every major role a headliner.

The complete opera! . . . with the great Metropolitan Opera conductor Fritz Reiner and the famous Robert Shaw Chorale. Complete, illustrated libretto included, and Deems Taylor's fascinating "Carmen" commentary. On "45" (16 records), $19.50; on Long Play (3 12″ records) $17.16.

A LIBRARY OF COMPLETE OPERAS

La Traviata. Toscanini, Albanese, Merrill, Peerce. NBC Symphony Orchestra. "45", $16.04. Long Play, $11.44.

Pelléas et Mélisande. "45", $20.65. Long Play, $17.16.

Aïda. Caniglia, Stagmini, Gigli, Tajo. "45", $24.64. Long Play, $22.88.

Don Giovanni. Glyndebourne Co. "45", $22.95. Long Play, $17.16.

Faust. Beecham, Cond. "45", $19.50. Long Play, $17.16.

Marriage of Figaro. Glyndebourne Co. "45", $16.04. Long Play, $11.44.

Rigoletto. Warren, Berger, Peerce, Tajo. "45", $15.52. Long Play, $17.16.

The Magic Flute. Beecham, Berger. "45", $17.19. Long Play, $17.16.

CavalleriaRusticana. Mascagni, Cond. "45", $13.73. Long Play, $11.44.

Prices suggested list, including Federal excise tax. Subject to Government Price Ceiling Regulations.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST ARTISTS ARE ON

RCA VICTOR records

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE OTHER SIDE

(IMPORTED RECORDINGS)

LONDON.

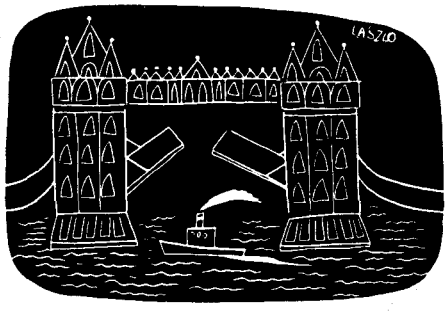
AT A TIME when HMV's future plans regarding microgroove recording are still officially shrouded in mist, that company has decided to take many an old matrix from the shelves and, after a thorough dusting, to press once again titles which have, among collectors, been changing hands for considerable sums. Under the heading of Archive Series a list of some 125 discs has now been published, four-fifths of them dating from the pre-electric era; these are to sell here at 15s. and 23s. ($2.10 and $3.20 approx.). It is not possible to give any more than just the briefest indication here as to the contents of this list; nearly sixty famous singers are represented, among them such names as Battistini, Bellincioni, Boninsegna, Caruso (no fewer than thirty-two records of his, including many made before 1905), Chaliapin, De Lucia, Destinn, Hempel, Ivogün (Zerbinetta's aria), Kurz, McCormack, Melba, Neshdanova, Patti, Plançon, Sembrich, Slezak, and Zenatello. Tremendous interest has been created by this list (though many consider the prices "a bit steep") and if it proves a success HMV will reissue many more titles of a similar kind.

New releases of more up-to-date vintage have been unusually hesitant this month: EMI seems to be suffering from festival hangover, for some of their most eagerly awaited October issues (including the Bayreuth "Walküre" Act III) have so far failed to turn up—a most unusual state of affairs where this well-organized company is concerned. Decca on the other hand seems to be mainly concerned with publicizing their new "Carmen" recording (this month's *The Gramophone* contains no less than four full pages of advertising matter devoted to this LP set—an unheard of extravagance by our standards); in any case their 78-rpm releases now rarely contain anything but duplications of previously published LP material.

Though this is supposed to be the Verdi year, Wagner is at present the composer most lavishly served by EMI. Apart from the tardy final act of "Die Walküre," we have on HMV a splendid "Tristan" Prelude, coupled with a somewhat less praiseworthy "Liebestod," played by Dobrowen and the Philharmonia Orchestra, while on Columbia Ludwig Weber's noble impersonation of Gurnemanz is heard in extracts from Acts I and III of "Parsifal" (rather pointless, if Decca is to release the entire Bayreuth performance with Weber in the cast), and there is also a rousing performance of the Introduction and "Sailors' Chorus" from Act III of "The Flying Dutchman," together with the "Spinning Chorus" from Act II, by the Vienna Opera Chorus and Philharmonic under Karajan. It is rumored that next month Columbia will release their entire Bayreuth "Meistersinger" on 78 rpm (it must add up to between thirty-five and forty records, heaven help us).

Among the lesser orchestral fare we find the Prelude, Adagietto, and Farandole from "L'Arlésienne" agreeably performed by the Hallé Orchestra under Barbirolli on two HMV discs; also on HMV the Florence Festival Orchestra under Serafin is heard to fine advantage in Mascagni's pleasant overture to "Le Maschere." On Columbia there is a sensitive performance of Debussy's "Fêtes" by Galliera and the admirable Philharmonia, and for the younger members of the family the same orchestra, under George Weldon, gives us the "Toy" Symphony (attributed to Haydn on the label, but see "True and False in Haydn," *SRL* Aug. 25) with cuckoo, nightingale, toy trumpet, etc., well to the fore.

In the past the gramophone cannot be said to have shown much interest in the music of Sergius Mikhailovich Liapounov, but evidently his compositions are more familiar in India than in America or Europe, for our old friend the Maharajah has made it possible for a major work by this composer (who died in Paris in 1924) to be recorded. It is a group of studies for the pianoforte entitled "Douze Etudes d'Exécution Transcendante," dedicated to "the venerated memory of Franz Liszt with the composer's homage." Liapounov is clearly concerned as much with romantic ideas as with pianistic pyrotechnics, though the studies are as difficult to play as their collective title suggests. Some of the material can fairly be described as commonplace, but on the whole this set of nine Columbia discs forms a valuable contribution to the recorded piano repertoire. Louis Kentner's performance is very fine.



Horowitz's first appearance in this country for well over a decade is an important event, and the occasion has been marked by HMV with the release of Chopin's B flat minor Sonata. Unfortunately, the recording is of appalling quality [the American issue was thoroughly good. Ed.] and one wonders how it ever came to be passed. Two further piano discs bring cherished memories of artists recently deceased. Lipatti's performance of Chopin's "Barcarolle" must rank among his finest achievements, while the C minor Impromptu, Op. 90, No. 1, reminds us (if such a reminder were indeed required) that as an interpreter of Schubert's piano music Schnabel stood alone. To round off this selection of nineteenth-century keyboard works we have Mendelssohn's "Variations Sérieuses," played by the now seventy-four-year-old Cortot. His fingers are no longer as nimble as of old, but his playing remains as poetic as ever.

AS FAR as vocal releases are concerned, the main interest centers around HMV's Archive Series and the Wagner excerpts mentioned above; apart from these only Christoff's superb "Song of the Flea" and "Volga Boatmen," once again very much in the Chaliapin manner, and two Grieg songs, "Guten" and "Ved Rundarne," gloriously sung by Flagstad, deserve to be mentioned.

Flagstad has been the center of the last musical venture occasioned by the Festival of Britain (which officially ended on September 30). Shaking the dust of Covent Garden's Valhalla from her shoes she made her way to the diminutive Mermaid Theatre at No. 43a, Acacia Road, London N.W. 8., in order to play the part of Carthage's Queen in twenty performances of Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas." Her fee? Free board and lodging and two pints of stout per day! Those were the terms of the contract drawn up between her and the well-known actor Bernard Miles (who was responsible for this replica of an Elizabethan stage); the two artists had met at a party and became firm friends after Miles had been pushed into reciting his "Tristan and Eyesolda" monologue in which we are constantly reminded that this Eyesolda is "a fine big girl" and much

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

trouble is caused by a substance entitled "love-lotion."

Under the terms of this contract (which can surely have no equal in operatic history) Flagstad undertook "to use only her best-quality voice, fully supported by the breath throughout the performance; to sing all her notes in time and in tune, but not to add any notes, grave notes, acciaccaturas, appoggiaturas, upper or lower mordents, shakes, trills, turns, titillations, or other embellishments; to let the management look down her throat with a laryngoscope whenever they need encouragement; to be obedient, tractable, sweet-tempered, and helpful in every possible way, and not to brag about the Vikings." In addition to supplying the two pints of stout daily, the management promised "to appoint as her personal slaves their three youngest members [Miles's children], who shall wait upon her hand, foot, and finger; to give her plenty of little surprises, presents of flowers, fruit, fish, and fresh foliage; to recite to her, to write letters and little poems to her; also to take every opportunity of making her laugh."

I cannot vouch for Flagstad as far as "bragging about the Vikings" is concerned, nor did I witness any inspection of her throat, but from a musical point of view she has been as good as her word; her Dido has been an unforgettable experience not only to the ear (rarely can a singer have enunciated the English language so beautifully), but also to the eye. She was supported by a good cast that included a rather tired sounding Maggie Teyte (Belinda), and the orchestra, directed from the harpsichord by Geraint Jones, made its contribution not from the customary pit, but from the stage balcony. HMV could do worse than to use this opportunity of replacing their existing, far from satisfactory, recording of this lovely work.

The 1951-52 Covent Garden season will have opened by the time these lines are in print. Karl Rankl's successor has still to be found, but for the time being we shall have a series of distinguished guest conductors—Sir John Barbirolli (who opens the season with "Turandot"), Franco Capuana of La Scala, Josef Krips (who will be in charge of Britten's new full-scale opera "Billy Budd"), Erich Kleiber (who will conduct the first stage performances in this country of "Wozzeck"), and Sir Thomas Beecham. Sir Thomas has apparently made his peace with the management of the Royal Festival Hall, for he will make his first appearance there on October 17, a concert that was sold out almost as soon as it was announced.

—Thomas Heinitz.

It's fun to be an AUDIO-PHILE!

And HIGH-FIDELITY helps to make it more so, for this is the special magazine edited for people who enjoy fine musical entertainment at home.

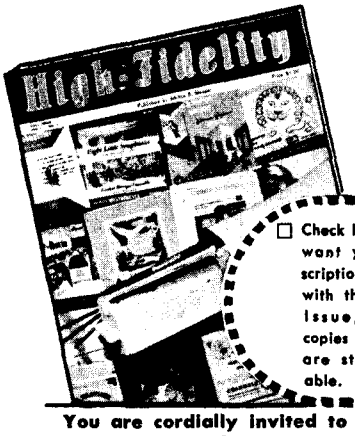
MOST FOR YOUR MONEY: If you are planning your first hi-fi FM-phonograph installation, be sure to read the feature article: "Budget Your High Fidelity." It explains how to make a well-balanced selection in choosing your amplifier, turntable, pickup, and loudspeaker, so as to get maximum performance for whatever amount you plan to spend. (16 pages, 21 illustrations)

ABOUT TAPE RECORDING: With the new tape equipment, you can become a recording expert in a single evening. In your own home, you can make amazingly realistic recordings of everything from family conversations to instrumental music and singing, or make your own programs from radio shows (omitting commercials) by connecting the recorder to your radio receiver. (12 pages, 19 illustrations)

DECORATIVE APPEARANCE: When you walk in with an armful of hi-fi gear, if your wife greets you with, "Don't take that junk in the living room," get out HIGH-FIDELITY Magazine, and show her all the pictures of attractive installations in fine homes. Win her enthusiastic approval by getting her to help you plan a really beautiful FM-phonograph installation. (16 illustrations)

CHOOSING RECORDS: Maybe you like to sweat it out in music-shop listening booths, but you can save time, keep cool, and get a world of help in building your record library from "Schubert on Records," "Tops for the Juke Box," "The Music Between," and "Records in Review," by such leading critics and commentators as C. G. Burke, Carl Eaton, Edward Merritt, Jr., and John Indcox. (18 pages)

HIGH-FIDELITY is a big magazine, 8¾ x 11⅝ inches, handsomely illustrated, with nearly 100 photos and drawings, and beautifully printed on fine paper. It is published quarterly in September, November, February and April.



High-Fidelity

FOR PEOPLE WHO ENJOY FINE MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT AT HOME

Published by Milton B. Sleeper

☐ Check here if you want your subscription to start with the Summer Issue, a few copies of which are still available.

Mr. Charles Fowler, Editor, High-Fidelity
84 Audio Bldg., Great Barrington, Mass.
Please enter my subscription to High-Fidelity:
☐ $6.00 for three years (SAVE $6.00)
☐ $3.00 for one year (SAVE $1.00)

Name.....

Address.....

Add 50¢ per year in Canada, $1.00 foreign

You are cordially invited to visit us at the Audio Fair — Room 641. Bring your own records to try on the completely new F·A·S Triplex Air-Coupler.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The Rake's Progress"

ROBERT CRAFT

VENICE.

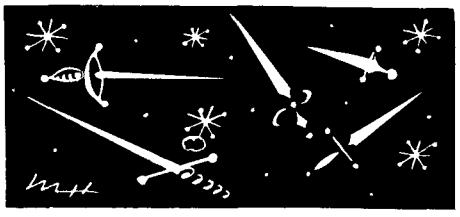
I HAD BEEN too deeply occupied with "The Rake's Progress," and for too long, to be qualified to "review" its first performance, but when the "reviews" came in I no longer felt out of bounds. They were wholly inadequate and could have been written any place, on the bases of rumor. *Time*, for example, credited T. S. Eliot with "polishing" the libretto. Eliot, in fact, did notice a split infinitive; he also questioned whether the word "alluvial" would be used in a work of the Hogarth period. However, this preceded by months the setting of the text, to which any "polishing" would be related.

Discussion of "The Rake's Progress" confronts the problem of any work to be heard, with the further complication that it depends on performance in a way unprecedented for Stravinsky. It lacks the mechanical propulsion—or the search for it—of most other Stravinsky works. In this new and unexpected—shall I call it largeness?—the performer inherits responsibilities once dogmatically denied him by Stravinsky himself. In Venice I heard two weeks of rehearsals and five complete performances. In all, the great experience it holds was realized but once, at the second dress rehearsal. Other times it was brisked through, with the ever-present danger of being discontinuous.

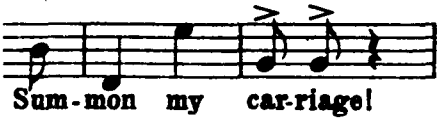
What about language? Those without access to librettos differed as to what they heard, and well they might. In spite of their touching efforts, the Italian chorus was ridiculous. For others, there seemed to be no tradition of sung English. For instance: "My wife? I've buried her" was heard in a certain place by some; others heard it as, "My wife? I've married her"—in this case, a different thing. Perhaps, with their limited expectations of understanding any opera text, English-speaking people do not expect to understand an opera in English either.

Stravinsky must have felt defensive about language, for he prefaced the printed program with the statement that the "Rake" had given him English syllables which he treated in his own way, as he had similarly—in his own way—treated the French syllables of "Persephone," the Latin of "Oedipus," the Russian of "Les Noces," etc. This was an unnecessary warning; in any case, it does not strip criticism. Words cannot be abstracted from surroundings as though their functions in a song, an oratorio, or an opera staged and acted were exactly the same. Nor, of course, has Stravinsky acted as though they can. It is his statement, not his practice, that is in question.

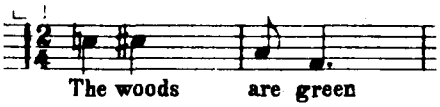
In a few places the "Rake" does suggest the paradox that the better the poetry, the more difficult it is to set to music. Poetry has its own rhythm measured in feet. This rhythm is often contradictory to the arbitrary two-



and three-beat bar units (with their natural stresses) in which most music is written (Satie being an exception). In the great periods of sung poetry our conception of the bar was unknown. "The Rake's Progress" is always verse and sometimes poetry—in spite of its authors, who deplore poetry in librettos, but are too much poets to restrain themselves entirely. It is in these instances of reflectively beautiful verse that the contradiction asserts itself. Stravinsky has shown his respect for Auden's verse by trying to frame something of its parsing in his music, whereas Gide's fatuous "Persephone" goaded him to distortion.

A glance at the score shows that occasionally Stravinsky denies or does not consider the natural stress of the bar (a curious thing considering that the bar is the tyranny he has most exploited and adored). As an example,* there is the phrase "summon my carriage":

* *Musical examples are reprinted with permission of Boosey & Hawkes.*

In addition, Stravinsky often favors the definite article on the accented beat, as in the Auction scene:

Note the first line of the opera:

It fairly asks to be rebarred:

The | woods are | green

a tendency endorsed by the pitches. But in the performance none of these mattered as much as one had feared.

REGARDING FORM, much of the freshness of the "Rake" is in the variety and invention of its bridgework. Truly, Stravinsky is the Pontius Maximus of composers. His forms come to life because of his unique ability to build up, organically, successive parts. These parts are seldom germinal to a master scheme (as they are in a Beethoven sonata movement) and they seem to range about freely. What saves them from being piecemeal is Stravinsky's connecting and unifying genius. The modulatory passages, like elevators connecting the various shelves of tonality, are among the most fascinating in the score. On the other hand, keys are sometimes juxtaposed without modulation, and sometimes an academic cadence is managed in such an exquisitely new and fresh manner that you are compelled to look at the music to see just how the creative mind functions.

A sterling example of "connecting" elevator (or bridge) is the change from the tonality A in the prologue, on the words "farewell, farewell," to G for the announcement, "The progress of a Rake begins," to C for the Brothel scene. The abruptness rings lightning dramatic changes, yet the timing is so perfect that each alteration of key bears, equably, the impression of a "farewell," a point of moral departure, and a transition to an experience far distant in time, place, and kind. At the end of the Brothel scene there is another "connecting" page of incredible effect. In a few bars we go from an A major 6/8 chorus in the Mother Goose brothel back to the betrayed heroine in her country cottage. The chorus is gay, dancing music (the Venice production defied it by having the chorus stand still), but the coda is so poignant, so moving, that it changes the significance of the entire scene. Of course,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the instrumentation is important, but the woodwind trio which follows creates a great perspective for the blissful woodwind quartet which opened the act.

Three formal ideas help enormously to unify the opera: a kind of over-all tonality—all roads lead to A—in which there is strong plot-character-event key association, a sparing but powerful use of what I am constrained, unwillingly, to call "motives"; finally, the subtle reprise of arias. Two so-called "motives" must be mentioned: the "wish" motive that cues the character of Shadow and marks the Rake's "Progress"; and the prayers of Anne and Tom (the same music) heard before the finales of the first and second acts, which beautifully measure the intervening music and events.

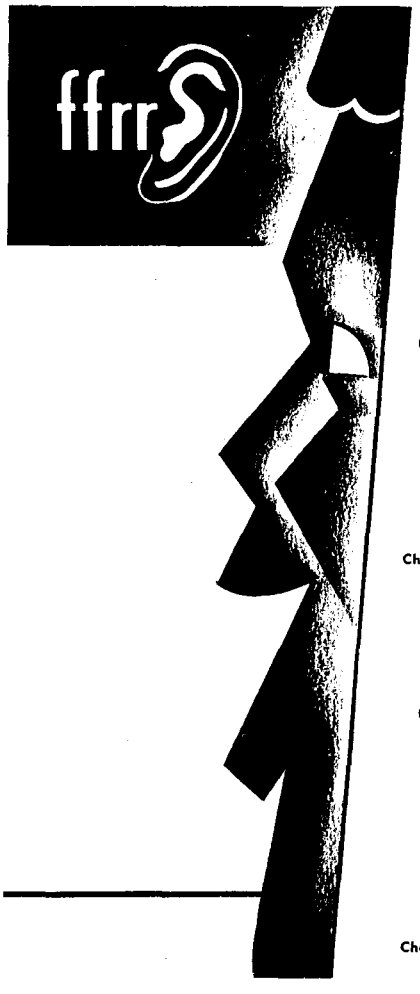
There are several other instances of the reprise as an instrument of unification: Baba's aria in Act III harks back to her Act II scene, and Rakewell's Act III reprise of the cabaletta of Act I gains from the introduction of strings for accompaniment, after nothing but keyboard music for nearly twelve minutes. In the last act, Anne's aria from Act II, Scene II, is recalled, off-stage, unaccompanied, with brilliant effect.

In form, the "Rake" is so obviously Mozartian that it must bear comparison with great works of that composer, "Don Giovanni" in particular. In the Aristotelian trinity—plot, characters, and action—it is undeniably poorer. In the fourth category, of language, it is possibly the richest of all operas. Compared to "Don Giovanni," the "Rake" moves slowly. Its first scene is too long and inactive; half of the act is gone before the "Progress" begins. Today the "footlight aria" seems static, out of place; in Mozart's time it had the justification of covering a necessary scenic change.

All the characters of "Don Giovanni" are types become individuals. They are created by the destiny of the plot; they are bound to each other and to the whole; none is dispensable. But in the main characters of "The Rake's Progress" (Rakewell and Anne) the individual shines through the type only very late in the play. Trulove and Mother Goose have such small roles that they remain obscure types. Sellem, a really likable character, is a mystery. He has a fascinating scene all to himself, but he is, as concerns the "Progress," entirely dispensable. Likewise, Baba, the bearded Turkish woman taken by Rakewell as his bride. She remains an episode, and in spite of her three big scenes, she does not integrate at the end. She is a poor substitute for Zerlina, who precipitates everything and remains in the center of things until the end. Shadow is the character with the most ordered "Progress": *from a devil to the Devil.*

The music is lucid, rich, and varied, always appropriate and dramatic, orchestrated with consummate mastery. The libretto is a mine of good singable syllables. These have been well exploited. There is room and air everywhere in the score. As always with Stravinsky, he limbers up only after strict procedures; the score gains in ease as it goes along. There is no addiction to ostinatos, and the voice-leading and harmonic invention are prodigious. One name does come to mind: Tchiakovsky's. Every page of the "Rake" testifies to Stravinsky's love for the operas and ballets of Tchaikovsky. The cut of the phrases is seen through Tchaikovsky's eyes, also the orchestra, and even Mozart.

The "Rake" is popular opera. It has half a dozen popular arias. It is quite assured of a popular place. It should encourage several things: a restudy of the place of opera today; opera in English; and a harvest of new operas.



LONDON
RECORDS

COMPLETE RECORDINGS
OF TWO GREAT OPERAS

"CARMEN"

Complete Recording (GEORGES BIZET)

CAST:

Carmen	Suzanne Juyol
Don José	Libero de Luca
Micaela	Janine Micheau
Escamillo	Julien Giovannetti
Morales	Marcel Enot
Frasquita	Denise Boursin
Mercedes	Jacqueline Cauchard
El Dancairo	Jean Vieuille
El Remendado	Serge Rallier
Zuniga	Henri Medus
Lillas Pastia	Pierre Germain

(ARTISTIC DIRECTION . . . MAX DE RIEUX)
Choeurs et L'Orchestre de l'Opéra-Comique, Paris. Conductor: ALBERT WOLFF
LLPA-6 $17.85 tax incl.

"MANON"

Complete Recording (JULES MASSENET)

CAST:

Manon	Janine Micheau
Des Grieux	Libero de Luca
Lescaut	Roger Bourdin
Comte Des Grieux	Julien Giovannetti
Pousette	Claudine Collart
Rosette	Agnes Disney
Javotte	Jacqueline Cauchard
Guillot	Jean Christophe Benoit
De Bretigny	Guy Godin
L'Hotelier	Pierre Germain
Deux Gardes	Serge Rallier, Pierre Germain

(ARTISTIC DIRECTION . . . MAX DE RIEUX)
Choeurs et L'Orchestre de l'Opéra-Comique, Paris. Conductor: ALBERT WOLFF
LLPA-7 $17.85 tax incl.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OPERA A LA MODE

(*Continued from page 48*)

voix") which Massenet wrote for another soprano who wanted a showy air. This is like "Lucia" without the "Mad Scene," but, again, it's the French who did it. Everything else is beyond complaint.

WITH Toscanini's "Traviata" and the Bayreuth "Meistersinger" we are in another world of ifs, ands, and buts. As the project for a studio-made "Traviata" with Toscanini seems beyond realization, it is certainly a service RCA has done in providing this wonderfully intense replica of the broadcasts (December 1946). Whether much has been done to alter the original Studio 8H sound, I can't say; it has the veritable dryness and lack of life-giving resonance associated with that bygone chamber—also its razor sharp clarity and X-ray revelation of even the slightest blemishes. Considering the tension and pressure of the occasion, there are amazingly few of the latter (why the exacting Toscanini should have resisted release of this performance so long is difficult to understand). There are also virtually no audience noises, and the few that come through are inconsequential. In every other way, certainly, this is a triumphant success, permitting us to hear and rehear at will the great score in uncluttered directness, with a personnel fully able to render justice to Verdi as represented by Toscanini. Albanese's Violetta is her major phonographic accomplishment, Peerce may well be proud of his Alfredo, and Merrill's youthfully fervent Germont was an augury of all the good things he has since done.

As a musical experience this "Traviata" has few phonographic parallels for momentum, concentration, and ever-mounting dramatic force. Though a week elapsed between the performance of Acts I and II (Scene 1) and Acts II (Scene 2) and III, there is, if anything, more pulsing life in the later sections of the drama than in the earlier. Those who have long treasured their Muzio disc of the death scene will find in Albanese's a different intonation, but no less emotion; with the orchestral values as touched in by Toscanini this rises to a height of expressiveness rarely known on discs. Could it be but the prelude to releases of "Bohème," "Fidelio," and "Otello" done under similar circumstances? Critical and consumer response will have a large share in that, we're told.

The Bayreuth "Meistersinger" returns us to some of the aural atmosphere remembered from the famous "Tannhäuser," "Tristan," and "Lohengrin" excerpts of old: the massive orchestra, singularly full acoustical background of the Festspielhaus, the evident care of preparation and attention to musical detail. But those, it must be remembered, were in effect studio "takes": no audience was present, and there were presumably repetitions when things went wrong. In the present instance the audience is intermittently audible (via the international cough), the performers get off-mike now and again as they move about (the effect is not unlike that of a Met broadcast), and the ailments to which the flesh is susceptible in actual performance have not been wholly cured by patching parts of one occasion with another. As recording, this set (Columbia LP set 117, $26.50) is weakest in its treatment of the orchestra when it plays alone; both the Prelude and the Act III introduction are wiry and distorted (presumably the microphone arrangement was contrived for over-all justice, with disadvantage to the orchestra when alone). Otherwise the sound has fine fulness and, every so often, the unique volume associated with this famous theatre.

Easily the choicest of the performers is Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, whose Eva is deliciously sung, more in the Rethberg style than the Lehmann one of Lemnitz. Hans Hopf is by no means a bad Walther, though not a brilliant one; he has a rich baritonal middle and a ringing top, which he can utilize effectively when he can get set for it. My impression is that he is not too experienced in the part, and may be expected to improve. Dealing further in likenesses, Otto Edelmann's Sachs has something of the crispness and precision in the enunciation of the text which marked Schorr's work; likewise, a certain amount of tentativeness. But it is hearty and well sung, if not perfectly characterized. The virtuoso of the affair is Erich Kunz, whose Beckmesser is almost too likable for this crusty gent; fortunately, even he cannot make Wagner's satirical writing less than satirical. Magdalene and David are satisfactorily done, Pogner less so. Herbert von Karajan works with unceasing authority as conductor, sometimes with warm touches of individuality.

—*Eduard Renner.*

Erich Kunz—"almost too likable."

As between the two complete "Meistersingers" currently available (London's is still to come), Columbia's has a more even panorama of quality (if lesser performers as Sachs and Pogner than the Urania), no such glaring blemish as Aldenhoff's Walther, and some notable high spots—the duets of Schwarzkopf and Edelmann, the quintet, the massed effects in the scene by the Pegnitz. Moreover, though both versions are absolutely complete—I have checked each against the score—the Columbia uses one record less, at a further saving per unit ($26.50 vs. $35.70). London is still to be heard from.

MERCURY'S sound-track recording of the music and speech from Menotti's "The Medium," as done in Italy by Marie Powers, Annie Maria Alberghetti, and others under the baton of Thomas Schippers (the composer supervising) is not without interest, if somewhat limited in utility. Were there not already a clean, efficient version on Columbia of the original cast (also with Miss Powers) this might command more attention, but the sound-track's recording technique is one of the weaker aspects of the film, and it is but emphasized in this by-product utilization (Mercury LP set 7, $9.70). Menottians will note that there is some extension of the original score in this film version, but not enough to make it notably different.

Finally, the "Traviata" excerpts in which Maria Cebotari, Helge Roswaenge, and Heinrich Schlusnus are the principal singers, with Hans Steinkopf conducting (Urania LP 7011, $5.95). Assuming an ungovernable appetite for the art of one (or more) of these singers, this will be a rewarding dish; but even my palate for Schlusnus could not relish him in a portion of *Verdi alla tedesco*. Even without the plain contradiction provided by Toscanini's "Traviata," this would be distorted phrasing and overblown vocalism; with that reminder so close at hand, any incidental virtues are obscured. For Roswaenge, Cebotari, Schlusnus fans, we report: strong westerly winds, tending to gale force.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HITS AND MISSES

SIMPLE, regional music—hill-billy, cowboy, Caribbean, etc.—often has fine pulse and spirit, but the specially exciting thing is when one of these warm traditions suddenly reveals some little lyric jewel. Out of rural Dixie comes "Bonaparte's Retreat," or else the New Orleans catalogue yields Jelly Roll Morton's unforgettable "Winin' Boy." This month we have struck upon a magic bit of calypso from Blind Blake, who entertains at the Royal Victoria Hotel in Nassau, and who has just produced an album under his own name (Art Records AL-3, $6.50). The number in question, given as his own composition, is "Run-Come-See, Jerusalem," and has to do with the loss of women and children in a sea disaster off Bahamas during the hurricane of 1929.

It is a ballad of great poignancy, with the characteristic calypso flexibility of phrasing (solo voice, other voices, and plucked strings) and it has a wonderfully easy syncopated momentum which reminds me of such relaxed masters as Fats Waller and intensifies the religious lift of the whole. Blind Blake's work throughout his album is well and solidly made, but "Run-Come-See, Jerusalem" seems to me to be one of those unique and subtle discs which is likely to have devoted friends for a long time to come.

Stan Freeman and ensemble—"no tinkling."

Mary Martin has sung two Rodgers & Hammerstein songs which were evidently intended for "South Pacific" and not included in the final production (Columbia 27-G, 89c.). One is a quiet, gracefully turned rhythm number, "My Girl Back Home," and the other a romantic plaint, "Loneliness of Evening." Both are likely to exert a firm claim on those who admire the composers. It is obvious here, again, that some of the best songwriters have exceedingly interesting desk drawers. Miss Martin, in passing, has seldom been in better voice. And while on sentimental subjects, it may be noted that the first great hit of Rudy Vallee, his own "Deep Night" (written around 1929 with Charlie Henderson of Hollywood, then Vallee's pianist and fresh from Harvard's Hasty Pudding Club), has had a sumptuous and fitting revival, featuring three trombones, by Duke Ellington (Columbia 39545, 89c.).

One of the bright potentials of long-

(*Continued on page* 59)

LIBERTY Music Shops

ANNOUNCING A NEW RECORDING
of
SMETANA'S DELIGHTFUL OPERA

THE BARTERED BRIDE

URANIA RECORDS

Opera lovers and connoisseurs will want to own this magnificent recording featuring Soloists Traute Richter, Sebastian Hauser, Kurt Böhme and Ralph Peters with the Chorus and Orchestra of the Berlin Civic Opera conducted by Hans Lenzer.

☐ **URLP 210—Three 12" Long Playing 33-1/3 Records and Libretto $18.50**

OTHER OUTSTANDING URANIA RECORDS

Wolf: DER CORREGIDOR—Opera Marta Fuchs, Margarete Teschemacher, Karl Erb, Josef Hermann, Georg Hann, Kurt Böhme, Gottlob Frick, Chorus of the Dresden State Opera; Saxon State Orchestra; Karl Elmendorff, conductor

☐ URLP 208—3 12" LP's & Libretto—$17.85

Couperin: HARPSICHORD SUITE—Eta Harich-Schneider, Harpsichord

☐ URLP 5003—1 10" LP—$4.75

Roswaenge-Schlusnus Recital: Arias and Duets by Verdi and Mozart; Orchestra and Chorus of Berlin State Opera; Hans Steinkopf, conductor

☐ URLP 7027—1 12" LP—$5.95

J. Strauss: WIENER BLUT—Operetta Irma Beilke, Traute Richter, Rita Streich, Sebastian Hauser; Soloists, Chorus and Orchestra of Berlin Civic Opera; Hans Lenzer, conductor

☐ URLP 209—2 12" LP's—$11.90

LIBERTY Music Shops

450 MADISON AVE. AT 50th ST.
795 Madison Ave. at 67th St. 975 Madison Ave. at 76th St. (In Hotel Carlyle)
228 East Post Road, White Plains

LIBERTY MUSIC SHOPS
Madison Ave. and 50th St.
New York 22, N. Y.
Please send records checked to:
Name .....
Address .....
.....
.....
Payment enclosed ☐ Charge ☐
For parcel post and ins. add 30¢ E.—50¢ W. of Mississippi
Free delivery in N. Y. C. area, add 3% Tax

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Recordings in Review

Legend Into Life

SCHUMANN: *Concerto in A minor. Dinu Lipatti, piano, with the Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Herbert von Karajan.* (Columbia LP 2195, $4.) *The same. Rosl Schmid, piano, with the Bamberg Symphony directed by Joseph Keilberth.* (Mercury LP 15020, $3.85.)

IT IS hard to believe that the expert, sensitive player of this volatile performance with Karajan is already dead, that we shall never hear Dinu Lipatti in this country. By its evidence —as confirmation of intimations from other things issued on 78 rpm—it is clear that this Rumanian was a musician of rare insight as well as a virtuoso of unusual powers. That is merely adding a belated "Amen" to the fervent expressions of regret that filled the musical press when he died last year on the threshold of a brilliant career.

To judge from his playing here, Lipatti was one of those welcome performers whose inclinations run parallel to one's expectations of a given work based on a distillation of innumerable performances by players of all sorts. Thus it is expressive, but not overplayed, Schumann; brightly powerful, but not insistently exhibitionistic; animated, but not pell-mell. If anything, it is one of the most dynamic playings of this score I can recall, without being in the least tough-minded. Von Karajan is an adroit collaborator, and the reproduction is thoroughly satisfactory.

There was a moment or two (prior to the arrival of the Lipatti) when the Rosl Schmid-Keilberth version seemed the answer to some desires not fulfilled by either the Rubinstein or Serkin performances. However, it survives the now devastating comparison with credit for sound musicianly impulses and as a recording rather more listenable than most items of Bavarian origin issued here by Mercury.

—*Culver.*

Rosa Ponselle—"pure vocal capacity."

Richards I and II

WAGNER: *"Siegfried's Rhine Journey"*; also STRAUSS: *"Don Juan." Arturo Toscanini conducting the NBC symphony Orchestra.* (RCA Victor LP 1157, $5.72.)

THOUGH denigration of Wagner, glorification of Verdi seems fashionable just now, we note no such partisanship in one whose history has paralleled theirs for seven decades. As intense as is Toscanini's service to Verdi (see page 48) by current phonographic note, so it is to Wagner in this tempestuous, broadly accentuated, and wholly typical treatment of some great pages from "Götterdämmerung." Carnegie Hall seems to be the place of this occurrence, with results complimentary to all.

Carnegie Hall was, for certain, the scene of the "Don Juan" recording on a certain day last January after a painful knee injury had immobilized the Maestro for some weeks. Something slighter was suggested as an "ice-breaker," but Toscanini would have none of it. "Let us find out now," he is quoted as saying. He found out then, and we find out now: such reserves of power! One of the great performances this work has had on records (Mengelberg's comes to mind as a possible parallel), better reproduced than any previous one.

A Rosa Is a Rosa Is a Rosa

PUCCINI: *"Vissi d'arte," etc. Rosa Ponselle, with orchestra.* (Addison Foster LP 1201, $5.95.)

WHILE waiting for the hoped-for examples of the Ponselle voice rendered with the justice of present-day recording methods, we accept with gratitude and recommend with enthusiasm this disc of ten revivals of the glory that was Rosa and the grandeur that was Ponselle. So far as we can determine, they are culled from the old Columbia Graphophone catalogue and are at least thirty years old. However, one item at least—"Elsa's Traum" from "Lohengrin"—is either the loudest acoustic record ever made or one of the most successful uses of the echo chamber that has come our way.

Rossini—"something nearing grandeur."

In almost every instance, the interest is in the pristine glory of the vocal sound itself, curving, floating, soaring on the supports of a wondrous technique. Her "Vissi d'arte" is not a triumph of characterization nor is her "Si, mi chiamano Mimi," but these and "In quelle trine morbide" ("Manon Lescaut"), "Voi lo sapete" ("Cavalleria"), "Un bel di," and "D'amor sull' ali rosee" ("Trovatore") are amazing vignettes of pure vocal capacity, without registers or "ranges," moving along a scale smoothly equalized from top to bottom, with equal facility in legato or fioratura. The adaptations have been skilfully done, with a kindly attention to noise control.

Off-Stage Rossini

ROSSINI: *"Stabat Mater." Jonathan Sternberg conducting the Vienna State Opera Orchestra, with the Akademiechor and Anton Dermota, Paul Schoeffler, Ilona Steingruber, and Dagmar Herrmann.* (Oceanic LP 24, $5.95.)

VIRTUALLY everyone is familiar with the stirring "Cujus animan" from this work, if only from the antique record in which Caruso's voice gave brass to wax and a thirty-watt output to a mere acoustic horn. Now, in this day of "full length" and "complete," it comes to the attention as a

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

totality of remarkable power, lyric beauty, and something nearing grandeur.

Sternberg can be commended for more than enterprise in seeing this work through to a recording. He has absorbed a good deal of its special atmosphere and inculcated it into singers for whom, one suspects, it posed more than slight difficulties. Easily the most adaptable of them is Dermota, who sings with his familiar cultivation of style, and also with a kind of outspoken fervor more common in Italy than Austria. Schoeffler in his usual artistic self, but the ladies leave something to be desired in suavity and vocal control. Tonally the recording is excellent, with plentiful range for chorus and orchestra.

Virtue Unrewarded

MOZART: *Concerto in D minor (K. 466). Rudolf Serkin, piano, with the Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy.* (Columbia LP 4424, $5.45.)

ALMOST as a matter of principle I hesitate to speak ill of a recording of a Mozart piano concerto—especially from a major company—on the theory that there is almost a public good to be served by encouraging as many as possible from every source. However, I question if the way to do them is with a virtuoso pianist, virtuoso orchestra, and virtuoso conductor. So much virtue should yield virtuous results, but the whole is something less than the sum of the parts. There is in this work an undercurrent of thought and expressiveness which rarely comes to the surface of this undeniably expert, but curiously businesslike, performance. It goes, it moves, it has pace and continuity, but it doesn't, to my ear, ever get down to the basic Mozartian facts of the case. The pattern of virtue includes recording supervision wholly attentive to first principles of balance and clarity.

Rudolf Serkin—"curiously businesslike."

Debussy Plus Stokowski

DEBUSSY: *"Nocturnes," "L'Après-midi d'un faune," and "Clair de Lune." Leopold Stokowski and a symphony orchestra with Robert Shaw Chorale.* (RCA Victor LP 1154, $5.72.)

AS IN certain other recent issues, Stokowski has here come full circle in his attitude toward some works with which he has long been identified, arriving at long last at the starting point from which his reputation derived. It is quite conceivable that Ansermet or Munch would organize these sounds in quite a different way, but Stokowski's formula has much musical virtue to commend it as well as an infinite amount of pure aural suasion.

Note, for example, the wonderfully controlled crescendo in "Fêtes," or the distant off-mike effects in "Sirènes" which make the latter sound something like the piece Debussy had in mind, as it rarely does in the concert hall, where the chorus is either too close or too far away. Here it is faded in and out with taste, as though it were one more choir in the orchestra. Soundless LP surfaces are a distinct asset to the pluperfect sound.

These remarks, it must be added, are decidedly one-sided. On side two Stokowski engages "L'Après-midi" and "Clair de lune" in tortuously exaggerated instances of personal predilection ruling the composer's indications; *beaucoup du beau ton,* but flagrantly individual tempi and phrasing.

Isolde! Isolde!

WAGNER: *"Isolde's Narrative" and "Love Duet" ("Tristan," Act II). Kirsten Flagstad, Set Svanholm, Constance Shacklock, and Elizabeth Höngen, with the Philharmonic Orchestra directed by Karl Böhm and Issay Dobrowen.* (RCA Victor LP 1151, $5.72.)

THE ENTITY called posterity is certain to take a dim view of the perceptions governing record making, c. 1951, to judge from the limited utilization of Kirsten Flagstad's voice in a time of full-length "Tristans" and extended "Ring" excerpts from Bayreuth. We, of course, know all the competitive factors involved; they are certainly going to seem inconsequential ten or twenty years hence.

These excerpts have no notable unity—two conductors, two Brangänes—save the perpetual splendor of Flagstad's voice and her ever-increasing emotional identification with Wagner's music. The predominant emphasis is still on vocal splendor rather than emotional identification, but they come increasingly into balance as time passes. These recordings suggest the thrust and amplitude of her voice more than any previous ones, but neither Höngen and Dobrowen, in the "Narrative and Curse," or Svanholm, Shacklock, and Böhm, in the "Love Duet," are what she should have in associated singers and conductors. However, the pealing rich tones and implacable musicianship are almost tangibly there. —IRVING KOLODIN.

Masked "Masked Ball"

VERDI: *"Un Ballo in Maschera."* (Classic Editions LP 5001, $17.85.)

SRL RECORDINGS, upon investigation of the purported participation in this recording of Maria Caniglia, Galliano Masini, Cloe Elmo, etc., together with the "Opera-Roma" orchestra and chorus, is in a position to state categorically that none of this personnel is involved. It is, in fact, a pirated reproduction of a Metropolitan Opera broadcast, in which the relevant personnel were Daniza Ilitsch, Jan Peerce, Leonard Warren, and Margaret Harshaw, with Giuseppe Antonicelli conducting. Date: November 22, 1947.

Many patent facts point to the Metropolitan as the point of origin—acoustical background, audience applause, spacing of the action, etc.; plus the unmistakable vocal qualities of Peerce, Warren, Harshaw, etc. Further consultation with Met officials isolated minor participants as well, thus pointing to the specific date.

Twenty years of record reviewing has given us a wide acquaintance with the improbable, the impossible, even the incredible; but not previously with anything so insulting to critical acumen. We can't begin to count the number of lawsuits in the offing, but the writing fraternity ought to join in one for gross contempt of the critical court.

—I.K.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Recordings Reports: Classical LP's and Albums

See page 66 for Pop Roundup

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: Sonata in G minor. Ossy Renardy, violin. London LP 423, $4.95.	Suavely stylish violin playing, but a little glossy and under-accentuated for this kind of writing. Either Alexander Schneider or Georges Enesco offers more satisfaction to the mind, if not so much sheen to the ear. Good sound.
Bach: Concerto in D minor. Robert, Gaby, and Jean Casadesus, with N. Y. Philharmonic conducted by Dimitri Mitropoulos. Columbia LP 2196, $4.	All-around sensitive work by the related soloists and well-correlated orchestral playing under the direction of Mitropoulos. Nice open resonant sound, excellent balance among the several elements of the ensemble. On the overside Casadesus *père* plays the E major French suite (No. 6) neatly, deftly, and a little mechanically.
Bach: Suites in D and D minor. Lillian Fuchs, viola. Decca LP 9544, $5.85.	Magnificent is hardly too strong a word for the instrumental mastery and musical intelligence provided by Miss Fuchs for these works (Nos. 6 and 2 of the unaccompanied series usually played by cellists). The big tone she produces and its keen microphoning give more than an illusion of cello sound, while retailing the flexibility of the viola.
Beethoven: Trio in B flat, Opus 11. Reginald Kell, Lillian Fuchs, and M. Horszowski. Decca LP 9543. $5.85.	Continuation of a project designed to provide performances by Reginald Kell of all the worthwhile works in the clarinet literature. His art is in fine estate here and in the overside Mozart trio (E flat, K.498) in which cellist Frank Miller takes the place of violist Fuchs. Admirable reproduction.
Borodin: "Polovetzian Dances." RIAS Orchestra directed by Ferenc Fricsay. Decca LP 9546, $5.85.	Unexpectedly excellent sound and finely stylistic conducting by Fricsay. Lacking, however, is the chorus provided in the Stokowski version. Overside are the four "Slavonic Dances" from the Dvorak Opus 46 turned off in rather rushed manner by the Munich Philharmonic under the direction of Fritz Rieger. Clear recording, a little thin in its partiality to the high register.
Brahms: "Variations on a theme by Haydn." Ferdinand Leitner conducting the Württemberg State Orchestra. Decca LP 9542, $5.85.	Straightforward, well-considered direction by Leitner, a little warmer than the more virtuoso version by Ormandy and the Philadelphians. The "second" side may well be commended for itself, for it offers a well-phrased, strongly reproduced version of Franck's "Variations Symphoniques," played by Geza Anda, piano soloist, and the Concertgebouw Orchestra conducted by Eduard van Beinum. In any case, a thoughtful coupling of two outstanding works in the variations genre.
Brahms: Symphony No. 1. Joseph Keilberth and the Berlin Philharmonic. Capitol LP 8153, $4.98.	Number four in the list of versions of this work on LP, and not substantially more satisfying than those by Rodzinski, Stokowski (Hollywood Bowl Symphony), and H. Arthur Brown. Not all the evidences of dubbing from 78 rpms have been removed from the final tape (a bad break or two in particular). Workaday conducting, good but not compelling sound.
Chausson: "Poème." Zino Francescatti, violin, with Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy. Columbia LP 2194, $4.	A great deal of expert effort in the Chausson, which has everything but the intangible called "atmosphere." I have never heard it sound so rich on records, for which the great orchestra and its luscious woodwinds may be complimented; but it doesn't melt or magnetize. In the "Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso" of Saint-Saëns, in which the only problems are executive ones, craft reigns supreme.
Haydn: Symphony No. 45 ("Farewell"). Alois Melichar conducting the Munich Philharmonic. Mercury LP 15028, $4.85.	One of the greatest of the "early" Haydn symphonies, this version manifests some rather deliberate tempi by Melichar, which would be a lesser blemish were the recording better. Coarse highs and rough bass are no less the traits of this reproduction than others from the same source by Mercury.
Ippolitow-Ivanow: "Caucasian Sketches." Roger Désormière conducting the Orchestre de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire. London LP 440, $5.95.	Add the Russians to those whose works are attuned to the taste and temperament of Désormiere, with unquestionable benefit to the listener. He colors each of these *morceaux* delightfully, and the engineers have given him super-special cooperation. The overside suite from Tchaikovsky's "Sleeping Beauty" is no less expert, though I stand firmly behind a preference for the richer, more supple treatment by Constant Lambert.
Mozart: Concerto in E flat (K.447). Mason Jones, French horn, with the National Gallery Orchestra conducted by Richard Bales. WCFM LP 8, $5.95.	Plentiful facility by Jones, well known for his work with the Philadelphia Orchestra, but the instrument is not too well treated by the microphone set-up. As in other discs by this ensemble, the string tone tends to be coarse. On the second side Barbara Troxell sings the motet "Exsultate, Jubilate" and "Ruhe sanft" from Mozart's early, incomplete opera "Zaide." She begins the aria delightfully, with clear, fresh sound, but the florid middle section is less successful. The pattern tends to repeat itself in the more challenging "Exsultate Jubilate," of which the Elisabeth Schwarzkopf version (on English Columbia) remains the phonographic standard.
Mozart: Concerto in D (K.451). Artur Balsam, piano, with Winterthur Orchestra conducted by Victor Desarzens. Concert Hall LP 1405, $5.95.	Sophisticated finger work by the resourceful Balsam in a work phonographically unfavored. It is not a score which wears its charms ostentatiously, but it insinuates. The total sound seems a bit distant from the ear, but it is consistently pleasant. Good orchestral work too. The "Je suis Lindor" variations (K.354), graceful music, gracefully played, fill side two.
Schumann: "Davidsbündler" Dances. Ray Lev, piano. Concert Hall LP 1104, $5.95.	Admirably studied performance by Lev, full of sensitive detail and thoughtful shading. Also well-recorded. However, the brief "Arabeske" shows this pianist in a more familiar vein of rough and ragged edges.
Schumann: "Im Wunderschönen Monat Mai," etc. Richard Tauber, with Percy Kahn piano. Decca LP 9547, $5.85.	An extremely miscellaneous Tauber collection, backing the four famous excerpts from "Dichterliebe" (also "Nussbaum," "Heidenröslein," and "Die Lorelei") with sentimentalized versions of "Lotosblume," the Strauss "Ständchen," Grieg's "Eros." As long recollections will recall, the second group is further embarrassed by an unwanted "salon" orchestra. However, few will want to be without the superbly sung Schumann and Schubert. Sound is about as good as the best of the previous Tauber reissues.
Tchaikovsky: "Casse-Noisette" (Suites 1 and 2). Anatole Fistoulari conducting the Orchestre de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire. London LP 441, $5.95.	Chipper, well-prepared playing which doesn't quite match the dash and elegance of the Stokowski version. However, the usual eight excerpts are swelled by the addition of seven items, including the "Waltz of the Snowflakes," "Pas de deux" from the last act, "Spanish Dance," etc. (There is no actual "Suite No. 2": Fiedler made a similar selection of excerpts for his issue of a "Suite No. 2" a few years back.) Splendid recording throughout, with a notably wide dynamic range. —IRVING KOLODIN.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HITS AND MISSES

(*Continued from page 55*)

playing records is the recording of hot jam sessions at full length, with all the opportunity for variety of treatment and accumulation of tension that ten or twenty of thirty successive choruses provide. At hand are two LP's—"Jamming at Rudi's" Nos. 1 and 2 (Circle L407 and L410, $3.85 apiece) which are waxings of informal jazzbandmanship at the home of the jazz writer and entrepreneur Rudi Blesh. No. 1 features the New Orleans style band of Conrad Janis and includes highly agreeable long performances of "High Society," "See See Rider," and "When the Saints Go Marching In." This is all very happy and propulsive playing in which I would single out the cogent banjo of the colored veteran Danny Barker. No. 2 features a more elaborate hot band, of the flavor of the last decade, including Lips Page, trumpet, and Tyree Glenn, trombone. The ensemble virtues of the New Orleans parade and blues style give way to more emphasis on solo virtuosity—my own choice would be the blues called "Moanin' Dan." It does not seem to me that either of these jam session discs results in particularly memorable passages; on the other hand, the merit of multiple choruses, in the way of encouraging group spirit, is well illustrated.

THE skilful be-bop pianist George Shearing and his quintet have made a highly characteristic if not so bop-pish long-player called "Touch of Genius" (M-G-M LP E90, $3) in which I find their music, as usual, exceedingly pleasant, ingenious, and lukewarm. All is talented, and there is no combustion. There is, on the other hand, plenty of combustion in the pianist Stan Freeman's harpsichord collection called "Come On-a Stan's House" (Columbia LP 6193, $3) in which he produces some powerful harpsi-barrelhouse. His gamut runs from tributes to Scarlatti through pleasant variations on "September Song"—but it is his vigorous punching out of such numbers as "Perdido" which registers here. Freeman gives his own twentieth-century-style demonstration that the harpsichord is no mere tinkling machine to accommodate a precious idea of the eighteenth century. As Landowska and others have long since shown, it is a sturdy and irridescent percussion instrument.

—WILDER HOBSON.

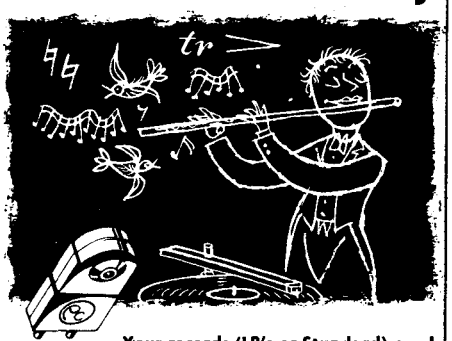
Lincoln
Automatic Turn-over Record-changer
... the complete answer to record collectors' fondest dreams
It turns the record over for you

• Automatically plays 20 standard or 22 long-playing records —ONE SIDE or BOTH SIDES, in PROPER SEQUENCE. Intermixes 7", 10" and 12" Records of same speed. Plays through your present Radio, Phonograph or Television. • SYMPHONIES, concerti and other works complete on one Long-Playing record, are played without interruption on the LINCOLN. • Come in and ask for a demonstration of this remarkable record-changer, or write for brochure.

• IN OUR MORE THAN THIRTY YEARS OF EXPERIENCE, WE HAVE NEVER SEEN A RECORD-CHANGER ITS EQUAL

exclusively at
LIBERTY Music Shops
450 MADISON AVENUE • 795 MADISON AVENUE
975 MADISON AVENUE (HOTEL CARLYLE)
NEW YORK 22, N. Y.
228 EAST POST ROAD
WHITE PLAINS

for music lovers only

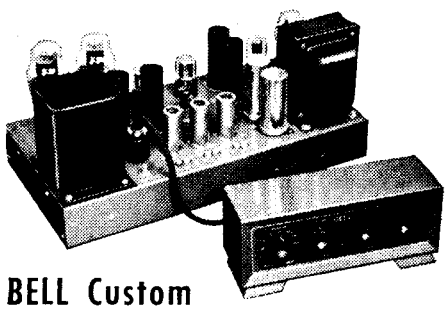


Your records (LP's or Standard) need not produce fuzzy, noisy, distorted music. In their sound grooves is fine musical realism of concert hall quality that can be recreated by record players if equipped with fine audio components: pickup, arm, compensator, preamplifier, etc. Such components by Pickering are the finest available; the choice of engineers, leading record critics, music lovers and specialists in the production of custom record playing systems.

Pickering High Fidelity Components are available through leading jobbers and distributors everywhere; detailed literature will be sent upon request.

PICKERING & CO., Inc.
Oceanside, L. I., N. Y.
For details and literature address Department D

Satisfies demands of the most exacting music fans



BELL Custom
HIGH FIDELITY AMPLIFIER
with amazingly versatile Remote Control

For more enjoyable and relaxing listening, choose this Bell 2145 Amplifier. Expressly designed for music lovers. Can be used with any built-in or custom audio system. Assures finest reception at all sound levels, with naturally *life-like* tone and clarity from recordings, broadcasts, and telecasts. And too, the small, neat remote unit lets you switch to and from AM, FM radio (or TV); or phono, for all domestic and foreign records, 78, 45, and 33⅓ rpm; also adjust volume, bass, and treble. It can be table or console mounted at your favorite easy chair, or other point. Amplifier can be tucked away out of sight. The cost of this master touch to your music system; phono, radio, or TV set is surprisingly low. Write for details today.

BELL SOUND SYSTEMS
BELL Sound Systems, Inc.
562 Marion Road, Columbus 7, Ohio
Specialists in custom components for home music systems

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Concert Hall Society

MOZART SERIES

By the brilliant Mozart interpreter, Artur Balsam

PIANO CONCERTO IN C, K. 415 PIANO SONATA IN C, K. 330	1-12" CHS-1116
PIANO CONCERTO NO. 1 IN F, K. 37 PIANO CONCERTO NO. 2 IN B-FLAT, K. 39	1-12" CHS-1119
PIANO CONCERTO NO. 6 IN B-FLAT, K. 238 PIANO CONCERTO NO. 8 IN C, K. 246	1-12" CHS-1120
PIANO CONCERTO NO. 16 IN D, K. 451 12 VARIATIONS FOR PIANO ("Lindor"), K. 354	1-12" CHS-1405
PIANO SONATA IN D, K. 576 FANTASIA IN D MINOR, K. 397	Lily Dumont, pianist 1-12" CHS-1115

TCHAIKOVSKY SERIES

Walter Goehr, conducting the Winterthur Symphony Orchestra

SUITE NO. 1 FOR ORCHESTRA, OP. 43	1-12" CHS-1121
SUITE NO. 2 FOR ORCHESTRA, OP. 53	1-12" CHS-1122
PIANO CONCERTO NO. 2 IN G*	1-12" CHS-1125
PIANO CONCERTO NO. 3 IN E-FLAT*	1-12" CHS-1126

(*Featuring the noted British pianist, Mewton-Wood)

BEETHOVEN QUARTET SERIES

Featuring the celebrated Pascal String Quartet

QUARTET NO. 7 IN F, OP. 59, No. 1 "RASOUMOVSKY"	1-12" CHS-1205
QUARTET NO. 8 IN E MINOR, OP. 59, NO. 2 "RASOUMOVSKY"	1-12" CHS-1206
QUARTET NO. 9 IN C, OP. 59, NO. 3 "RASOUMOVSKY"	1-12" CHS-1207
QUARTET NO. 12 IN E-FLAT, OP. 127	1-12" CHS-1209
QUARTET NO. 13 IN B-FLAT, OP. 130	1-12" CHS-1210
QUARTET NO. 14 IN C-SHARP MINOR, OP. 131	1-12" CHS-1211
QUARTET NO. 16 IN F, OP. 135 THE GREAT FUGUE, OP. 133	1-12" CHS-1212

For new complete catalogue ask your dealer or write to:

Concert Hall Society, Inc.

250 West 57th Street • New York 19, N. Y.

Spotlight on the Moderns

NOT MANY years ago there would have been cause for excitement on receipt all at once of three American symphonies by Cowell, Piston, and Thompson from such a source as the new American Recording Society. American music then was proverbially "coming of age" and any new manifestitation on its behalf was a motive to pat on the head the precocious child. It would have been proper in those days to remain diplomatically silent as to the inferior quality of the reproduction out of sheer gratitude towards the gesture made. Even now that our composers stand up against their European competitors in the eyes of the public and the commercial recording companies, there is, of course, still great need for an altruistic society like ARS, with backing of Columbia University's Ditson Fund, to fill up the gaps that exist in the recorded library of American music. But at a juncture when so many strides have been made in recording method, it is too much to expect from the reviewer that he omit expressing his disappointment at the quality of the reproduction in these recordings made in Vienna under Dean Dixon's direction.

The chamber works, scheduled for later release by ARS, would have made a less imposing opener. But a young company without inexhaustible funds would have done better to avoid the inevitable pitfalls of orchestral music until it had established itself favorably by less pretentious means. In its first releases the winds so outweigh the strings that it is not easy to tell whether the reproduction or the playing is more responsible for the labored sound.

Walter Piston's Second Symphony is the most distinguished of the three large works (LP 1, $4.35). Devices in common usage today are given infiinite dignity, and Piston is masterly in dovetailing them and alloting to each its just emphasis. The same composer's Violin Sonata is also on the current list (Decca LP 9541, $5.95), and this is fortunate, since it reminds us of the wealth of polished detail we might also hear in the symphony if it were so well recorded as this excellent chamber work. The playing of Joseph Fuchs is exemplary and Artur Balsam's assistance at the piano is first-rate. One of the things that give Piston's music its unique character is the way he insists on the long line at a time when others are exploiting the constantly interrupted phrase. The demands of this method on the performer are considerable, and in the slow movement of the sonata it is rewarding to observe how remarkably Fuchs sustains a particularly extended lyrical impulse and turns it out gemlike, with no blemish to its delicate shape.

On the reverse side, the same musicians are heard in a performance, full of vitality, of another substantial contemporary sonata, Nikolai Lopatnikoff's second for violin and piano. This work has somewhat less finesse than the Piston and perhaps a different microphone set-up was appropriate to its robust, impulsive nature. But I prefer the sharply etched sound on the Piston side, which seems to me more faithful and natural.

Of the other two ARS releases there is this to report: Randall Thompson's Second Symphony is well-made and its allusions to ragtime and popular song broaden its appeal (LP 4, $4.35). These allusions may date, however, because they are not sufficiently idealized to assume timeless stature. Henry Cowell's Fifth Symphony is less fun than some of the music in which he indulges in experimentation (LP 2, $4.35). Knowing as much as he does about Oriental culture, he ought to be able to give its music a less *Ersatz* expression than he does here.

But our American music stands up well when it is set besides some of the newest music coming out of Germany. Karl Amadeus Hartmann's Fourth Symphony for strings (Capitol LP 8146 $3.98) is a dreary academic work, full of predictable climaxes that are not far removed from Wagner's. The recording is mainly notable for the stunning string playing of the INR Symphony of Brussels, conducted by Franz André. Werner Egk's "Geigenmusik" and "French Suite" (Urania LP 7022, $5.95) are slickly orchestrated, but they are not much above the level of *Kapellmeistermusik*. The shadow of the drum major hovers over them and they recall those ballet scores of Minkus with the flourishes to signal the acrobatics of the dancers.

Martinu provides an inexhaustible supply for smaller companies who wish to get a "name" composer on their list. The Concerto for string quartet and orchestra and some works for chamber orchestra are essentially more of the same (Westminster LP 5079, $5.95). The performances under Henry Swoboda's direction leave something to be desired.

—ARTHUR BERGER.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KING SOUND

(*Continued from page 47*)

and most manufacturers have available separate two-way systems with high-frequency tweeters connected with low-frequency woofers by dividing networks. The F. A. S. System, with its development of a striking deep bass through the simplest, most economical, but not uncumbersome means, is decidedly worth examining.

Turntables and Motors. LP is king now in the record world and he is expensive. What damages him most—after an improper stylus—is an erratic turntable. The best turntables do not form part of record changers: they are heavier, more accurate, and deviate only imperceptibly from a horizontal plane. They must be hand fed, which is not truly a hardship with twenty-five minutes to an LP side. They are available in single, double, triple, and continuously variable speeds. Rek-O-Kut and Presto manufacture excellent turntables for household use, the Rek-O-Kut line being the most inclusive we know. Such turntables will be deemed expensive, and they certainly may not be called cheap. There are a number of efficient turntables and motors at a much lower price which have the general merit of the turntables used in changers.

Changers. Among the snobbish manifestations of advanced phonophiles is a general denigration of the automatic record changer. The writer shares this snobbery to an extent, but admits that music-lovers are going to continue to use changers as long as their 78 rpm's last; and changers also have obvious utility in playing a stack of 45-rpm popular discs when the warpage is not excessive. The mechanisms of these devices are ingenious and can be enjoyed visually. Webster has a large line of changers at the three customary speeds and the Garrard "Triumph" is a sturdy apparatus of substantial structure which operates its changing cycle with a minimum of noise and nuisance. Markel and Lincoln changers offer the advantage, for those to whom this advantage is important, of playing the two sides of a record consecutively. The degree of convenience here is obviously proportionate to the percentage of non-automatic 78's in one's record collection. It is an engaging pastime to watch these machines at work.

Preamplifiers and Equalizers. Since the output of magnetic cartridges is not great enough to stimulate an amplifier to adequate response, a preamplifier must be inserted between the cartridge and the amplifier to intensify the impulse. The use of magnetic cartridges latterly having become the rule rather than the exception, most amplifiers now have preamplifiers built into their chassis; but where a sound addict has a good amplifier without this provision he must supplement it by a preamplifier if he wishes to use a magnetic pickup. Preamplifiers which can be purchased separately extend from elementary and inexpensive types like the GE through more advanced designs at higher prices like the Pickering, to elaborate and considerably more expensive equalizing devices like those of Brociner, Gray, and H. H. Scott. (There are in addition certain compensators, like Pickering and Boston Radio Shack, which provide for five or six fixed circuits to correct the output of sides of varying characteristics, to be used in conjunction with a basic preamplifier.)

Gadgets. There will be many of these, some of solid worth and others recommendable only for a quickly expiring novelty. Phonophiles will no doubt be interested variously according to their susceptibilities.

Tuners. Requirements in radio tuners differ according to the location of those who intend to use them. An FM tuner is of no use where there is no FM transmission; nice selectivity does not matter for people in localities where broadcast stations are few, or in the largest cities where only local stations can be received, each with a clear channel. The ability to receive over a long distance is more important in Utah than in Connecticut; and elaborate tuner controls will add a needless expense if the amplifier used in conjunction with the tuners already has tone controls as good. Personnel at the Fair should be able to give accurate advice on the desirability of types of tuners they represent, according to the requirements of the potential user.

The following manufacturers have tuners of generally excellent characteristics: Browning, Espey, Hallicrafters, Meissner, Radio Craftsmen, Sun Radio.

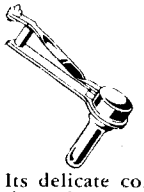
This little survey has attempted to list the components of a sound-system, to indicate certain kinds which experience has proved of superior merit, and to act as a point of departure for music-lovers intending to visit the Fair without the inordinate amount of spare time necessary to examine all the exhibits. Thus the survey is not complete, nor is it as inclusive as it would be were it a report of completed action rather than an announcement of an event to come.

In Sound Room
LISTENING TESTS
at Boston's Famous
RADIO SHACK

GE SPEAKERS
score 9 out of 10 firsts!

FROM all over the world music lovers come to Boston's Radio Shack on Washington Street for the finest in audio equipment. Here's what sound experts Bob Lewis and Lew Kornfeld, shown above with a General Electric 1201D speaker, tell us:

"For *fidelity* of reproduction and *economy* of price, G-E speakers are at the head of the class. In our Audio-Comparitor tests, where the listener can hear 4000 different combinations of pickup, amplifier, and speaker—we get more requests for G-E speakers and cartridges than for any other makes."



G-E BATON STYLUS
... an adventure in listening pleasure

Its delicate compliance picks up frequencies through 10,000 cycles per second—brings out the full tonal quality of your records as you've never heard it before. Buy the G-E Stylus separately or in any G-E Variable Reluctance Cartridge—at your music dealer's.

Let Us Send You This Complete New Catalog

General Electric Company
Section 41101-27
Electronics Park
Syracuse, New York

Yes—send me speaker information plus new G-E Styli and Cartridge catalog.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

GENERAL ELECTRIC

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Westminster
LONG PLAYING RECORDS

NOVEMBER RELEASES

TSCHAIKOWSKY
SYMPHONY NO. 4, IN F MINOR
Orchestra of the Vienna State Opera
Conducted by Hermann Scherchen
WL 5096

MOZART
PIANO CONCERTO NO. 24, C MINOR, K. 491
PIANO CONCERTO NO. 27, B FLAT MAJOR, K. 595
Paul Badura-Skoda, Piano
Vienna Symphony Orchestra
Conducted by Felix Prohaska
WL 5097

BEETHOVEN
STRING QUARTET, E MINOR, OP. 59, NO. 2
Vienna Konzerthaus Quartet
WL 5098

MOZART
STRING QUARTET, E FLAT, K. 428
STRING QUARTET, B FLAT, K. 458
Amadeus String Quartet
WL 5099

CHRISTMAS CAROLS
The Randolph Singers
Under the Direction of David Randolph
WL 5100

J. S. BACH
FANTASIA IN A MINOR
TOCCATA IN D MINOR
CHACONNE IN D MINOR
Reine Gianoli—Piano
WL 5101

All records 33⅓ RPM—$5.95 each

For Complete Catalog Ask Your Dealer or Write to:

Westminster
LONG PLAYING RECORDS

233 WEST 42ND ST., NEW YORK 18, N. Y.

You have never heard
a "live" orchestra in your living room
Unless you have listened to a...

CHILDS MADE-TO-ORDER SOUND SYSTEM
Phone for an eye-opening demonstration.
No obligation—No salestalk.
ULRIC J. CHILDS *Audio Engineer*
TRafalgar 9-8290
1601 First Ave. (cor. 83rd St.) N.Y. 28, N.Y.

The Bullfrog's Bass

EVER SINCE the loudspeaker appeared years ago there has been an apparently immutable acoustical law which has presented us with the unpleasant alternative — space or bass. Without space for the required bulky cabinetry we could not have bass. Radios and phonographs have been built smaller and smaller, but the rule has held adamantly; not one in millions and millions of these subsize machines has ever produced a note of true bass. Nature wouldn't allow it. One could have one's bass in the reproduction, but only by mounting loudspeakers in big, bulky, monumental, impressive, space-robbing cabinetries; and the worst of it was that there wasn't anything inside but air — the more enclosed air, the better our bass. That was the requirement, and no matter how the ingenious engineers have twisted and turned, no matter what the compromise (and about every sort has been tried), the basic ratio between space and bass has stayed just about the same for a quarter century.

And meanwhile everything else has been shrinking most gratifyingly, from record grooves to radio tubes, pickups to motors. Smaller—and better, too. Now you can build yourself a high-fidelity amplifier the size of your fist if you want to. Yet in the phonograph field we haven't bothered. Why produce miniature parts when the phonograph cabinet still has to be as big as ever? Indeed, the "hi-fi" movement has brought with it a host of even bigger and better enclosures, improving performance no end, but changing the old space-bass ratio scarcely a bit. Here, it seems, was a fixed relationship that we would have to take or leave. Most people have left it, buying those smart, convenient table machines, bass-less, which we all know well. The ear does a good job at converting their higher overtones into an impression of seeming bass — otherwise most of our phonographs would make no sense whatsoever to us. We can get along. Only the chosen few who own mammoth speaker cabinets now know what true bass reproduction sounds like. It's good, and once you have it you want nothing else.

And now suddenly an enterprising friend of mine has looked at nature's "immutable" law and found a way around it, as simply as you please. So simple that it is just about impossible to believe that nobody in all these years has done it before. His speaker cabinet is tiny, just about big enough for a speaker to fit inside, with inches to spare. But it gives bass performance that challenges the huge monsters we've always thought were *de rigeur*. How?

Nature, it seems, does know how to produce bass without taking up space. The bullfrog, for instance. Adapt the bullfrog's ingenious bass-making system to the phonograph loudspeaker and you have the essence of the new "RJ" speaker enclosure, so named tentatively after its promoters, Frank Robbins and William Joseph. The "RJ" principle is simple, flexible, adaptable to myriads of special circumstances. For the technical-minded, the operation (now protected) is via a modified Helmholtz resonator. The speaker — any standard model — is mounted in a sealed chamber scarcely larger than itself; the front of the cone plays into an ingeniously compact front-loading structure that equalizes pressures on each side of the cone and, the back wave being absorbed, the speaker is thus free to produce low tones to the best of its ability. The back wave, from the speaker's rear, is absorbed (hence a loss of some volume), the entire sound coming from the speaker's front. In single and co-axial speakers the highs are sent through by a further ingenious principle. Dual speaker systems employ the conventional "tweeter" (no space problem) mounted as part of the enclosure.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The "RJ" enclosure is hard to believe. A full sized fifteen-inch high-fidelity speaker with its associated horn "tweeter," mounts in a cabinet roughly *eighteen inches on a side*—to give exceptionally smooth bass, without peaks, straight down to the very lowest tones in the musical gamut.

An alternative experimental model places a modest eight-inch single speaker in a "cabinet" a bit over a foot wide and deep and eight inches high, the size of a table radio — yet this combination gives bass response flat down to below sixty cycles. That is far better bass than any open-backed full-size console phonograph on the market and it easily equals the performance of most twelve-inch speakers in bass reflex enclosures of enormously greater dimensions. Need more be said?

THE "RJ" speaker enclosure will be shown at the Audio Fair in New York (Nov. 1, 2, 3) and a technical paper on its operation is scheduled before the Audio Engineering Society. The device is not a complete phonograph, note well, but no more than a type of "box" for mounting conventional loudspeakers. But a box such as has never been seen or heard before. The enclosure is not yet on the market nor licensed for manufactured. Just what commercial form it will take remains to be determined. There hasn't been time yet to find out whether the principle is economically applicable to tiny speakers and cheaper machines, to improve bass response in the present restricted space. Even so, possibilities loom immense, and there's little doubt that here is the beginning of a revolution in home-reproduction equipment, from the medium-priced table model right through to custom hi-fi.

It would seem likely that, though first emphasis is bound to be on "high fidelity" applications, in the end the "RJ" type enclosure will be most important in the area of the medium-priced phonograph that most readers of this magazine own. Now at last the *good table model or portable* machine can equal the bulky console in quality of reproduction. With cabinet space cut down and/or bass quality greatly improved, we can expect a rash of ingenious new space-saving designs, for the first time really making use of the maximum physical available in other miniature components. With improved bass, better highs will be inevitable to restore the balance. It may take a while, but we ought to be in for a new era of better home listening.

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

MUSIC

(*Continued from page 21*)

lished separately as Op. 133." And there is plenty of humor.

When he writes so tenderly of his beloved Schubert, however, this canniness seems somewhat to forsake him. There he cannot admit any weaknesses. It is strange to hear him admitting that the G major Quartet was too long, but adding, "due to the diffuseness which Schubert would no doubt have remedied had he given himself time to do so." "Why," the reader cannot help asking, "why didn't he give himself time to do so—if he could?"

But after all one has to respect, one has even to love, the deep devotion Grove gave to the musicians he studied so faithfully and so long. When one reads his account of Schubert's death — "His simple earnest soul took its flight from the world . . . There never has been one like him, and there never will be another" — one thanks heaven for a music critic who could let himself (and criticism) go.

Musical Criticism

ORCHESTRAL MUSIC: An Armchair Guide. By Lawrence Gilman. Edited by Edward Cushing. Oxford. $6. Lawrence Gilman, probably the greatest of American music critics, was a man in whom thought, both in and beyond music, was profoundly philosophic, and expression touched heights of true poetry. This reprint, long needed, of many of his best articles, has been carefully if a little uncritically compiled. Sometimes, when several articles on the same composition were available, the editor has neglected the most characteristic in favor of more conventional ones. Occasionally his own contributions, so routine as to clash with Gilman's, suggest the soporific connotations of his sub-title: An Armchair Guide. Thus in a biographical note on Brahms he propounds an "advanced view" which "condemns the larger orchestral . . . works as pretentious and ill-wrought." Strange sentence to place beside Gilman on the B flat Concerto: "Here is music in which strength and loveliness and reason interact and interfuse. For a while, as you listen, this music gives meaning to the dark, fantastic idiocy of life . . . You realize that Beauty is man's divine retort to God."

Excellently printed, this book contains enough beauty to delight all lovers of music — and of inspired writing.

—DANIEL GREGORY MASON.

NEW DECCA
Gold Label Series ALBUMS

BÉLA BARTÓK
VIOLIN CONCERTO
(1938)
TIBOR VARGA, *Violin*
The Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra
FERENC FRICSAY, Conductor
Recorded by
Deutsche Grammophon in Europe
DL 9545—12-inch Long Play Microgroove
Unbreakable Record—$5.85

Borodin
POLOVETSIAN DANCES
from "Prince Igor"
RIAS Symphony Orchestra, Berlin
Ferenc Fricsay, Cond.

Dvořák
SLAVONIC DANCES
Nos. 1-4, Op. 46
The Munich Philharmonic Orch.
Fritz Rieger, Cond.

Recorded by
Deutsche Grammophon in Europe
DL 9546—12-inch Long Play Microgroove
Unbreakable Record—$5.85

MOZART
Trio In E Flat Major, K. 498
REGINALD KELL, *Clarinet*
LILLIAN FUCHS, *Viola*
MIECZYSLAW HORSZOWSKI
Piano

BEETHOVEN
Trio In B Flat Major, Op. 11
REGINALD KELL, *Clarinet*
FRANK MILLER, *Cello*
MIECZYSLAW HORSZOWSKI
Piano
DL 9543—12-inch Long Play Microgroove
Unbreakable Record—$5.85

RICHARD TAUBER
ROBERT SCHUMANN—FRANZ SCHUBERT
PHILIPP SILCHER—EDVARD GRIEG
RICHARD STRAUSS
Sung in German
DL 9547—12-inch Long Play Microgroove
Unbreakable Record—$5.85

J. S. Bach
SUITE No. 6
in D MAJOR for Viola
SUITE No. 2
in D MINOR for Viola
LILLIAN FUCHS, Viola
DL 9544—12-inch
Long Play Microgroove
Unbreakable Record
Price $5.85

MOZART
STRING QUARTET
No. 17 In B Flat Major,
K. 458 ("The Hunt")
The Loewenguth Quartet
Alfred Loewenguth
Maurice Fueri
Roger Roche
Pierre Basseux
DL 7517—10-inch
Long Play Microgroove
Unbreakable Record
Price $3.85
Recorded by Deutsche Grammophon in Europe

DECCA
Gold Label Series RECORDS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VOX PRODUCTIONS, INC.

DISCRIMINATING SELECTION
DISTINGUISHED PERFORMANCE

OUTSTANDING RELEASES

BEETHOVEN:
Mass in D, Opus 123
("MISSA SOLEMNIS")
Ilona Steingruber, soprano—Elsé Schuerhoff, alto—Ernst Majkut, tenor.
Otto Wiener, basso—Akademiechor
OTTO KLEMPERER conducting the Vienna Symphony Orchestra
PL 6990 2-12" $11.90

BEETHOVEN
Piano Concerto No. 4 in G Major, Opus 58
GUIOMAR NOVAES, piano
OTTO KLEMPERER conducting the Vienna Symphony Orchestra
PL 7090 1-12" $5.95

BERLIOZ:
L'Enfance du Christ, Opus 25
André Cluytens conducting l'Orchestre de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire
PL 7120 2-12" $11.90

CHOPIN:
Piano Concerto No. 2 in F Major, Opus 21
GUIOMAR NOVAES, piano
OTTO KLEMPERER conducting the Vienna Symphony Orchestra
PL 7100 1-12" $5.95

MAHLER:
Symphony No. 2, in C Minor
("RESURRECTION")
OTTO KLEMPERER conducting the Vienna Symphony Orchestra
Ilona Steingruber, soprano—Hilde Rössl-Majdan, alto
Akademie Kammerchor and Singverein der Musikfreunde
PL 7010 2-12" $11.90

SCHUMANN:
Piano Concerto in A Minor, Opus 54
GUIOMAR NOVAES, piano
OTTO KLEMPERER conducting the Vienna Symphony Orchestra
PL 7110 1-12" $5.95

All records 33⅓ RPM Microgroove

For COMPLETE catalog ask your DEALER or write to

VOX PRODUCTIONS, INC.

236 W. 55th St., New York 19, N. Y.

READ CANBY at his best in the magazine for those who want the finest in home radio and phonograph equipment.

HIGH FIDELITY Learn how to assemble your own phonograph amplifier and loudspeaker system and have concert hall realism in your own living room. AUDIO ENGINEERING is the magazine for those who want the best in reproduction—written for engineers, music lovers, and hobbyists in the newest field of all—AUDIO.
9-month trial subscription $2.00

AUDIO ANTHOLOGY A compilation of 37 important articles on amplifiers, speakers, complete home reproduction systems—all from past issues of AUDIO ENGINEERING, most of which are out of print and unobtainable. The authoritative reference book for the home music enthusiast.
$2 per copy

RADIO MAGAZINES, INC., Dept. LI
342 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

On Exhibit

TO PROVIDE a quick check-list of exhibitors at the Audio Fair and a summary of their products, RECORDINGS offers the following resume of exhibits. It is based on a questionnaire sent to all exhibitors as of October 1. Some answers were received too late for inclusion. To show the extent to which the exhibition has become a tradition, we have indicated a parenthetical number to indicate the number of years each manufacturer has been represented at the Fair. This being the third year, (3) would represent those who have exhibited every year.

Altec-Lansing Corporation (3)—New exhibits this year include an AM-FM tuner (303A), a new amplifier (A433A, A333A), and a corner speaker system (820A).

Amplifier Corporation of America (2)—New exhibits this year include a battery-powered tape recorder, for use where electric power is not available (nine pounds in weight). Also improved high-fidelity, popular-priced "Twin-Trax" recorder.

Audio Instrument Company (3)—New exhibits include low-cost intermodulation meter (Model 165), suitable for measuring high-fidelity systems, and galvanometer protector (Model 170). Also instruments for measuring acoustical performance of loudspeakers and true acoustical characteristics of recording studios.

Audio-Master Corporation (3)—Music on tape; tape playback machines. New exhibits include playback unit for use with tape made on any standard tape recorder.

A-V Tape Libraries, Incorporated (1)—A library of music pre-recorded on magnetic tape, ranging from square dances to the classics.

David Bogen, Incorporated (1)—Exhibits include high-fidelity amplifier with remote controller for armchair operation, a new AM-FM tuner, and communo-phone for use in homes desiring intercom system.

British Industries, Incorporated (2)—Leak "Point One" Amplifier; Wharfdale and Vitavox speakers. New exhibits include Vitavox speakers, multicell horns, pressure units, etc.

Brook Electronics, Inc.—Amplifiers shown by several distributors.

Collins Audio Products Company, Inc. (1)—Exhibits include Collins "pre-fab" radio tuners, composed of pre-assembled wired-and-tested units.

Cook Laboratories (2)—New exhibits include a miniaturized 50-watt amplifier and demonstration discs.

Electronic Workshop Sales Corp. (2)—Custom-built radio-phonograph systems in modern design.

Fairchild Recording Equipment Corporation (3)—Viscous-damped arm, with turret-head mounting of three diamond styli.

Fisher Radio Sales Co. (2)—New exhibits include new model of Concertone Tape Recorder (Berlant Associates), and a new preamplifier (PR 4).

General Electric Company (3)—New exhibits include the RRJ-013 stylus with 1-mil diamond and 3-mil sapphire combination, for use with GE triple-play cartridge.

G & H Wood Products Co. (1)—Complete line of cabinets designed for high-fidelity installations, also a varied line of loudspeaker cabinets, including folded horns.

Harrison Audio Shop (2)—Grommes eight-watt low-cost amplifier (LJ), also British Vitavox Speaker and Bitone dual-speaker system.

High-Fidelity Magazine (2)—New exhibits include improved F.A.S. Triplex Air-Coupler. Visitors are invited to bring their own records for test and demonstration.

Magnecord, Incorporated (3)—New exhibits include new binaural recording process for tape, utilizing two microphones and two channels on standard ¼" tape. Reproduction will be made through two balanced speakers and/or binaural headphones.

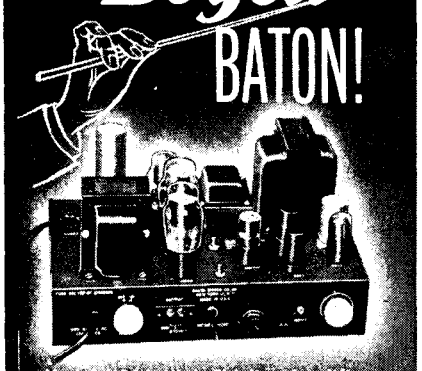
Permoflux Corporation (3)—New exhibits include corner speaker baffle, also high-fidelity binaural headsets. The latter is for use with double channel tape recordings.

Pfanstiehl Chemical Company (1)—"Strain-Sensitive" phono pickup, with associated preamplifiers.

Pickering & Co., Inc. (3)—New audio input system for use with Williamson-type amplifiers; also improved version of Pickering cartridges for microgroove recordings.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE Bogen BATON!



Model HOTO High Fidelity Amplifier and Model RXPX Remote Controller

YOU LEAD THE ORCHESTRA—from your favorite easy chair—with complete remote control of function selection, volume, tone and record equalization. Permits instant adjustment for maximum enjoyment of each selection on radio or phonograph. Handsome, compact remote control unit complements every decor.

Write for FREE catalog K-10

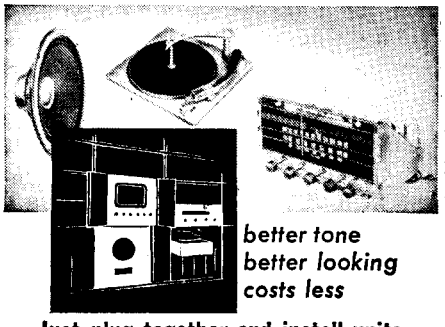
David Bogen CO., INC.

663 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 12, N. Y.

PIONEERS IN HIGH FIDELITY FOR OVER 20 YEARS

Enjoy a custom built-in phono-radio

high fidelity . . . low cost!



better tone
better looking
costs less

Just plug together and install units anywhere: wall, bookcase, cabinets

Espey FM-AM Chassis (hi-fi tuner, pre-amplifier and amplifier circuits in one unit). University 12" hi-fi Speaker. Webster 3-speed Changer. G. E. Variable Reluctance Cartridge (triple-play, dual stylus). *Units adapted and wired, ready to plug together and play.* Ensemble 77: only $177.62

Lafayette DIV. RADIO WIRE TELEVISION, INC.
100 SIXTH AVE., REctor 2-8600

Canal St. stop—6, 7, 8 Ave. subways. Visit High-Fidelity Hall, open Wed. till 9; Sat. till 5.
(Send for Custom Radio & TV Catalog)

Radio Corporation of America (3)—New exhibits include BK-1A announcer microphone and type BC-2B consolette providing all speech input facilities for AM, FM, or TV. Also 45-rpm records, Olsen speaker (LC-LA).

Radio Craftsmen, Incorporated (1)—Exhibits include C-500 ultra-fidelity amplifier, based on Williamson circuit; also C-300 tone control and phono preamplifier.

Rek-O-Kut Company (3)—High-fidelity recorders, phonographs, turntables, etc.

H. H. Scott, Inc. (3)—Amplifiers and audio components.

Mark Simpson Mfg. Co. (2)—New exhibits include disc recorders featuring Astatic turnover cartridge on playback for LP and 78 rpm, 125-watt amplifier, new dual-speed tape recorder (model DC-37).

Stephens Manufacturing Corporation (3)—New exhibits include cospiral full-range speaker (112), and high-frequency driver (P-35), also speakers, enclosures, etc.

Sun Radio and Electronics (3)—New exhibits include acoustical corner ribbon speaker, Tannoy dual concentric speakers, Sun Radio bookcase unit.

Televex Corp. (2)—Diamond phonograph styli for use with microgroove and standard recordings.

Terminal Radio Corp. (3)—New exhibits include Collaro changer (from England), low-cost corner speaker baffles, Terminal Korner-Kabinets with wallpaper finish to match living room.

Tetrad Corporation (2)—New exhibits include shadowgraph demonstration of diamond styli, wear tests in progress, also announcement of new process to mass produce diamond styli. Visitors are invited to bring along own styli for free shadowgraph inspection.

University Loudspeakers, Incorporated (3)—New exhibits include a series of multiple-speaker systems which can be purchased for under $100. New Diffusicone wide-range speaker will also be shown.

Readers are reminded that failure to catalogue an exhibitor means no more than failure of material to arrive in time for publication. Visitors to the Audio Fair are urged to visit all exhibitions, subject them to the scrutiny of their own eyes and—above all—their own ears. —THE EDITOR.

Why do you play your phonograph so LOUD?

Every music lover knows the answer to that question. It's because your phonograph just cannot reproduce the full range of your recordings at a normal listening level.

BUT . . . something new has happened in the sound world . . . and REK-O-KUT, manufacturer of recording and transcription equipment for the Broadcast Industry has done it. The new **RHYTHMASTER** and the **RECITALIST WILL** reproduce the full broad range of your recordings **at any listening level.**

REK-O-KUT'S exclusive **POLYPHONIC SELECTOR** accomplishes this by maintaining the proper relationship between the highs and lows when a record is played at **any volume** either very softly or very loud. Even with the volume turned down to a mere whisper, all the highs and the lows are reproduced clearly and without loss. Never before has anything like this been possible to achieve in a portable phonograph.

REK-O-KUT

Recitalist

featuring the

POLYPHONIC SELECTOR

Plays all records, standard and microgroove, from 6" to 16" and broadcast transcriptions.

BOTH OFFER 3 INSTRUMENTS IN ONE

1. **High-Fidelity Phonograph**
2. **P.A. System (with microphone)**
3. **Broadcast Receiver (with FM tuner)**

★ **RECITALIST** (Illustrated) equipped with 3-speed turntable **229.95**

★ **RHYTHMASTER,** similar to Recitalist but with Continuously-Variable-Speed Turntable that plays records at **ANY SPEED** from 25 to 100 R.P.M. **269.95**

Ask for a demonstration at any music store audio visual dealer or radio parts jobber. Or write direct to Factory for complete catalog and descriptive literature.

REK-O-KUT CO.

38-11 QUEENS BOULEVARD
LONG ISLAND CITY 1, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Enjoy the best!
GARRARD
Outplays the rest!
GARRARD

World's Finest 3-speed Record Changer with Automatic stop. Quiet motor. Heavy turntable. Prevents disturbing resonance, wows, rumble.

Can be used with your present set

GARRARD SALES CORP., Dept. S-10
164 DUANE ST., N. Y. 13
Gentlemen:
I am interested in learning what to look for when purchasing a 3-speed record changer. Please send me, without obligation, your FACT SHEET.
NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____ ZONE___ STATE_____

DIAMOND NEEDLES **$10.50** plus postage

Our main business is the manufacture of diamond styli for broadcasting stations and high fidelity sound equipment. As a service to the general public we offer to retip your present replaceable needle with a genuine, unconditionally guaranteed broadcast quality diamond tip for either LP or Standard records.

Send us your replaceable needle (or complete cartridge except Pickering) together with check or money order for $10.50 plus 25c for shipping.

THE TRANSCRIBER CO.
172-8 Green Street Boston 30, Mass.

ASK FOR —
Pictures at an Exhibition—Moussorgsky-Ravel. MG50000.
Music for Stringed Instruments, Percussion and Celesta—Bartok; Concerto Grosso for String Orchestra—Bloch. MG50001.
Chicago Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Rafael Kubelik
Exclusively on MERCURY CLASSICS
WATCH FOR —
Symphony No. 1 in D Minor—Rachmaninoff; (first recording). MG10111.
MERCURY RECORD CORPORATION

FOLLOW —the original score!
Low-Priced, Pocket-Sized Editions—NEW titles
BEETHOVEN†: The 32 Piano Sonatas, 5 vols. 3.98
MOZART†: Violin-Piano Sonatas, 3 vols., ea. .98
BACH*: Goldberg Variations, Italian Concerto, 30 Inventions ..... .98
†from "Urtext" *from "Bach-Gesellschaft"
& MANY OTHERS. WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG
Order From Your Dealer, or Direct From
LEA POCKET SCORES Dept. A, Box 138 New York 32, N. Y.

Film Programs Puzzling?
Complete index of 16mm film reviews and feature articles which have appeared in *SRL's* "Ideas on Films" and "Film Forum" now available.
Send 10¢ in stamps to cover handling and postage to
FILMS
THE SATURDAY REVIEW
25 West 45 Street, New York 19, N. Y.

Pop Roundup

MUSIC DUBBED from film tracks to discs, unfortunately, cannot include the visual business which is often integral to the performance. With face and figure invisible, Ava Gardner's singing makes unreasonable demands on us. Gene Kelly and Fred Astaire on occasion have made delightful recordings on which they have been able to communicate something of their personalities. Still, their sound-track recordings leave much to be desired.

The sound-track excerpts from "An American in Paris" (M-G-M LP E-83) feature Kelly, Georges Guétary, and the M-G-M Studio Orchestra under Johnny Green. Kelly's contribution (on the disc only) sounds a little pallid next to the vibrant Gallic style of Guétary, but this is unlikely to disturb anyone who has seen the film—and everyone should see it. Gershwin's songs are fresh, and the instrumental piece, "An American in Paris," used here for a major ballet sequence, has been directed knowingly by Green, who has written some pretty fair tunes himself.

One American who has done all right in Paris shows us now that it couldn't have been done with voice alone. But here again, if you've seen Josephine Baker perform, her LP "Chansons Américaines" (COL FL 9533) may round out some pleasant memories. Columbia has unearthed eight Baker sides, cut in France in the Thirties, featuring American songs by Rodgers, Porter, and others—sung mostly in French, in a manner that has since become standard with international chanteuses (Hildegarde comes readily to mind). The songs, including "Vous faites partie de moi" ("I've Got You Under My Skin") and "Bonsoir, My Love," radiate period charm, with a not slight contribution on that score from Wal-Berg et son orchestre.

Dance Discs

Les Brown has re-cut his big hit, "Sentimental Journey," with well-integrated vocal by the Ames Brothers (COR 60566) . . . And on the same label, there's a wonderful instrumental coupling of Ellington tunes, "In a Sentimental Mood" and "Caravan," by the Englishman Woolf Phillips and his orchestra (COR 60499). His unidentified alto saxophonist deserves a special round of applause . . . The same goes for Luis Arcaraz's trumpeter, heard this time in "Stormy Weather" (RCA 47-4256). Incidentally, if you've been seeing bullfighter pictures lately, "that" tune is "La Virgen de la Macarena," and Alcaraz's trumpeter plays it on another Mexican import (RCA 51-5524) . . . Gene Krupa's "Off and On" (RCA 47-4243) is a refreshingly live, original jump opus.

Tropical tempi: Among local Latins, Tito Puente is perhaps the most popular resident exponent of authentic Cuban rhythms. Piano, rhythm, chorus, and brass figure prominently in a provocative *son montuno*, "Cándido," and the overside *guaracha*, "Tu no eres nadie" (RCA 51-5474)—the best rumba coupling in many months . . . The bop influence is strong in a Mexican big band offering, "Me Voy Para New York." It's a *guaracha mambo*, by Julio Gutiérrez y sus Reyes del Mambo (COL 6653-X) . . . Argentine tangos are generally fast for local tangophiles, but Columbia has imported several matrices that can be used widely. For tempo, melody, and atmosphere, an instrumental coupling by Osvaldo Fresedo is especially recommended. The titles are "Para Lucirse" and "Mi Viejo Reloj" (COL 6645-X) . . . "Bucabu," by Machito's orchestra, with jazz saxophonist Flip Phillips, should prove exciting alike to jazz addicts and mambophiles (MER 8947).

—BILL SIMON.

. . . a "MUST" for all Opera and Choral Lovers!
ROSSINI'S
"STABAT MATER"
ANTON DERMOTA (tenor)—PAUL SCHOEFFLER (bass)—ILONA STEINGRUBER (Sop)—DAGMAR HERRMAN (alto)—VIENNA AKADEMIECHOR & VIENNA STATE ORCHESTRA, JONATHAN STERNBERG, Conducting
OCS 24—1 12" LP $5.95

Other LATE RELEASES!
HANDEL: Organ Concerto #13 ("The Cuckoo and The Nightingale"); Organ Concerto #14; Oboe Concerto #3 in G minor; Oboe Concerto #4 in E Flat major for Oboe, Strings, and Cembalo
OCS 25—1 12" LP $5.95
HAYDN: 'Cello Concerto in D major, Op. 101
SAINT-SAENS: 'Cello Concerto in A minor, Op. 33
MAURICE GENDRON, 'Cello and VIENNA STATE ORCH., JONATHAN STERNBERG, Conducting
OCS 23—1 12" LP $5.95
MOZART: Piano Concerto #14 E-Flat major (K. 449)
MOZART: Piano Concerto #22 E-Flat major (K. 482)
PAUL BADURA-SKODA, Piano, VIENNA SYMPHONY ORCH. with JONATHAN STERNBERG, Conducting
OCS 22—1 12" LP $5.95
OCEANIC Long Playing Records
15 PARK ROW — NEW YORK CITY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

Jolly Roger Department

SIR: Regarding Wilder Hobson's article in *SRL* Aug. 25, surely he (or you) will be notified quickly that he has made an error. He says: "Take note, first of all, that pirated phonograph records are not illegal: there is no relevant copyright law." Well, there is a relevant copyright law that gives the copyright owner of the recorded composition a legal fee, and he must be notified by any record manufacturer who sells a recording of the copyrighted composition (who, of course, must pay the statutory fee of 2¢ per side on all records sold). What Mr. Hobson probably meant was that the actual master of the record can't be protected legally. But it can. An "arrangement" of any copyrighted piece of music can be made, legally, only with the permission of the copyright owner, and many of the unique "arrangements" are copyrighted. But the basic idea that people are free to pirate recorded music is the dangerous part of Mr. Hobson's remarks—because there have been, and will be, many lawsuits on this matter, and the copyright owner always wins because the law says he HAS to win.

FRANCIS DRAKE BALLARD.

Hartsdale, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The whole question of copyright, as represented by a phonograph record, is a complex one, and Hobson's article was not meant as a defense of illegality. Rather it touched on the fact that while the copyright owner could protect "Struttin' with Some Barbecue" (for example), the record maker cannot similarly protect "Struttin' with Some Barbecue" plus Louis Armstrong. The fact is plainly evidenced every day through the operation of ASCAP, relative to radio and live performance of its copyright material, for which it collects a fee, though neither record maker nor artist receives any compensation for the same material when broadcast from a recording. We'd like to see a wholesale revision of the copyright laws, which has been often promised since the last bill was written in 1908, when many modern devices involving copyright were unknown. In the meantime, we mention as a perplexing complication the tales we hear that some of the pressing of "Jolly Roger" material is done, for a price, by the custom department of the same firm which holds the basic copyright!*

Schnabel and "Exercises"

SIR: In Cesar Saerchinger's "Schnabel in Retrospect" [*SRL* Sept. 29] there appear certain assertions that Schnabel "never asked a pupil to practise anything but the music itself and that he "never was known to touch an exercise of any kind." With your generous permission and with due respect to Mr. Saerchinger, I should like to modify these assertions by relating certain facts. . . . Schnabel had compounded certain original exercises, evolved by him for the use of his pupils, all of which were characteristic of his individual pianism. These exercises were never written. . . . At this particular time to which I refer, Schnabel had two assistants, myself and Mme. Malatesta, for the purpose of imparting "Die Ubungen" ("The Exercises") to his pupils. This was around the years of 1911 and 1912, in Berlin.

MARY HOMAN BOXALL BOYD.

Princeton, N. J.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *"Never" being a word editors should be wary of, we welcome Mrs. Boyd's addenda to our Schnabel lore; and note, too, that in the ten years that elapsed between her observations and Mr. Saerchinger's, much could have changed, including teacher and pupils.*

SIR: Do you know whether HMV made postwar recordings of Artur Schnabel playing Beethoven's First and Third Piano Concertos?

DAVID STEINMAN.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *To the best of our knowledge, the postwar Beethoven concerto recordings by Schnabel were limited to Nos. 2, 4, and 5. However, as Thomas Heinitz reports (see page 50), HMV is still issuing recently made Schnabel discs.*

Contra Brahms No. 2

SIR: I was a bit disturbed to notice the great difference in the evaluations of Elly Ney's recording of Brahms's Piano Concerto No.2 as reviewed by Irving Kolodin and E. T. Canby. It is almost enough to shake my belief in the *SRL* record reviews.

PAUL REYNOLDS, JR.

Glen Ellyn, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *No attempt is made to "coordinate" the opinions expressed in the weekly issues of* SRL *with those in the month's end issue. They are as autonomous as if they appeared in separate publications. Consequently, in the wide range of material that appears in a year, some discrepancies of opinion are inevitable.*

In Re Schoenberg

SIR: As a footnote to Robert Craft's article on Arnold Schoenberg [*SRL* Aug. 25] your readers may be interested to know that the composer's biography is being written by one of his former students, Dr. Dika Newlin, of Syracuse University. Miss Newlin will go to Vienna this month to continue research on Schoenberg under a Fulbright post-doctorial scholarship.

LORNE S. WADDELL.

Syracuse, N. Y.

Appeal from Australia

SIR: I am very interested in collecting records of Italian grand opera, particularly on long playing records. I would be grateful if, through your columns, you can give me the name of a possible pen friend also interested in opera records.

N. BYRNE.

Brisbane, Australia.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *For those who are interested, Mr. Byrne's street address is 239 Gregory Terrace.*

RECORD MART

RECORD MART is designed to provide a bulletin board on which may be posted buyers' or sellers' notices of anything odd, unusual, rare, or out-of-print on discs or the accessories thereto. Individuals as well as dealers may submit their offerings of duplicated discs, rare labels, old acoustics, society sets, private issues, or withdrawn items, albums, needles, record brushes, or the like. Rate 30¢ per word: 10-word minimum. Count two extra words for box and number. Full payment must be received fifteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held thirty days only. Address RECORD MART, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

FREE—Complete LP catalogue sent on request—prices on all classical records. We pay postage anywhere in U. S. RECORDS BY MAIL, Box 900-H.

VOCAL OPERATIC RECORDS. Send for list. Fine condition—reasonably priced. HEYMAN, 528 East 3rd St., Brooklyn 18, N. Y.

RECORD COLLECTORS' SERVICE offers greatest vocal records from collectors' items to just "good listening." Write or visit 502 East 88 St., NYC. REgent 7-7611.

FOR SALE: World War I Edison phonograph. Also 70 ¼-inch records. Box 256-J.

COMPLETE MAIL-ORDER LP SERVICE—same day shipments. Records guaranteed all brand new. Catalogue 15¢ deductible from first order. DISCOUNT RECORD CLUB, Box 99-B.

STROBOSCOPE DISCS for 78 RPM records and VARIABLE speed turntables. Every speed synchronous with 60 cycle light from 50 to 110 RPM—80 different speeds! Records can be played instantly to predetermined pitch, metronome or duration by the use of these discs. Write for information. Lewis Scriven, 24 South Portland Ave., Brooklyn 17, N. Y.

RARE RECORDS sold, lowly priced. Free lists. Collections bought. E. Hirschmann, 100 Duncan Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

AMAZING COLLECTION! Every description, Inquiries welcomed. COMMISSION SHOP, 2405—18 St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

EXCEPTIONAL RECORD SERVICE: LP and 45 RPM records. No charge for postage. New releases and Specials issued monthly. Send for FREE comprehensive catalogue today. MOREC MAIL, Inc., 326 Park Row Building, NYC 7.

THE BEST NEEDLE material is Diamond. The World's FINEST, SAFEST needle—the Professional Diamond—is manufactured by TELEVEX, sold direct to user. Write for free literature. 474 West 238 St., NYC 63.

LP RECORDS! All makes and labels. We sell NEW records only. Shipments guaranteed and insured. Immediate service—no long waits! EXCLUSIVE!—Get our valuable 48-page Book of Ratings of LP records! An indispensable guide in selecting the best performances. Worth many times its price!—Only 75c per copy. RECORD COLLECTORS' EXCHANGE, 76 West 48 St., NYC 19.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On October 15 a new type of *magazine was introduced. It will either elate the top 100,000 thinking men in this country, or be a miserable flop. Frankly, we don't know which.*

Let us tell you a little about GENTRY (that's the name of our new publication); why we decided to bring it forth; what it contains between the covers; what it looks like; and why we believe there is at least a fifty-fifty chance that we can please the 100,000 men and their families to whom we have referred.

FIRST, LET'S TALK ABOUT YOU:

You are one of the 100,000 men (we honestly don't believe there are more than that number) who are a blend of certain characteristics. We don't mean physically; nor do we mean wealth or mental qualities alone. It's pretty hard to pin down, but these are men who have matured in their thinking; who have reached an economic niche above the mass stratum; but, more important, who are ever in quest of a better way to live with themselves as well as with others.

It is always *why, why, why.* with these 100,000 men who look no different from all the others; who may have more or less wealth than many of the others; who may do any kind of work, or no work at all, for their daily bread. They want always to *know* more, so that they may *contribute* more to people near them and to the world in which they live; they want to *give* more so that they can *gain* more from each breath, each hour, each day, each year of their lives.

This is, as we visualize him, the GENTRY reader; and if you feel . . . as he does . . . that you are literally surrounded by a forest of paper and ink, of which very little has true depth . . . then *perhaps* GENTRY will be a publication from which you will derive pleasure, profit, right stimulation and inspiration.

WHAT DOES THIS $2-A-COPY MAGAZINE CONTAIN?

The worth of a magazine depends upon both the *ideas* within its covers and the *form* of presentation. Many people who know AMERICAN FABRICS (another Reporter publication, hailed as one of the finest existing examples of publishing) believe that an organization capable of injecting so much excitement and challenging inspiration into so mundane a subject as textiles can successfully carry the load we have undertaken in GENTRY; they have sent us four, six and as many as twenty subscriptions for themselves, their families and friends; business firms have ordered GENTRY subscriptions as special gifts for men who already have everything, with one firm ordering two hundred and fifty gift subscriptions!

These people have ordered GENTRY without having seen it because there is apparently a real need for this type of reading matter, and because they use AMERICAN FABRICS as an index to our thinking as well as our publishing capabilities. But how can you, who may never have seen A.F., tell whether we can or cannot produce the kind of magazine we have been talking about?

It is hard to give a picture of GENTRY for the reason that there is nothing in the world like it. For example, when GENTRY prints a story on fishing, our technique calls for the swatching of an actual trout fly in the book. Or, perhaps we talk about smoking; in this case it is quite natural for GENTRY to enclose a tobacco leaf to illustrate a point which is being made in the article.

WHAT'S IN THE FIRST ISSUE?

There is a story (not too many words) on old automobiles. Rather than do the ordinary in picturing them, we give our readers four tip-ons reproducing a 1904 Packard K Tonneau, a 1909 Thomas Towner, a 1904 Surrey fringed top beauty and a 1908 Buick 10 Rumble. Each of these tip-ons (in pochoir colors on rich mat paper) is suitable for framing; and please remember that these are not offset or lithography printed, but the kind of prints you will find in Madison Avenue shops at respectable prices.

Then there's the question of health and entertainment for yourself and your family. Do you know that for two or three thousand dollars it is possible to build your own private Finnish steam bath into your home? This article, complete with plans, costs, details, etc., will be interesting to almost everybody.

Take the question of fashions:

We do not believe that the best magazine reproduction in the world, full color or black-and-white, can do justice to a fine tweed fabric. So, when GENTRY illustrates a new coat, an actual swatch of the fabric will be tipped alongside the photo to make it come to life. As we said, it is difficult to convey the kind of magazine GENTRY will be, but we *can* say nothing like it has ever been done.

Besides good living and fashion, GENTRY believes that people do not live by bread and circuses alone. Indeed, it is our opinion that many people will value and keep the first issue of GENTRY if only for the article entitled "What It Means to Be a Man." We do not believe that muscles, money or medals are sufficient to merit this word. Through the ages the greatest minds have set forth their thoughts on the subject. GENTRY will present some of these thoughts, together with our own editors' estimates and deductions. We believe that if you have a son, this one article may well contribute more to his growth than many months of formal education.

Art, writing, thinking: all geared at the highest possible level, all to give the reader a truly unusual and not-to-be-found-anywhere-else publication . . . this will be GENTRY.

A big order, yes! But we *think* we can deliver. If *you* think we can, will you join the GENTRY Charter Subscribers? We are not extending this invitation in mass media. GENTRY will not be on the newsstands, except for a few key hotels and clubs and in certain fine bookshops; so GENTRY will not be easy to procure unless you use the coupon on this page for your subscription.

That is, of course, if you think you will like GENTRY. On our part, we say that if, after you receive your first edition, you do not like it, we will respect your individual judgment; immediately and without hesitation, we will refund your subscription price. We make this offer because *we* believe in GENTRY, and in the type of person for whom GENTRY is published. Will you come along with us?

GENTRY

c/o Reporter Publications, Inc., in the Empire State Bldg., New York 1, N. Y.

CHARTER SUBSCRIBERS WILL RECEIVE a 16-page Portfolio on Ducks, reproducing the original ENGRAVINGS BY THOMAS BEWICK, together with interesting description of each species. Handsomely printed and bound within a 130-lb. moss green Shadowmould cover, it will be included in your first copy!

YES! I believe there is need for the kind of magazine you are publishing. So enroll me as a Charter Subscriber at the special rate of $8 a year (4 issues) and be sure to send me my Charter Subscribers certificate. I enclose .... check .... money order for $8.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

GUARANTEE: If, after you have completely studied the first issue of GENTRY, it should in any way fall short of your expectations, we will refund your entire subscription price.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED